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Vol. IX. No. 49. APRIL, 1903.

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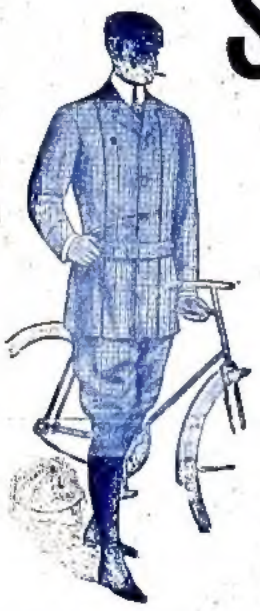

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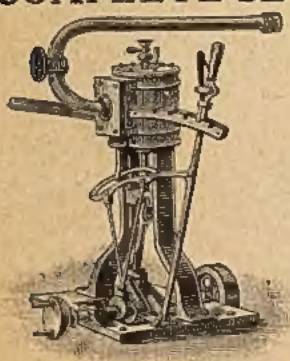

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In fact it is prevailing now as the following gratuitous testimonials will show, and "Capsicin" readers are finding out their mistake in not having written for a selection of **Mr. DINGWALL'S** old Europeans or Colonials before. Mr. J. G. Horner, of Rajpiov, writes: Feb. 9th. "Many thanks for the set of Oil Rivers, which is certainly **MARVELLOUS** for the price, as the stamps were in such perfect condition, &c." Mr. F. Major, of Bisley, Glos., says: "I must say the sheet of Straits' stamps is the best I have ever had sent on approval," whilst Mr. John R. Edgar writing from Lockerbie on the 11th Feb. adds: "The stamps are grand specimens, being clean and white and I am very much pleased with them." **Mr. A. H. DINGWALL**, of **Weston-super-Mare**, has just broken up a very fine collection of **15,000** stamps (not 5,000 as erroneously advertised before) and will send selections for the most part at half catalogue prices to anyone sending a good reference or deposit. The stamps are all in exceptionally fine condition, being either "Mint" or picked used specimens, and to anyone buying during April to the value of 10s., Mr. Dingwall will send a fine copy of the Nu. Wmk. Niger Coast 2d. catalogued at 2s., and to a purchaser of £1 1s. a fine specimen of the 2½d. blue same issue will be sent, catalogued 4s. 6d. and really scarce. This exceptional offer to remain open only during April as there are only a few of the Nigers in stock. There are a few catalogues still remaining which will be sent **FREE** to any reader of the "*Captain*" cutting out this paragraph and sending it to Weston-super-Mare, but postage 3d. must be included and the book will not be sent if either the postage or the paragraph be omitted. Wholesale list free to dealers only.

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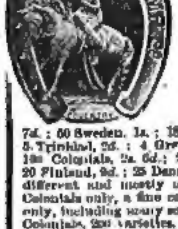

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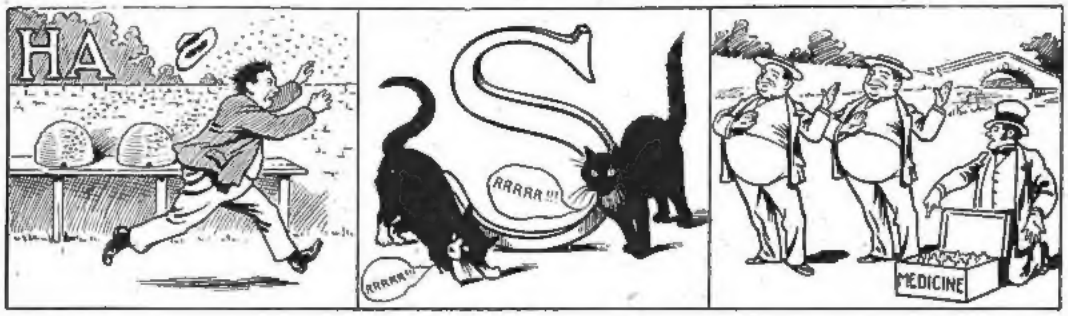

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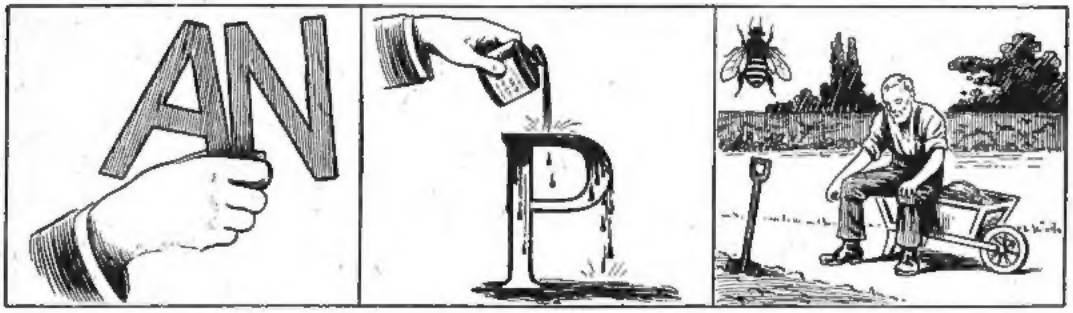

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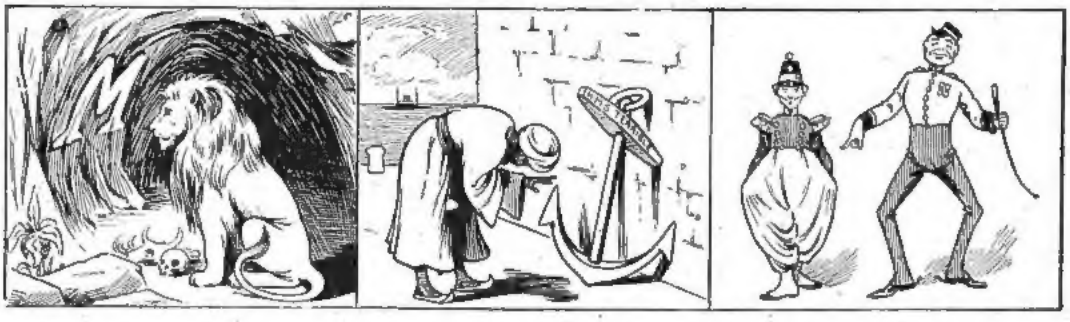

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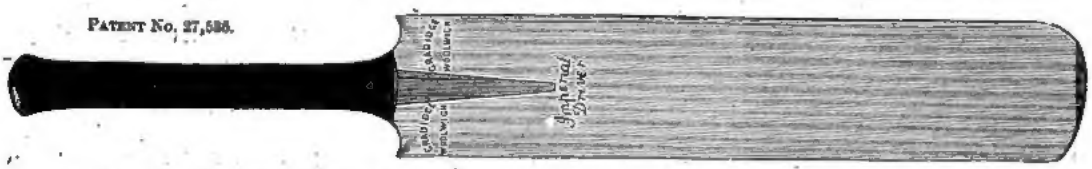

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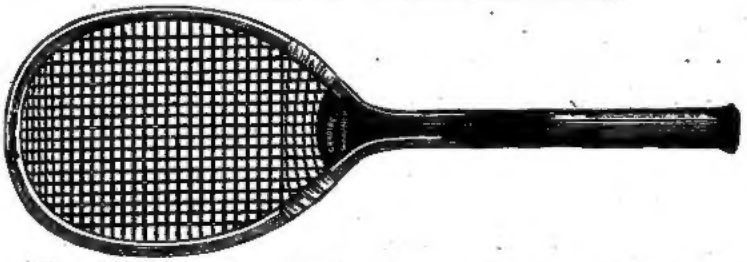

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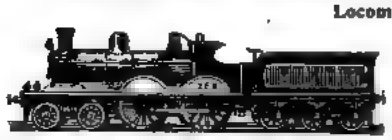

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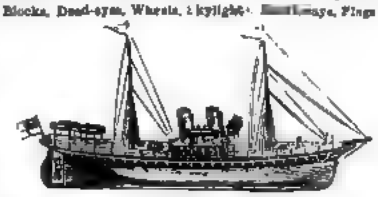

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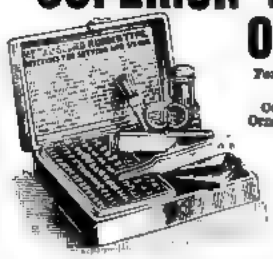

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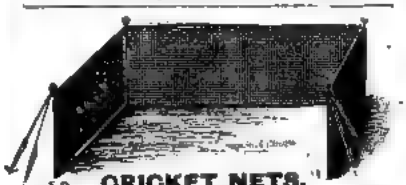

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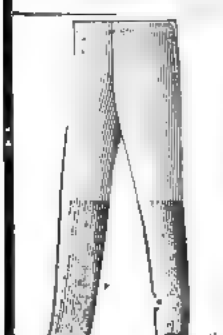

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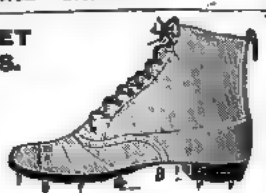

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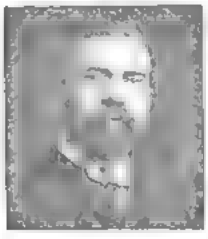

EDWARD STEP, F.L.S
Natural History Editor.

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"He fired straight at the lion's left eye."

See "THE CUB HUNTER."

From the original painting by Martin Stainforth.

THE CUB HUNTER

BY HAROLD BINDLOSS.

IT WAS a scorching morning when a young whiteman lay face downwards along a flat-topped rock upon a low hillside of Eastern Africa. He was bronzed to the colour of coffee, and dust lay thick upon the thin white clothes he wore. The fierce sunrays which beat through the brim of his broad hat turned him faint and dizzy, while the stone he lay on was almost insufferably hot. Contractor Rainforth, who brought in supplies for the railroad builders, was, however, used to discomfort, and lay still as the dead staring through his field glasses into a narrow valley that opened between the hills. A dusky patch on the rock side near its summit showed through the quivering heat, and Rainforth watched it intently, as he had done for several days. That shadow marked the entrance to a lion's den, and a German naturalist had offered him a tempting price for a young male specimen.

It grew still hotter, and a fiery breeze blowing towards him from the ravine whirled up the dust when Rainforth raised his head, for something white had appeared far down in the hollow and vanished again. It was a signal that his comrade was waiting with a rifle and a big elephant gun. At last a tiny, tawny-coloured object, frolicking like a kitten, appeared in the mouth of the cave, and Rainforth, closing his glasses, slipped behind the rock where the last horse the tsetse fly had left him stood ready. He tightened the girth, and, knowing that he might have to ride for his life, glanced at stirrup leathers and bridle, stripped off his jacket, and fastened a heavy revolver by its lanyard to his wrist. It was not the weapon he would have chosen to face a lion with, but he could not carry a rifle. Then he led the horse behind the rocks, and only mounted when a rise hid him from the top of the contracted gorge which dipped to the valley.

Ten minutes later, while his throat grew

parched and his heart thumped fiercely, he crept towards the ridge. The cave lay close behind it, but after their nightly hunting lions lie close by day, and he hoped the breeze would carry his scent away. If the whelp strayed a few yards further from the cave he might secure it, though he knew that if he blundered, or the lioness were watching, death would be the penalty. Dropping on hands and knees he looked over the ridge, saw the little tawny creature rolling in the dust beneath, and, wriggling softly backwards, reached his horse and sprang into the saddle. Now was the time or never, but he felt a cold sinking beneath his belt as, setting his lips tight, he drove the spurs home.

There was a clatter of hoofs, a rattle of stones, and man and horse swept over the ridge and down the ravine. Rainforth saw only the little furry body in its centre, and, jamming his feet in the stirrups as he raced towards it, swayed suddenly downwards from the saddle. It was a risky trick he had learned from reckless stock-riders in Western America, but it was successful. His hand closed on the whelp's neck; he swung it up before him into the hollow of his left arm, which it clawed savagely, and cast a swift glance over his shoulder as he drove the spurs in again. He had been just in time. The hot rocks flung back a savage growl, and a great maned creature sprang out of the dusky opening, while a smaller, smoother head appeared behind it. Lion and lioness had been both at home, and were now starting in chase of him, scarcely a dozen yards behind. He must check them by some means, and though he felt it was almost hopeless twisted round from the waist as he pitched up the big revolver, and fired straight at the lion's left eye. A roar broke through the detonation, the lion seemed to swerve, but a spark and a smoke wisp blew into Rainforth's eyes, and it was aimlessly that he fired again.

This time he saw nothing, for the horse, plunging violently, nearly unseated him, and dust and thin smoke filled the hollow, while the whelp he crushed beneath his bare arm buried its sharp claws in his flesh. Still the patter behind him told that the pursuers were following fast. Rainforth knew that in the ravine the odds were in their favour, and great drops of perspiration dripped from his set face, as, tightening his grip upon the reins, he turned his eyes ahead. The narrow gorge dropped steeply between walls of sun-baked rock. It was strewn with loose stones, and seamed by slippery ledges, but a dangerous fall was the least risk, and he must go down at a gallop. Once he won the more level tract below the horse's speed might tell, but it was certain the lions would pull him down if he faltered on the declivity. A lion will charge home even with bones and muscles torn up by a heavy ball, and Rainforth did not expect to stop them with a pistol.

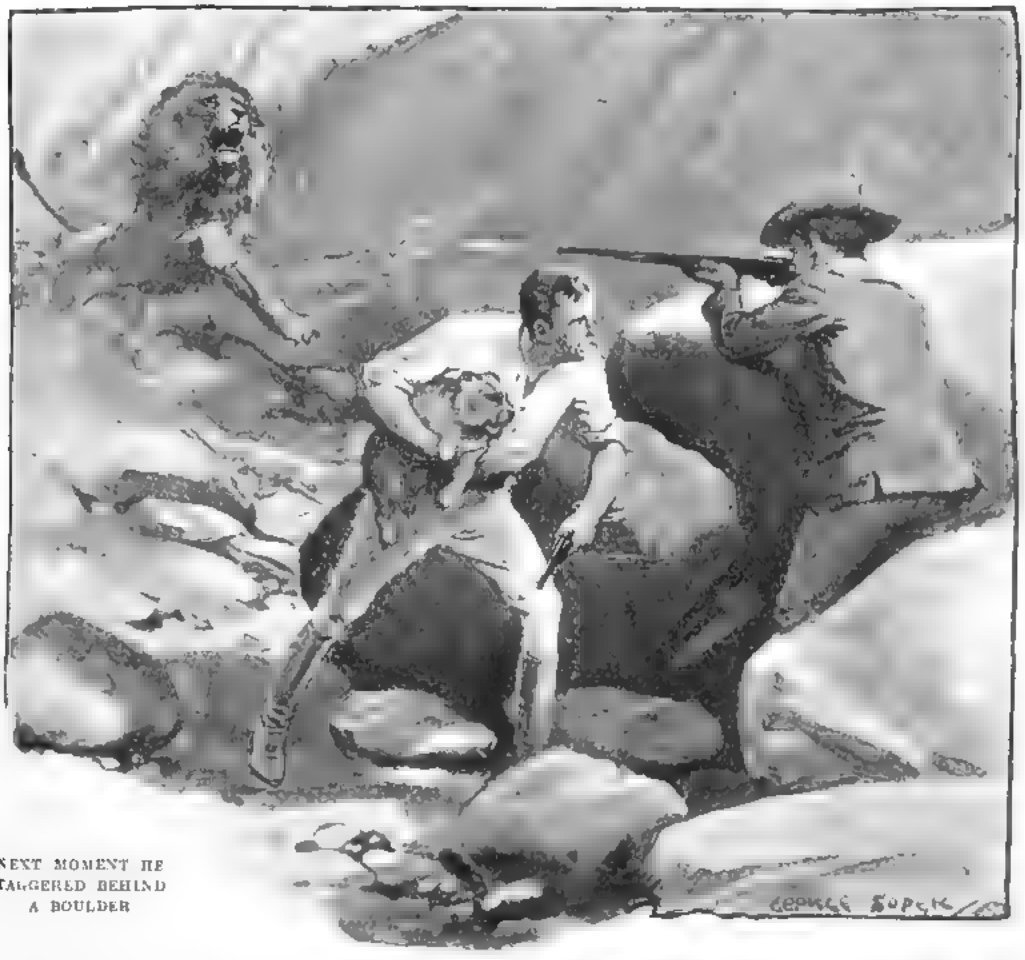
The horse responded gallantly. It was mad with terror, and with the stones rattling beneath them, and the hot dust whirling up, they plunged down and down at the risk of neck and limb. The rocks rang to the clang of iron; now and then the hammering hoofs lost hold, and Rainforth bore up the beast with the bridle as it blundered in its stride, while each time a gully crossed the way it launched itself bodily into the air as he buried the reddened spurs. Rainforth was a daring horseman, but he had never raced for his life with two lions before, and his face grew furrowed while the perspiration ran into his eyes, for, though the rocks flashed past faster and faster, the fall of padded feet continued behind. He commenced to long desperately for the ringing of his comrade's rifle.

Suddenly the horse stumbled over a loose stone, and its rider had barely time to clear his feet from the stirrups before it came down heavily. He was flung, fortunately, into soft dust, a score of feet away, but instinctively clung fast to the whelp and was up in a few moments, badly shaken, but without serious injury, though the first thing he saw clearly was the horse, which had scrambled to its feet, flying for its life down the valley. Thereupon, Rainforth, whose face was drawn and grey, set off at an unsteady run. He knew he could not escape the lions now, and sought a rock or boulder from behind which he could make a last fight for his life. Perhaps because he was partly dazed he still carried the whelp.

"Jump clear and slip in behind me!" a hoarse voice cried, and Rainforth had hardly swerved a pace aside when a train of red sparks blazed out close before him, and, while a bullet whirred past, the rocks vibrated to the clang of a rifle. Next moment he staggered behind a boulder over which thin smoke curled, and flinging the whelp down jammed it between his knees. A blue rifle barrel jumped in the hand of another man kneeling close by, who, snapping down the lever, pointed to a heavy gun as he said breathlessly, "Got him once, but he's coming on as fresh as ever! If you can't stop him with the elephant bullet, he'll be in among us in a few more seconds!"

A cartridge fell rattling on the stones, and Rainforth, fanning the smoke aside, could see

the shaggy head of the lion with dripping jaws close in through the dust. Another lither body slipped in and out among the rocks a few yards behind. Then, though his fingers quivered from the strain of the ride, he dropped the long barrel on the stone, and his wet cheek upon the stock, held his breath as he turned the foresight on the tawny head, and steadily squeezed, not pulled, the trigger, trying to stiffen himself into woodenness. He



NEXT MOMENT HE STAGGERED BEHIND A BOULDER

knew he was shooting for his life, and that, if he missed, the beast coming straight on would be upon them before he could cram another cartridge in. Then the muzzle tilted, there was a heavy crash, the heel plate jarred his shoulder, and Rainforth, jerking open the smoking breach, tore savagely at the cartridge rim. Something that rolled over clawing at the dust struggled upright again, and he was thrusting a second cartridge home in feverish haste when his comrade's rifle flashed, and once more the gauzy vapour hid everything. It cleared in a moment or two, and the other man leapt up with a shout of triumph.

"We've got him, but another six yards would have carried him in!"

Rainforth said nothing. Now the strain was over he felt limp and faint, and sat down beneath the stone while his comrade fired at the lioness, which presently disappeared.

"All things considered, we have come out of it very well," said the other man. "But do you know that little beast has torn your arm from wrist to elbow for you?"

"So I see!" said Rainforth, a little thickly. "Until this moment I never noticed it. Wouldn't you like to take a turn at carrying him?"

The other declined promptly and offered to catch the horse instead, which he did

with some difficulty, and in due time the pair safely reached the railway camp, bringing their captive with them, and sent back dusky labourers to skin the lion.

Smarting from his wounds and weary with his exertions, Rainforth, nevertheless, felt highly satisfied with himself as he and his comrade sat talking over what had happened in their galvanised iron quarters late that night.

Presently Rainforth made some remark about housing the cub for the night.

"Don't worry about him," returned the engineer. "He was snug enough on the forage outside there, and well tied up when I looked at him half an hour ago. He's a playful little beast, and when I tried him with some milk stuck his claws into me. Henceforward you can look after your own menagerie. Hallo! who's coming now?"

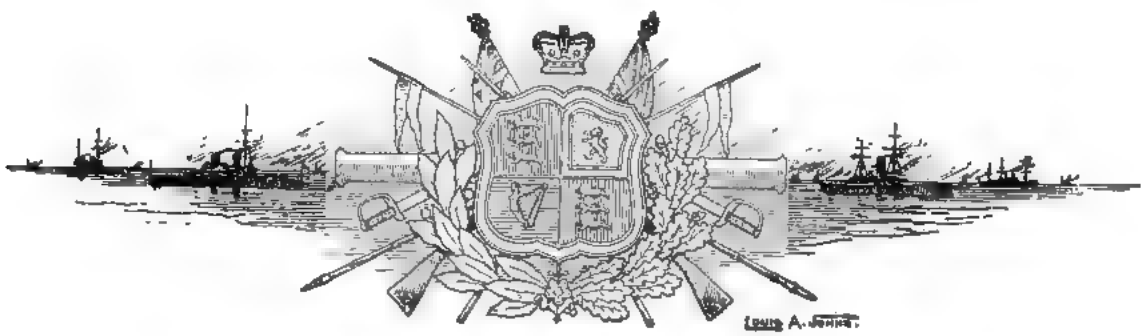
There was a curious shuffling on the verandah stairway, but Rainforth, looking out of the window, could only see the red glare of the fires built to scare away the lions which had twice carried off a human victim from the Hindoo coolies' camp. It was a very hot and thick dark night, and he wished the light shone further along the verandah. "I can't make that noise out. A bare-footed nigger would not tread in that way," he said.

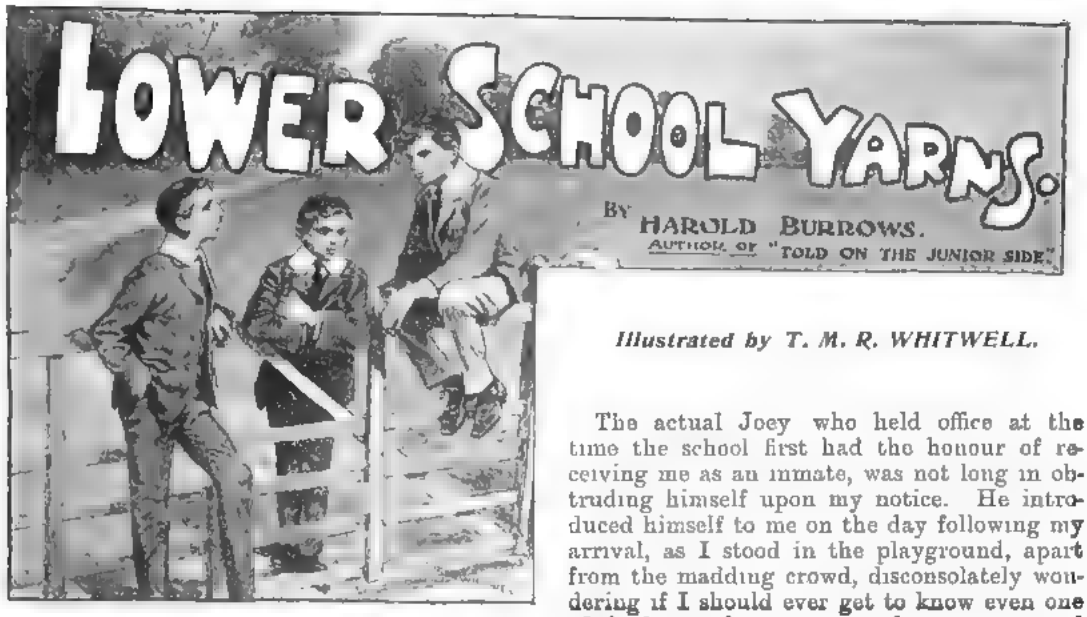
"It's some of the coolies wanting medicine, or dragging a sick man with them for me to dose," answered the engineer, as he walked towards the door. He flung it open, then halted on the threshold as suddenly as though paralysed, and his face was white under the lamplight as he said in a hoarse whisper, "Get the repeating rifle, and be quick, for heaven's sake! There's a lion here."

Rainforth, snatching the weapon from the rack, bounded to the doorway and stood with his back to the light, blinking into the darkness outside. His eyes were partly dazzled by the change, but he could just distinguish something dim and shadowy moving along the verandah. He fancied it had a beast's shape, and, when it sprang towards the door so that a ray of lamplight touched it, was certain. Expecting to be struck down next moment he pitched up the rifle and blazed twice in its direction; then he gasped with relief, for the second flash showed him a shadowy body launching itself over the balustrade. There was a heavy thud below, something bounded away into the darkness, and then while acrid vapour hung heavily beneath the eaves, the shouts of the startled coolies broke the silence that had settled down again. Rainforth strained his ears, but could hear nothing except their clamour. Neither was there anything visible save the columns of flame that rushed skywards as diminutive black figures hurled fresh thorns on the fires. The engineer came out with the lamp, and the two hurried towards the little heap of forage which had served for their captive's bed. A broken cord lay beside it, but the cub had vanished. When they went back into the room Rainforth mopped his forehead while the engineer dropped limply into a chair.

"If I had stepped outside I'd have been a dead man now," said the latter. "I have never heard or seen anything like this before, and certainly don't want to do so again. Still, there's proof enough that the lioness came for her cub, because the little beast was there and has gone now. I'm not coming with you the next time you go lion hunting. It's a little too exciting."

Rainforth laughed ruefully, "There's no doubt the lady has taken back her own," he said, "and I'm not particularly sorry. After all, she's got the best right to it!"





Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.

No. I.—"OCARINA."

I.

READERS of those veracious memoirs entitled "Told on the Junior Side" may remember that the name of the coachman at our school was Joey. This sobriquet was invariably bestowed upon the doctor's factotum, who, in addition to his duties as coachman, acted as butler, and in many other capacities. It was borne by holders of the office from time immemorial. Fond godparents might have christened him Frank, Robert, Thomas, William, or any other name they pleased; but the school tradition decreed that he should be termed "Joey," and Joey he was. Another tradition which invariably clung to each successive butler was the belief that he always wore the same clothes as his predecessor. Not a similar uniform resplendent in blue cloth and brass buttons, but actually the same clothes. If Joey the long was succeeded by Joey the short, rumour had it that the matron and female staff had sat up all night taking in and turning up the historic garments. If Joey the fat succeeded Joey the lean, they were depicted as busily engaged in letting out a reef or two. Occasionally, a boy was to be found who claimed to be an eye-witness of the operation. Some of us believed; others wondered, but held their peace. Schoolboys are not fond of iconoclasts, as any one rash enough to intermeddle with their traditions may find to his cost.

The actual Joey who held office at the time the school first had the honour of receiving me as an inmate, was not long in obtruding himself upon my notice. He introduced himself to me on the day following my arrival, as I stood in the playground, apart from the madding crowd, disconsolately wondering if I should ever get to know even one of the boys, who, to my novel sense, appeared almost countless.

"Ah, you be one of the new young gentlemen," remarked he.

I blushed, and admitted my undoubted newness.

"Never 'ee mind, sir; I be always on the side of new young gentlemen, I be. I'll see 'ee get on all right."

A doubt crossed my juvenile mind as to what possible influence he could wield with boys or masters. Still, it was pleasant to find a friend, and I thanked him. Joey waxed confidential.

"New young gentlemen," he remarked, "find as it pays to make friends of Joey. Some of 'em gives me half-a-crown, they do."

Now, my parents entertained very strict views as to the amount of pocket-money suitable for a small boy; and it was with great reluctance that I slowly produced two shillings and a sixpence, and handed them over to my new-found chum.

Joey solemnly bit each coin, and then slipped them into his pocket. "Thank 'ee, sir," said he; "I thought 'ee wouldn't mind my giving 'ee a hint." Then he ceased to take any further interest in my welfare.

I am afraid the giving of hints was one of Joey's regular accomplishments, since he always appeared to exhibit a like friendly interest in each new-comer. He had tried the same device on Carter, who was a term ahead of me. He tried it on Bannister, who came a term later, and in process of time he experimented on Lewis. The last-named

received his advances with a beaming smile. "Yes," he admitted in reply to the butler's opening remark, "he was a new boy. He supposed that Joey was the old boy?" Joey mopped his bald forehead with dignity, and a bright blue handkerchief, and was doubtful whether to take offence. Visions of extracting two shillings and sixpence decided him in the negative. He was glad to see a new young gentleman in such spirit, he was. They weren't always in such spirit. He himself had been there a long time, and he was never in spirits——. Here Lewis sniffed a sniff of inquiring innocence, and opined it must be peppermint that scented the air. Joey with difficulty gulped down his rising wrath. He was always on the side of new young gentlemen, he was. If so be it should happen as how this particular new young gentleman wanted a friend——

"A friend!" cried Lewis, clasping his hands together in ecstasy; "oh! Joey, you shall be much more than a friend to me. You shall be a father, you shall. A father, Joey!"

And with a sudden spring upwards the boy clasped his hands round Joey's neck, and imprinted a sounding kiss upon his cheek. Joey staggered back thunderstruck. Lewis regarded him reproachfully.

"Some fathers," remarked he in a wheedling tone, "give their boys half-a-crown when they come to school." Joey gasped. "Haven't you half-a-crown, father?" continued Lewis confidingly, as he nestled up to his side.

I know not whether the butler really began to fear that the boy would worm the coin from his pocket, but he had had enough of the encounter, and, turning, walked away with rapid strides.

"Father Joey, father Joey!" cried Lewis plaintively, as he trotted after him

"Father Joey!" yelled the school, taking up the chorus.

Joey broke into a run. For days afterwards the mere sight of young Lewis was enough to send him skulking back to his pantry. It was weeks before he fully recovered his ruffled dignity.

And from that time forth Joey sought occasion to get even with the youth who had not only succeeded in evading his hints but had turned the tables so completely upon him. Yet very few youngsters get into any serious scrape during their first term at school, and for a long time the butler nursed his wrath and waited an opportunity for revenge in vain.

II.

"O, DEAR!" exclaimed Carter, and then came to a sudden pause.

"O, carina!" rejoined Bannister. "What is the row now?"

Carter eyed him disdainfully. "If you cannot speak a decent language," said he, "you had better find a chum elsewhere. English is quite good enough for me."

"Ocarina is English right enough," opined Lewis, as he flung a stone at an imaginary cat. "I play one."

Carter glared. "Well, you had better not let old Slowcoach catch you, that is all. Anything in the nature of street noises or music gives him a fit."

"I cannot imagine the Senior Classic catching any one myself," remarked Bannister meditatively. "Except perhaps a hurdy-gurdy grinder with one leg and a blind eye."

"I wonder," said Lewis, as he produced the instrument of torture and handled it fondly, "I wonder if it would be worth while to make the experiment? He might give me something to move on."

"You could make up for any part," said Carter, eyeing him critically; "but where would you get the clothes?"

"Joey," said I.

"Joey, of course," acquiesced Bannister, "he has always two or three spare suits to fit any Muggins that comes along"—If Joey was always the name of the butler, equally invariably was the name of Muggins applied to the youthful subordinate who assisted him to clean knives and boots and otherwise made himself useful.—"But is Joey safe?"

"Joey is generally faithful enough for a consideration," said I. "We might muster a shilling between us for the sport. There is just the chance of Lewis wheedling it back out of old Slowcoach"

So to the grim-visaged factotum we repaired, and explained that we had temporary need of a rough suit of corduroys for young Lewis. "Any old suit will do, Joey; in fact, the older the better. We can do it no harm, and you shall have it back in a day or two."

Joey was doubtful. "I ain't agoin' to be mixed up with these 'ere little parlour tricks 'Cos why? I knows my place, and I ain't agoin' to risk it;—leastways, not for young gents as ain't young gents, or don't behave as such." And he regarded Lewis with severity.

"Oh, that is all right, Joey," cried Carter, impatiently. "There is no risk at all, I tell you, and we shan't do the clothes any harm."

And he proceeded rashly to confide to the butler's ears the scheme for tormenting the Senior Classic by playing the popular airs of the day outside the latter's study window.

"And you know what old Slowcoach is," concluded Carter, disparagingly; "he is so short-sighted that there is no fear of his recognising young Lewis, let alone the clothes."

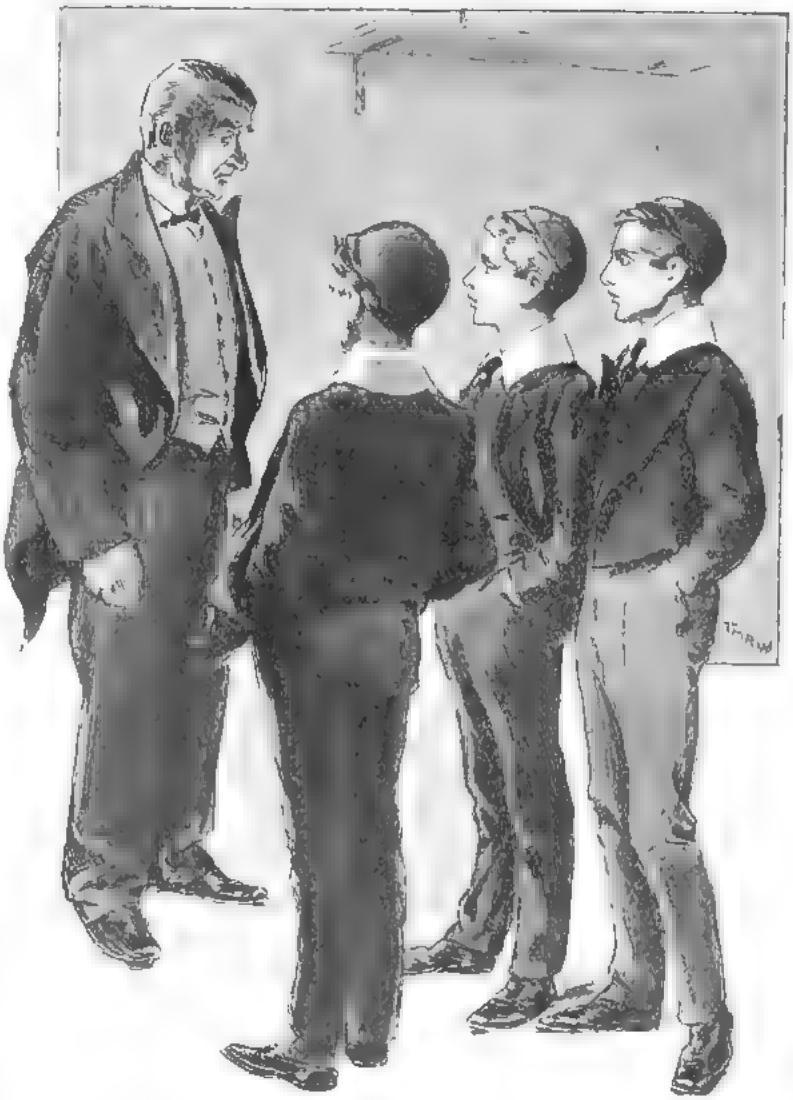
"Besides, Lewis will be disguised, you see," I pointed out to the wavering butler, who was no friend to the Senior Classic. The unsuspecting master, in his aloofness to everyday affairs, had administered many unconscious snubs to Joey's dignity. "Even his own mother would not know him!"

Carter clinched the argument by holding up the shilling which represented our united subscriptions. "And we don't ask you to take all this trouble for nothing, you know. Old Slowcoach never tips you; does he, Joey?"

For the life of him young Lewis could scarcely repress a snigger, and the butler, who had begun to relax when he saw the coin, bestowed on him a ferocious frown. Nevertheless, he took the proffered bribe, and bit the coin once or twice with an abstracted air. "You gives me this," he said, "to make up for my trouble like, and precious little it be——"

"The trouble!" inquired Bannister, with simulated anxiety.

"The emolliment," corrected the butler, with dignity. "And for the trouble, I takes it. But, mind you, it ain't for any risks. I must do as I thinks right to protect myself."



"I AIN'T AGOIN' TO BE MIXED UP WITH THESE 'ERE LITTLE PARLOUR TRICKS."

"Oh, that is all right, Joey," said Carter, cheerfully. "We will take all the blame."

And thereupon the butler proceeded to produce the coveted garments; and whilst we were inspecting them and selecting those which seemed most fitted for the part young Lewis was to play, Joey entered into the details of our scheme with much gusto; inquir-

ing exactly when we meant to surprise the Senior Classic, and giving us some useful information as to his doings, which would ensure our trespassing upon him at his busiest hour. Bannister, Carter, and I chatted away to him merrily, and put down the change in his attitude to the magic effect of the nimble shilling. Only Lewis remained rather silent and thoughtful, and looked somewhat doubtfully at the butler as the latter plied his questions. When we at last departed with our booty, and Joey was safely out of earshot, Lewis gave vent to his suspicions.

"I believe old Joey means to sell me," he said.

A chorus of dissent ridiculed the proposition.

"Old Joey is all right enough," said Carter. "He only wants his little bit for himself, and then he will stick to you like glue."

"You are not funking, are you?" inquired Bannister, sarcastically.

"I am not funking," said young Lewis, with emphasis. "I mean to have my fun with old Slowcoach, don't you fret."

III.

Lewis had not had so much opportunity as ourselves of forming an estimate of Joey's character, but his prevision as to the manner in which the latter would act on this occasion proved correct. The treacherous butler, scheming to be avenged upon his young tormentor, took the first opportunity of seeking an interview with the Senior Classic and narrated at length the conspiracy against his peace. The master heard him at first with incredulity, and then with indignation.

"And do you really assert, butler," he inquired, in slow and measured tones, "that this misguided boy will have the impudence to perform upon his wretched instrument outside my study windows?"

With many asseverations the butler adhered to his story. The Senior Classic stalked grimly to the cupboard and selected with care a stout and pliant cane.

"Since my ears are to be assailed with music," said he, "I will resign myself to a little noise. But it will be of a kind the performer hardly anticipated."

"Wallop him well, sir," cried Joey, enthusiastically, "and don't forget, sir, as how he will be in disguise like. 'Made up so as his own mother wouldn't know him,' the young rascals said, they did."

"I will not forget that," said the master. "It is a serious addition to his offence, and it shall be expiated accordingly."

Joey coughed deferentially. "And I 'ope, sir, as how you won't forget me, sir. It comes very 'ard on me, it does, and is much against my feeling, sir, to turn on any of the young gen'lemen. But dooty, sir, is dooty."

"And you have done yours well," said the master, approvingly. "Rest assured, butler, your services shall not be forgotten. My thanks and gratitude are yours."

"Lor! sir," said Joey, in a disappointed tone, "I'd have done it on my own account, without either of *those* 'ere little perquisites."

The Senior Classic waved him away, and the butler departed. As soon as he was outside the room he gave vent to his feelings in an explosion of anger, and shook his fist at the closed door.

"Old Skinflint!" he ejaculated. "Never mind. I only hopes as Master Lewis will give him a good dose, afore he catches hold of him and gives *him* a good dose. I reckons as Joey will get his own back this time."

Meanwhile, Lewis was carefully revolving the situation. Convinced in his own mind that the butler meditated treachery, he was not anxious to thrust his head into the mouth of one he might find a very wideawake lion. Nor was his reputation as yet sufficiently secure to permit of his backing out, and laying himself open to the charge of funking. Pondering these things in his mind, Lewis felt somewhat uneasy as, morning school over, he sauntered away by himself on the noon of the appointed day in order to reflect carefully on the situation. At the school gates he paused a moment, and, producing the beloved instrument which had given rise to the suggested escapade, stood regarding it half fondly and half reproachfully. How many hours of delight had it brought him in the past! Was it going to betray him in the near future? His meditations were interrupted by a deftly aimed stone which just missed its mark by the fraction of an inch. Looking up, Lewis discovered his aggressor in a small towns-boy, of much about his own age and very much the same size, who stood a few yards away preparing to bolt if he saw Lewis was reinforced. Finding no one else appear, the urchin was moved to hurl a compliment, to follow the stone, at the hereditary foe.

"Yah, toff! What are you doing with that? It is only the likes of us as ought to play them things."

Lewis regarded the intruder placidly. He felt quite capable of tackling him single-handed if the occasion arose, and rather welcomed the interlude than otherwise.

"*You* play it?" said he. "What rubbish! Why, you would not know what to do with it if you had it."

"Wouldn't I just? Just chuck it here and see!"

"Could you play it if I gave it you?"

"Not half! What do you think?"

Lewis had not been thinking of anything in particular, but a sudden scheme now flashed into his mind. He paused, and looked regretfully at the ocarina. Could he bear to part with it? After all, its cost was trifling; and if old Slowcoach was to be assailed as suggested, its retention might prove incriminating. His mind was made up.

"If you will play it just once as I want you to," said he, "I will give it you."

"Gammon! What, honour bright?"

"Honour bright," quoth Lewis.

"It's a broke 'un," hazarded the urchin, suspiciously.

"It is not," responded Lewis indignantly, much moved at this attack upon his treasure. "Come and see."

Fearing an ambuscade, the gamin approached with all due precaution, which, however, soon departed when he was permitted to inspect and handle freely the coveted instrument.

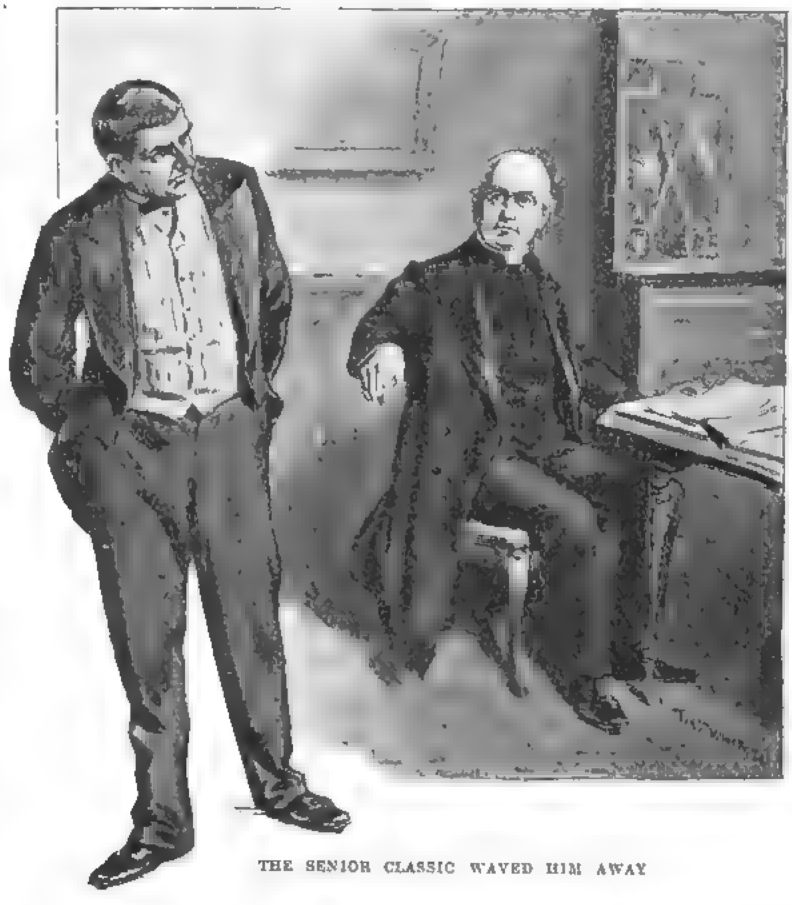
"You will gimme this?" he inquired, still doubting.

"If you will play it just once this afternoon as I want you to."

"How's that?"

"Come with me," said Lewis. And stealing cautiously a few yards down the High, they arrived beneath the window that marked the study of the Senior Classic.

"There," said Lewis, pointing upwards; "an awfully testy old fellow lives there and he hates any kind of noise. You come back at half-past four, when he is sure to be there, and start playing under his window. Never mind what he says. You just stick there, and he will be sure to give you something."



THE SENIOR CLASSIC WAVED HIM AWAY

"But suppose he licks me?" said the boy, doubtfully.

"Lick you?" quoth Lewis. "He won't venture to go as far as that. You don't belong to the school. Now, if it was me, it would be another matter."

This seemed to his inquirer to be good sense. No master was likely to risk coming into contact with the town authorities.

"And suppose he gives me something?"

"Whatever he gives you," said Lewis, impressively, "you may keep entirely for yourself."

"I'm on," quoth the gamin. "Hand that thing over. What do you call it? Oh, my! Ocarina!"

IV.

THE clock chimed the quarter-past four. Carter and Bannister and I, perched on a coign of vantage from which we could survey the window of the Senior Classic's study, began to wax a little impatient. Five minutes and ten minutes passed away, and still no Lewis. We began to exchange more than doubtful glances.

"He has funked!" exclaimed Bannister. "I said he would."

"Looks like it, I admit," said I. "We will just give him to the half-hour and see."

"He has had plenty of time to change since four," grumbled Carter, "and he said he would only be a few minutes."

"Hush!" exclaimed Bannister, "here he comes. No, it can't be. It is, though. By George, is that really young Lewis? What a make-up!"

A youth came swaggering down the High, noisily playing an ocarina, and halted exactly beneath the master's window. Loud and shrill were the notes that were wafted upwards in the summer air.

"It *is* young Lewis," said Carter, with undisguised admiration. "I would swear to that ocarina anywhere."

The master's window was flung open, and the well-known form of the Senior Classic appeared.

"Wretched boy," he demanded severely, "why do you come to torment me with that miserable instrument?"

"G'arn!" retorted the performer. "Who are you a-talkin' of? Wretched boy, indeed!" And again the weird notes of the ocarina re-echoed through the air.

"I suppose you think, my boy," said the master, in tones of withering sarcasm, "that you are immune of punishment? But rest assured my eyes can easily penetrate that exceedingly thin disguise."

"By George," muttered Carter in an undertone, "that is more than mine can."

"And he always pretends to be so jolly short-sighted, too," added Bannister. "What an old fraud!"

"Now, I warn you, my boy," continued the Senior Classic, after some further altercation, "to have done with this foolery. Desist at once from this performance—which, however creditable to your powers of mimicry, does not become an inmate of this school—and go your way."

The last words only of this portentous sentence conveyed any meaning to the urchin addressed.

"If you want me to go away you just gimme something," said he.

The pent-up wrath of old Slowcoach burst forth in full torrent.

"Wretched and insolent boy! Come up here, and I will give you what you deserve."

"Gammon! You just chuck it out."

The window closed with a bang, and the ocarina resumed its jubilant notes. But the triumph was short-lived. The next moment the door was flung open and the much-provoked master appeared, armed with the instrument of correction, and followed by an excited and enthusiastic butler. The Senior Classic flung himself upon his tormentor, and, putting him across his knee in the twinkling of an eye, proceeded to administer chastisement with a vigour and energy which we should hardly have credited old Slowcoach with.

"Per Jovem!" exclaimed Bannister, as the victim's shrill cries re-echoed through the air. "Lewis *is* getting it hot."

Meanwhile, the jubilant butler danced round the twain in unrestrained joy and triumph, and egged on the master with encouraging shouts.

"That's right, sir. Give him another one just there, sir. Never mind his squealing, sir. The impudent young rascal!"

At last the master's strength and anger began to exhaust themselves, and, with a stroke between each phrase, he thus began to admonish his writhing victim by way of conclusion.

"I hope, sir—that this punishment, sir—most distasteful to me, sir—will be a warning to you, sir—you, Lewis——"

"*Me*, sir?" interjected a voice of inquiring innocence. The Senior Classic looked up and saw young Lewis, who, quietly and unobserved, had appeared upon the scene.

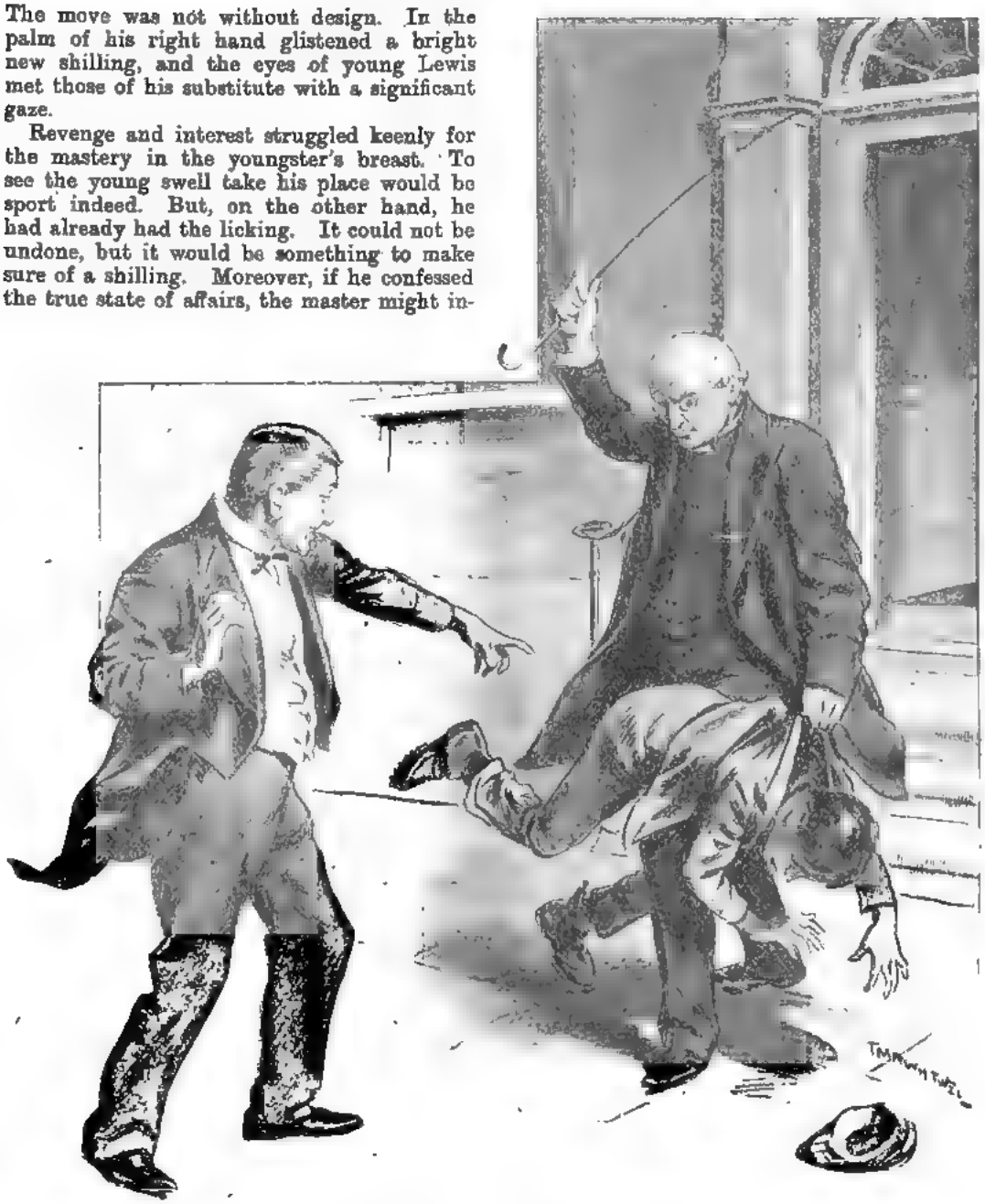
The astonished master, dropping both flail and victim, gazed at the new-comer in amazement. Joey stood as one petrified.

"You, Lewis! Where do you come from? I thought this wretched boy was you!"

"*Me*, sir?" again repeated young Lewis, this time with a note of indignation underlying surprise; and, turning to the boy, he held up his hands in affected amazement.

The move was not without design. In the palm of his right hand glistened a bright new shilling, and the eyes of young Lewis met those of his substitute with a significant gaze.

Revenge and interest struggled keenly for the mastery in the youngster's breast. To see the young swell take his place would be sport indeed. But, on the other hand, he had already had the licking. It could not be undone, but it would be something to make sure of a shilling. Moreover, if he confessed the true state of affairs, the master might in-



"GIVE HIM ANOTHER ONE JUST THERE, SIR."

sist on his giving up the ocarina; and he had further a dim suspicion that Lewis might be operated upon in private, in which case he would have but little interest in the proceedings. Injured innocence, an ocarina in hand, and a shilling to come! Each of the three had its own attractions for the youthful mind. Interest triumphed over revenge. Still rubbing tenderly his injured parts, the urchin turned on the master, and relieved his

feelings by assailing him with a flow of language which said much for the capabilities of rustic eloquence when fired with due cause for its exercise.

"There, there," said the master, at the first pause in the stream of objurgation, "that will do. I have made a mistake and must afford you some compensation. Go away, Lewis, you are not wanted here. You, sir"—to the slinking butler—"you stop. I shall have something to say to you."

Lewis slipped the shilling into the boy's hand and departed; leaving the Senior Classic sandwiched between an extortionate youth, determined on extracting an adequate salve for his wounds, and an apologetic butler, who was trying to make it clear that he was not to be blamed in the matter. Soon Carter, Bannister, and I rejoined the triumphant Lewis, to be regaled with a full, particular, and true account of the suspicions he had entertained of Joey's good faith, and the means he had taken to secure his own safety.

"But we may be done after all," said Carter, at the end of the recital. "How are you going to explain to old Slowcoach your possession of the clothes?"

Lewis regarded him compassionately.

"I knew, if I was right," said he, "that old Joey would be lurking in the hall to see the fun. So at a quarter-past four I went off to the matron to beg a clean collar; and, as the nearest way was through the servants' quarters, I thought I might as well leave the suit in Joey's bedroom."

Carter regarded him for a moment in silent admiration, and then began to laugh.

"O, dear! O, dear!" said he.

"O, carina!" responded Bannister.

The story for next month will be entitled,
"CYCLING EXTRAORDINARY."

HOW PHONOGRAPHIC RECORDS ARE MADE.

This photo shows how the Edison Phonographic Manufacturing Co. make their records. Bands are engaged to play into a number of recording machines, and in this way several records are secured at one "sitting."

From a Photograph.

OARS OF FAME.

By HAROLD MACFARLANE.

HAD the oars been preserved that the eight tributary kings used when in state they rowed Edgar the Peaceable, who steered the eight, upon the placid waters of the Dee, from his palace at West Chester to the Church of St. John and back, they might, though it is doubtful, have rivalled in fame the renowned blades that figured in the never-to-be-forgotten incident of the celebrated "seven-oar" race of June, 1843.

Fifty-nine years ago, though the clouds were lowering on the opening day of the Henley Regatta, the sport-loving populace of London and elsewhere, but particularly of the Universities, flocked to the little Oxfordshire town in their thousands. In point of fact, no less than five tandems were observed to enter the town at one and the same time. The many members of the crowd certainly had their reward, for, in addition to witnessing the Oxford University boat win two heats in the Grand Challenge Cup, they were vastly edified by what followed, the finest that ever came from Oxford; it undoubtedly was the heaviest that up to that period had ever entered a rowing eight, and its pluck was unparalleled. Of one member of the crew, and we gather that the Old Etonian, G. D. Bourne, is referred to, seeing that he was the heaviest man in the boat and is described as "a rare powerful oarsman and

DECORATED OAR USED BY G. M. ROBINSON, CAMBRIDGE UNION, 1872.

in first-rate condition," it was remarked "that he looked as if he had swallowed a small crew whose heads could be seen bulging out near his ribs." Of another, F. N. Menzies, prior to the description of the race against Trinity, who went off at such a pace that the London watermen manning the Umpire's boat had the greatest difficulty in keeping up, it was written "the stroke oar of the University crew had, it appeared, caught cold on his journey, and was feverish and indisposed, but his 'pluck' was such that he determined to take his station."

SCULL USED BY B. H. HOWELL, WINNER OF DIAMOND SCULLS, HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA, JULY, 1899.

The tenacity of purpose that enabled the captain to stroke the boat in its two races on the first day of the regatta was sufficient on the second day to direct his footsteps to the river, though the large quantities of medicine he had taken on the Thursday night and the one or two warm baths he had had on returning from racing, had failed to relieve him to any great extent of his indisposition. Notwithstanding

by the spectacle of three men in wherries trying to catch a certain "whiskerandos" in a canoe. Of the Oxford crew that beat the Etonian Club in the second and the Trinity (Cambridge) Boat Club in the third heat of the Grand Challenge, contemporary reports waxed most enthusiastic. It was, indeed, and the statement was borne out

the violent headache that racked him, the Dark Blue captain made his way to the river with the idea of taking his place in the boat he had so carefully planned, and upon which, if report speaks true, he wrought with his own hands, but at this point, fortunately—for had he rowed the results might have been disastrous in the extreme—Nature refused to be denied, and the plucky Oxonian fainted in the arms of Mr. Bourne, was placed upon a hastily-procured sofa, and carried back by his disconsolate crew to his headquarters. Having per-

ENDS OF THE FAMOUS 7-OAR BOAT, NOW IN POSSESSION OF LADY STAINER.
(*From a Photograph by Hills and Saunders.*)

formed this kindly service, the famous "Septem contra Camum" conferred amongst themselves as to their course of action. On the bank was a useful oar in Chetwynd-Stapylton: should he be pressed into service as a substitute for Menzies? The question, however, was answered in the negative, for "the discussion that took place last year"—when the Cambridge men made a double entry, in order that in the event of the University failing to win their heat, the best oars could be drafted into the Subscription Room's eight with the view of strengthening the crew—"respecting drafting persons from one boat to another, and the withdrawals of the Oxonians from the contest," was held to be a barrier against the adoption of this course.

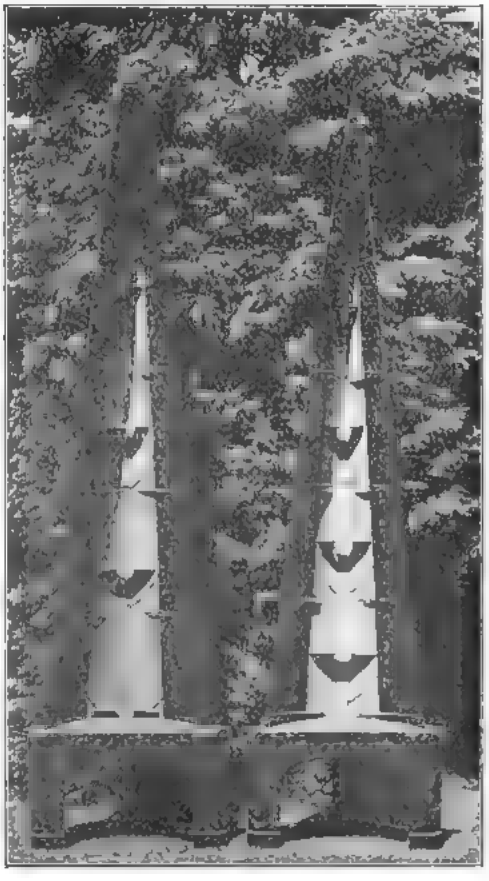
According to one contemporary account of the incident, in the course of the interval of an hour granted by the Cantabs in order to give Menzies a chance of rowing, the seven decided to move Mr. Lowndes from bow to stroke, and Mr. Hughes from seven to two, dispensing with a bow and moving up the remaining oars one place; but what really appears to have been the course adopted was to move Mr. Hughes from seven to stroke and to fill his place by Mr. Lowndes, whose seat at bow was left vacant, more strength being required on the stroke side on account of the presence of the wind to starboard.

When the Oxford seven rowed up to the starting-point the Cambridge crew appealed to Lord Camoys as to whether they were bound to row against a boat in which seven men alone pulled, and on being informed that there was no rule to the contrary, and that the Cup would be awarded to Oxford if they did not, the crew were divided in opinion as to the advisability of rowing at all.

It appears, according to contemporary accounts, that the majority of the Cambridge men were far from being in condition, "several members had not pulled more than twice or thrice in the season," and others "had not taken pains with themselves." Although the Dark Blue partisans appear, according to Mr. Tom Hughes' "Memoirs of a Brother," to have had but little hope of pulling off the event, the public at large, that had, notwithstanding the indisposition of the Oxford captain, laid 3 to 1 on Oxford earlier in the day, "had the impression that the seven oars would beat the eight oars," an impression that was speedily verified. That things did not go happily with the Light Blues at any time in this race is exemplified by the fact that, on winning the toss, their captain, playing into the hands of the Dark Blues, chose the Berkshire station, giving to Oxford the situation they had made up their minds to occupy in any case, had they the choice, as the trees sheltered them from the wind, and by rowing to the bank they were in dead water.

The vivid account of the race penned by the author of "Tom Brown" renders any other attempt to describe the encounter in detail puerile. In that admirable history of the final

heat the scene and the incidents of the race are presented in a manner that transports the reader to the spot and wipes off almost sixty years as though with a magician's wand. We see the athletic partisans of the Dark Blue flag, sorely despondent, take up their position a hundred yards in advance of the starting-point and prepare to race along the banks urging on their heroes. We see these tow-path enthusiasts start on their journey and note the wonderment expressed in their faces as they glance over their shoulders to verify for themselves the cries of "The Light Blues are not gaining on us" of those standing further down the bank. The dawn of hope is discernible in their eyes as the shouts of "We hold our own" reach their ears. On, on, they speed, and with every stride hope runs higher, for the exulting shouts of the men from the Cam are yet to be uttered. Breathless with excitement and exertion, with eyes dimmed with the intense emotion that this race of races engenders, they continue on their course, longing to reach the still distant tower of Henley's Church, and lo! something in the river creeps level with their line of sight. It cannot be, yet in their heart of hearts they know it is, the dark blue flag of their champions, that now, framed and glazed, honourably hangs in the barge of the Oxford University Boat Club on the Isis. With throats parched and hoarse with shouting and a suspicious lump rapidly materialising that refuses to be swallowed, they ever stagger on, keeping an eye upon the boat that continually gains upon them. Now the empty bow seat is level, and now Menzies, of University, the brother of the stricken captain, creeps up, and then the old Rugby boy, Royds, of Brazenose, the future rector of Brereton, Cheshire, comes in view. After him the two Etonians, Brewster, of St. John's, a future gallant colonel, and Bourne, of Oriel, a canon of Gloucester in embryo, pass him as he runs; Winchester, in Cox of Trinity, the eventual vicar of Felstead in Essex, is next represented in the kaleidoscope that passes before the eyes of the panting runner, then Lowndes, also of Winchester and the "House," looms into view, and immediately after Hughes, of Oriel, the gallant stroke of that gallant crew, and Shadwell, of Eton, and future rector of Ilford, rapidly overhaul him. Well rowed, Rugby! Well rowed, Oxford! But—where is Cambridge? Struggling gamely on almost a length behind—a beaten crew. No wonder that, as Canon Lowndes related, he and Hughes, forgetful of all except the result of the encounter, should race to the house where Menzies was lying, "and very nearly kill him by rushing into his room." No wonder that the other members of the crew had to fight their way to their hotel and barricade themselves in in order to prevent the mob from capturing them and bearing them round the town of Henley shoulder high, and no wonder that, "urged thereto by a small, decorous, shy man in spectacles, who had probably never pulled an oar in his life, and who had gone temporarily mad with excitement," a crowd of Oxonians should



ENDS OF THE FAMOUS 7-OAR BOAT, NOW IN POSSESSION OF LADY STAINER.
(From a Photograph by Hills and Saunders.)

have been seen to pull down and hurl into the river a heavy toll-gate—a votive offering at the shrine of Father Thames.

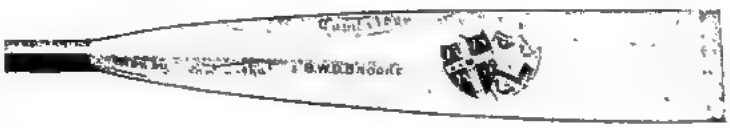
The course, it should be mentioned, was covered in 9 minutes by the "seven" as compared to 8 minutes 46 seconds when the full "eight" beat the Trinity Boat in the third heat the previous day.

Purchased by Mr. Alderman Randall, of Oxford, who in 1867 invited the seven with their captain, who had sufficiently recovered in the evening of the race to accept the Cup from Lord

THE COX'S SEAT OF THE FAMOUS 7-OAR BOAT, WHICH WAS CONVERTED INTO A CHAIR AND PRESENTED TO THE O.U.B.C. (*Photo by Hills and Saunders.*)

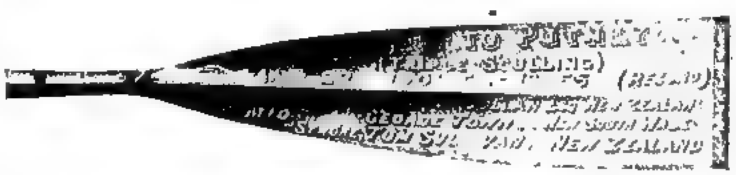
the Presidential throne. The two photographs taken on board the O.U.B.C. barge show the details of the carving on the spandrail and elsewhere of this famous seat, and also show the blades of the seven famous oars, more precious, in the opinion of 'Varsity men, than the historic silver oar that, through the efforts of Sir Francis Jeune, was restored a few years ago to its proper resting place in the Admiralty Court, that gracefully decorate the back.

It is doubtful if any private and personal collection of oars exists—and we are not unmindful of the Camoys, to a banquet at which all but one attended, the boat was afterwards cut up, and whilst the two ends were placed upright on stands and are in the possession of Lady Stainer, that part of the boat that included the cox's seat, as a silver inscription in Latin tells us, was converted into a chair and presented to the O.U.B.C., and now forms numerous trophies of the river that are to be seen at the residence of his Honour Judge Wightman Wood, who rowed in the Eton boat that won in 1864 the Ladies' Plate at Henley for the first time for the famous school, and also in the Dark Blue boat of 1866 and 1867—that excels in interest and completeness that which decorates the walls of Mr. Muttlebury's sanctum. In addition to thirty cups and prizes, the old Cambridge oar has about his room the sculls with which he won the Colquhouns in 1888, the oars used by him when a member of the Eton College boat that won the Ladies' Plate at Henley in 1884 and 1885, the four oars used when he was rowing in the winning boats in the Inter-'Varsity races of 1886 (the year of Pitman's famous spurt), 1887 (the year when McLean broke his oar), 1888, and 1889, and the oars with which, in company with Mr. F. E. Churchill in 1886, Mr. C. T. Barclay in 1887, and Mr. J. C. Gardner in 1889, he won the Silver Goblets. There, also, in addition to a curiosity in the shape of an oar probably fifty years old, is to be seen a trophy consisting of oars used by him in the University Pairs of 1886, 1887, 1889, and 1890, in which years his boat was victorious, the oars he used when assisting Third Trinity to win the University Fours in 1885 and 1889, the same club to win the Visitors' Cup at Henley in the latter year, and the Thames Rowing Club to win the Stewards in 1894. While, in addition to these relics of his aquatic prowess, the bows



OAR USED BY R. B. ETHERINGTON-SMITH IN THE BOAT RACE OF 1900, WON BY CAMBRIDGE, BY 20 LENGTHS.

SCULL USED BY H. T. BLACKSTAFFE, WHEN HE WON THE WINGFIELD SCULLS FOR THE SECOND TIME, IN 1901, DEFEATING MESSRS. ST. GEORGE ASHE AND M. H. CLOROTTE BY OVER 24 SECONDS.

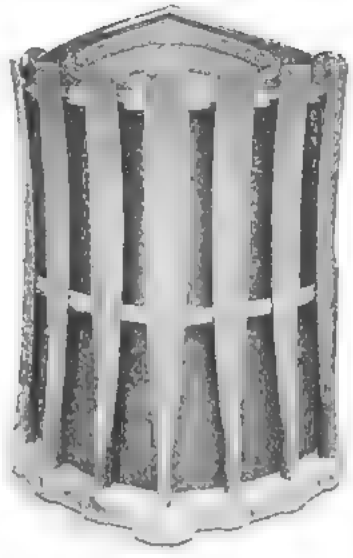


OXFORD TO PUTNEY—TRIPLE SCULLING, APRIL 22, 1901. BOW, SPENCER GOLLAN, NEW ZEALAND; MID., GEORGE TOWNS, NEW SOUTH WALES; STROKE, TOM SULLIVAN, NEW ZEALAND.

of the boat in which he twice won both the University Pairs and Goblets have been preserved and placed in a position of honour.

The most remarkable display of oars and sculls of fame that has as yet been gathered together in one place, was, however, to be seen last March, thanks to the energy of Mr. Ayling, of Putney, whose oars are famous all the world over, at a Boating Exhibition held at Earl's Court. Probably no one possesses the facilities enjoyed by Mr. Ayling in respect to the formation of a temporary exhibit of oars, and it is extremely doubtful whether any future exhibit of a like character will vie in interest with that which formed the most attractive feature of the show organised by the Thames Boat-Builders' Association early last year.

The stand of decorated oars shown boasts in the background the oars that were used in the 'Varsity Boat Race of 1902. It includes, in addition to an oar used in 1800—a cumbersome-looking object when compared with the graceful proportions of the present-day oars, for it possessed a blade thirty-nine inches in length, but only four inches in breadth—three decorated oars used in the 'Varsity boat races of 1872, 1900, and 1901, the sculls used when the record race between Oxford and Putney was accomplished in 1901, the sculls used by G. Towns when he beat Jake Gaudaur for the Championship of the World at Rat Portage in September, 1901, and other interesting objects.



BACK VIEW OF THE COX'S SEAT OF THE 7-OAR BOAT, WHICH NOW FORMS THE PRESIDENTIAL THRONE OF THE O.U.B.C. THIS PHOTO SHOWS THE BLADES OF THE SEVEN FAMOUS OARS.
(Photo by Hills and Saunders.)

OAR USED BY T. B. ETHERINGTON-SMITH IN THE BOAT RACE WON BY OXFORD, 1901.

The three decorated 'Varsity oars aforementioned, the property of Messrs. G. M. Robinson (Cambridge), and T. B. (Oxford) and R. B. Etherington-Smith (Cambridge), respectively, are particularly interesting, as they were each used in a race that was more than ordinarily noteworthy. Mr. Robinson's oar, the body of which is painted green, and not light blue, as might be expected, was used by him when the Old Reptonian rowed at No. 3 in 1872, the year of Mr. J. H. D. Goldie's last appearance in the boat. The race of 1872 was rowed in a snowstorm of considerable severity and on a perishingly

SCULL USED BY ST. GEORGE ASHE IN SIXTEEN RACES DURING 1901.

OAR USED BY R. B. ETHERINGTON SMITH WHEN HE STROKED THE LEANDER EIGHT TO VICTORY IN THE FIRST HEAT, AGAINST PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY, U.S.A., OF THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP IN 1901.

cold day, and was chiefly remarkable for the fact that shortly before, or, according to other authorities, shortly after shooting Hammersmith Bridge, Mr. Goldie's outrigger snapped and the famous stroke, whose son was the President of the Cambridge University Boat Club in 1899, was unable to use his full strength for the remainder of the race. Keeping the information to himself, however, Mr. Goldie continued to set the stroke in a manner that earned for him the title of the most famous stroke that ever rowed in the Cambridge boat, and had the satisfaction of winning his last race by three lengths according to some, two lengths according to others, or one clear length if a contemporary report is to be relied upon. The 'Varsity race of 1900, which is recalled by the inscription on the oar that is the property of Mr. R. B. Etherington-Smith, who rowed at No. 5 in the winning Cambridge boat, is chiefly remarkable for the fact that the Cambridge time equalled the record of 18 minutes 47 seconds set up by Oxford in 1893, and that the victors came in 58 seconds or twenty lengths ahead of the losing crew, whose time, 19 minutes 45 seconds, was, however, considerably faster than that of the winners of the previous two contests. The race was further remarkable for the fact that both crews boasted an Etherington-Smith in their respective boats, the first time on record that brothers have pulled against each other in the Inter-'Varsity boat race. At the subsequent dinner on the night of the race, the menus, it is interesting to note, were supported by miniature wooden oars bearing the colours of the crews. Although in the losing crew of 1900, T. B. Etherington-Smith, the blade of whose oar, when rowing in the boat of 1901, is shown in one of the accompanying photographs, had his revenge the following year, when the late Mr. Culme Seymour, whose death later in the year was universally deplored, after a long, stern chase, made a wonderful effort at Barnes Railway Bridge, with the result that his boat, three-quarters of a length behind at the point specified, eventually won by two-fifths of a length, after one of the most sensational races ever witnessed.

DIAMOND SCULLS, HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA, 1901, WON BY 2ND LIEUT. C. V. FOX, SCOTS GUARDS.

The second of Mr. Ayling's trophies—which included the companion oar to the one already mentioned that was used in 1800, and a scull that was used in 1747, and weighed 6½lbs. by itself, as compared to the 8lbs. 6oz. that the *pair* used by Lieutenant C. V. Fox when winning the Diamond Sculls in 1901, weighed—might very well be styled a "reminiscence of Henley," insomuch as so many notable sculls and oars used in recent regattas at that ancient riverside town were included in it.

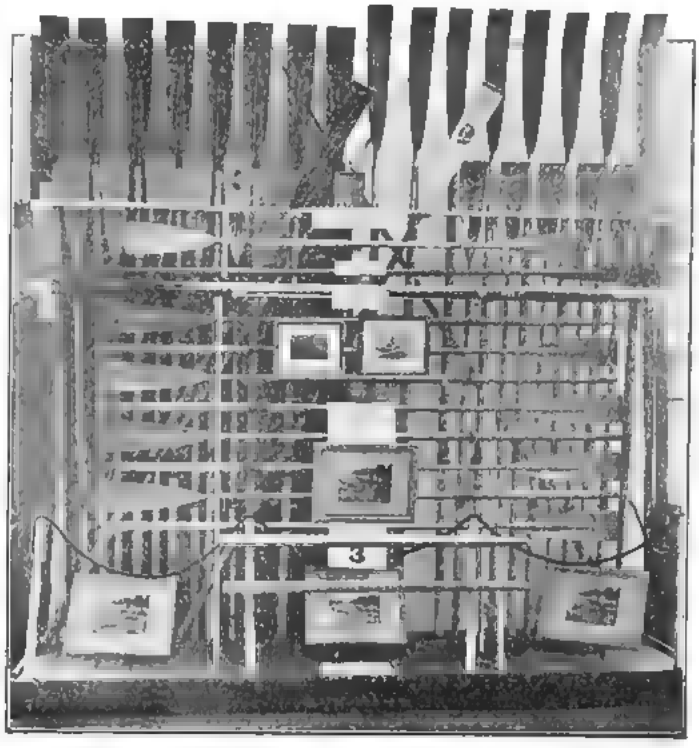
OAR USED BY 3RD TRINITY—STEWARDS' CUP—HENLEY, 1901.

Very vividly did the scull used by B. H. Howell, an American born sculler who learned to row at Cambridge, when he won the Diamonds for the second time in 1898, recall the regatta of that year, with its galaxy of talent that included in the fight for the trophy, in addition to Howell, E. G. Hemmerde, the winner of 1900; H. T. Blackstaffe, the winner of the Wingfields in 1901, which confers the title of Amateur Champion of the Thames; C. V. Fox, the winner of the Diamonds in 1901; and St. George Ashe, whose sculls, used by him to win sixteen races in 1901, were also included in the group. It is interesting to note that Mr. H. T. Blackstaffe, who accounted for Mr. C. V. Fox, then of Pembroke College, Oxford, in the third

SCULL USED BY GEORGE TOWNS WHEN HE DEFEATED J. O. GAUDAUR AT RAT PORTAGE, ONTARIO, CANADA, ON SEPTEMBER 7TH, 1901.

heat, and Mr. St. George Ashe in the sixth, and was beaten in the final by Mr. Howell, was second in this particular contest for the third year in succession. On the first occasion of his winning this event, Mr. Howell sported the colours of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, but on the second occasion he was rowing under the flag of the Thames Rowing Club; his sculls, therefore, bore their insignia and colours—red, white, and black—as, indeed, did those of Mr. St. George Ashe. Although Mr. Fox's victory in the Diamonds in 1901 over Mr. St. George Ashe was a most noteworthy event in the aquatic history of the popular Irishman, the race of his life, and that of Mr. Howell, took place in the final for the Wingfields, from Putney to Mortlake (4¼ miles), which the guardsman won in the record time of 22 minutes 54 seconds.

One of the decorated oars herewith shown is an appropriate souvenir of one of the most remarkable incidents that the aquatic history of the Thames can point to. On April 22, 1901, Mr. Spencer Gollan, an enthusiastic sportsman and member of the Thames Rowing Club, together with two other New Zealanders in George Towns, the Champion of the World, and Tom Sullivan, ex-Champion, after undergoing severe training for some considerable time, beat all previous records by pulling from the Folly Bridge, Oxford, to the Thames Clubhouse at Putney, a distance of 104½ miles, in 13 hours 56 minutes, thereby beating by over an hour the feat accomplished by six officers of the Scots Fusilier Guards, who, as the outcome of a wager for £200 between Sir John Burgoyne and Captain Standen, in 1824, rowed from Oxford to Westminster Bridge in 15¼ hours, that portion of the journey between Putney Bridge and Westminster, rather over five miles, being accomplished in the last forty-five minutes. In more recent years the feat was accomplished by Messrs. W. H. Grenfell (O.U.B.C.), R. C. Lehmann (C.U.B.C.), and W. F. C. Holland (O.U.B.C.), who had no thought of creating a record when they set out to row to Putney in one day, in 22 hours 28 minutes, in 1882, in a randan, and by Messrs. Cooper, Atkinson, and Bates, who, on a water cycle, pedalled the distance in 19 hours 27 minutes 50 seconds. Mr. Spencer Gollan and party, it should be mentioned, started on their journey at about half-past five in the morning and reached their destination at about half-past seven in the evening, having travelled at the average rate of seven and a half miles an hour.



A TROPHY OF UNIVERSITY AND OTHER OARS OF FAME. THE OARS IN THE BACKGROUND WERE USED IN THE 'VARSITY BOAT RACE OF 1902. *(Photo J. Bulbeck and Co., by permission.)*

A HUNTING BREAKFAST.

By A. G. HYDE.

"DEAR old governor can never do it," he almost gasped, "never in the world at his time of life!" And for a short space his parent's inability, or rather certain refusal, to rise to the duties of a country gentleman, weighed him down. If his father would not accept his high responsibilities, there was no reason why he should not relieve him of the burden. "Of course one can't expect him to change after so many years," he said. "But I'll do what I can for the sake of the girls."

Already he saw himself a Master of Foxhounds, bounding over impossible fences with a numerous following in red.

He was a well-grown, good-looking youth, not quite over his schooldays; and he was also, which, perhaps, was of no importance, the son and heir of John Milsom, Esquire, J.P., head of the firm of Milsoms, Limited, the great maltsters of Broomsborough. The whole of his life thus far, excepting his absences at school, had been spent with his parents, his two sisters, and their occasional aunts, in one of the fine old mansions for which the town is famed. And here, doubtless, he would have continued but for his father's sudden, and, as he regarded it, ill-advised step. This was his purchase, with a view to residence, of a large country seat near the venerable abbey town of which he was an alderman and ex-mayor—the property having come into the market through the failure of its last owner, a manufacturer of corsets.

Now, Bexton Hall was the home of the extinct Trescott family, whose traditions young Milsom had held in awe from his childhood. Therefore, though at first glad, he was afterwards sorry, for the reasons given. The truth was that he had a too exalted and wholly wrong idea of the life proper to such abodes, derived mainly from his perusal of works of fiction. Probably it was not their fault; but it is always safer to get one's ideas from some person who knows.

The impression this had left on his mind was that the guests in those aristocratic resorts come and go very much like people in a hotel; that they enjoy a complete and unfettered freedom, and revolve in their orbits like solitary moons; and in particular that their hosts never introduce them to each other. The last point seemed to him the essential principle of country-house hospitality. "However it's going to be managed I don't know," he said dismally. "The dear old pater and mater are so chirpy and sociable they'll never let 'em alone; they'll be fussing 'em up all the time, and, if a duke should call, the governor'd introduce him all round." And so no doubt he would.

The news of the great change came to him at the expensive and highly select school he had long attended; and so severe was the shock that he smote the desk with his fist, thereby spattering the ink in his face. This unusual demonstration brought half-a-dozen of his friends about him.

"What's the matter, old chap?" they questioned anxiously, for he was something of a favourite by reason of his cash and his good nature. "Governor hasn't smashed up, I hope?" said his particular chum, Ralph Henderson; and here Milsom made another mistake. He should have told the whole story; but he didn't, and began to cultivate reserve instead. Throughout the remainder of the term his coming responsibilities weighed upon him, affecting his appetite and spirits, and even his football and cricket. These strange symptoms were resented by his companions, who wanted to know if he was going to turn into a parson or a prig; because if he was they'd take measures accordingly. The popular view was that he had done something particularly mean, and was suffering from remorse in consequence. "Come now, Milly, old man, make a clean breast of it; you don't know how much better you'll feel," urged little Maclise, the Albino, who kept a tally of his own thrashings on a notched stick—the longest record in the school. One youth boldly asserted that he was in love.

This happened to be true. He was, indeed, extremely attached to Henderson's sister Mabel, whom he had met at their home the summer before; and the chief desire of his life now was that she should visit his own sisters, and incidentally himself, in their new abode. It was a difficult thing to arrange;

but the best way seemed to be to have Henderson down first. That would lead up to it nicely.

Henderson was a pale youth of his own age, with classical features and a firm mouth; his forte was knowledge, and his future the pursuit of science. Being shy himself, and with immense self-respect, he was always difficult to deal with.

Milsom's policy was not to seem too urgent.

"I say, old fellow," he remarked one day, "I suppose you can come down to our place next summer?"

"Thanks," said the other, who was hard at work; "but I'm afraid I can't."

"Why not?" asked Milsom, feeling suddenly anxious.

"Going with a reading party into Wales."

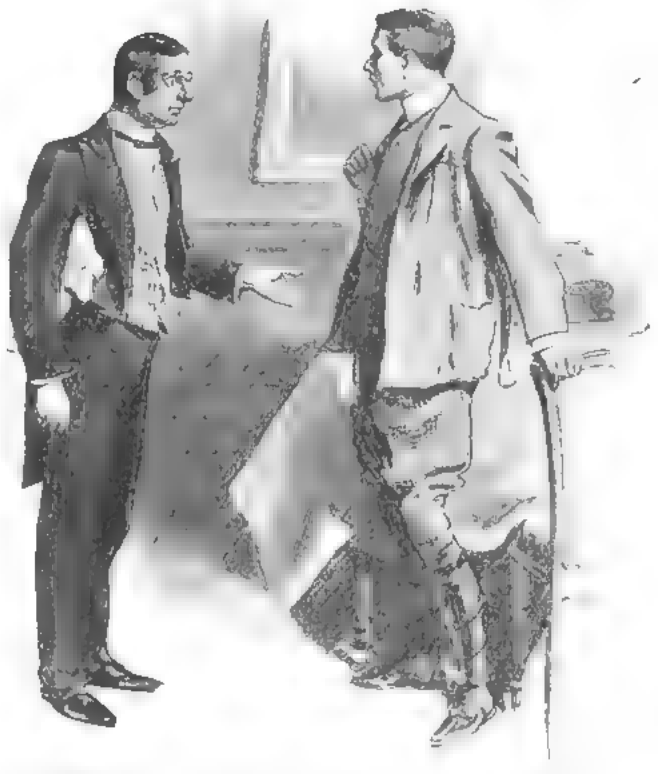
Milsom's face fell many degrees. "Oh, come now!" he said with more warmth; "we've been expecting you—ever since last year. Besides, we've just taken an old country-house—rather a nice place."

This was his first allusion to the Hall. Henderson liked old places, and spoke with regret: "Very sorry, but my plans are all made. Wish you had mentioned it before."

The future Master of Foxhounds was plunged into gloom, for he knew his friend's fixity; once his mind was made up he was no more to be moved than a battleship ashore, or the rock of Gibraltar. He tried all baits—the scenery, the excursions, the fishing, the ruined priory on the estate; but only after long entreaty and a special invitation from Mrs. Milsom did he consent to visit the Hall, and then only for part of his time.

Milsom went home a fortnight earlier, and spent the interval in reorganising the establishment. Fortunately, his parents gave him a free hand. He engaged a solemn butler, who had been all his life in large country-houses; he secured an experienced gamekeeper; he transformed Bill, the stable-boy, into a groom; and he cut off the Christian names of all the maid-servants, so that they became Crump, Hopkins, Badger, and so on, just as he had read in books. Chiefly, however, he studied the attitude he must preserve towards his guests, which was to be a blend of dignity and affability, but mostly the former.

In July Henderson alighted at the railway station, and was met by the improvised groom. But his friend did not appear. "Rather cool of him, after making such a fuss," he thought, but held his peace. At the Hall he was heartily greeted by the ex-mayor and his wife, their daughters, and one or two aunts; his young host, however, was absent. "Gone into the town for something," his father explained, apologetically. Late in the evening he returned, and thrust out two fingers with a languid "Glad to see you, old fellow—hope you'll enjoy yourself." Henderson went to bed angry and puzzled beyond measure. "The beast!" he exclaimed. "To think of his putting on all that 'side' just because his father's saved enough money to buy a house in the country.



"THERE ISN'T NO 'UNTING ON NOW', SIR," THE BUTLER GASPED IN AMAZEMENT AT THE STRANGE PROPOSAL.

Won't he catch it, though, when we get back to school!"

He stayed a week. "There's a lot of interesting places and things about, and you can go anywhere," his friend said to him in the morning, and then went off by himself. Henderson, despite his astonishment, took the cue and did likewise. "What precious game he's up to he knows best himself," he said; "but I think I can play it as well as he can." Therefore, throughout the week, when his hosts and their friends boated, he botanised; when they drove, he cycled—another way; when they inspected ruins, he read in the library; and, in short, whatever they did he did something else. At last, noting a reluctance on Milsom's part to introduce him to a young lady, he refused to be introduced to anybody at all, and so was thought an odd creature.

The prospective lord of the manor, however, was himself ill at ease. "I let him do just as he likes," he said, ruefully; "but somehow he doesn't seem happy."

The climax came at the end of the week. All the other members of his family having gone away on short visits, Milsom tried a novel experiment in housekeeping. He had an impression, faint it is true, that in the great country mansions people commonly breakfasted off the sideboard—certainly he had read something of the kind.

"There isn't no 'untin' on now, sir," the butler gasped in amazement at the strange proposal.

"Never mind if there isn't," said Milsom, growing red. "And, anyhow, what difference does it make?"

"It's only a 'untin' or a shootin' breakfast, sir, where they 'elps themselves from hoff the sideboard. When there isn't no 'untin' or shootin' they feeds at the table in the usual way, and 'as to be waited on."

Milsom saw his error, but it was now too late. "Do as I say," he commanded; and the butler obeyed, though meditating an early resignation should such things continue.

He ate in solitary discomfort, and departed for an early cycling excursion, leaving word, however, that the meal should remain for his friend. But the butler, being immersed in bottles, forgot, and the maid, thinking they had both finished, removed all. So Henderson, who came down rather hungry, found the room swept and garnished, but empty of food.

This was the final straw. Refusing to believe the servant's explanation, he ordered the dog-cart for the earliest train, but before going penned the following note:—

"Dear Milly,—I've had a glorious time, and thank you for all your kind attention; but I really can't do without food. See you again at school in September.—Yours,

"R. H."

The rest of his holidays he spent in Wales reading the Latin poets and laying plans for returning evil not with good.

Now the school of Milsom, though select and expensive, was not a place where they hid each other's faults under a bushel. So, despite his former popularity, Milsom quaked on his return in the autumn. And his fears were not allayed by the abnormal and excessive politeness of his reception—they bowed down before him, but would have no conversation; wherefore, he kept alone and chewed the cud of bitterness. This lasted some days. Then one afternoon, while walking in a corridor, he was seized from behind, dragged into the reading-room, and laid on the table, where two or three youths sat on him. As they were discussing the respective merits of a ducking in the horse-pond and tossing in a blanket, he managed to get his breath: "I say, this isn't fair," he gasped.

"We'll let you up if you'll promise to be quiet," they said, pleasantly.

"I was quiet enough before you grabbed me," he protested.

They put him in a chair at the table, between two of the largest youths in the school, the others ranging themselves round in formal order. At the head of the table sat a sharp-featured, black-haired young man named Rookwood, who was going to be a barrister and was fond of legal methods.

"I think the case—the inquiry rather—may now proceed," he announced.

"What's it all about, anyhow?" demanded Milsom, still red and breathing hard.

"The complainant, Henderson here, informs us—with the greatest reluctance I beg to state—that, after having you down at his delightful place last summer, and treating you with an almost Oriental hospitality, you induced him to visit your own home——"

"I didn't want to see his blessed old mausoleum," interrupted Henderson, sulkily. He had taken no part in the assault, and now looked rather ashamed.

"And it seems," continued Rookwood, "that when you got him there you introduced him to nobody, cut him dead on all occasions, and at last actually deprived him of food!"

"That's a lie!" Milsom exclaimed, angrily.

"AND YOU ACTUALLY DEPRIVED HIM OF FOOD"

"He knew it was a mistake, and, besides, he'd no business to tell tales."

"Fair comment, and in the interest of the public," said the chairman, suavely. "You might have entrapped some other poor beggar—one of us, perhaps. Well, then, this is the case," he went on; "and the object of our inquiry is to ascertain the prisoner's mental state, and the degree of responsibility attaching to his actions. If found to be of a sound mind—of which, however, there can be little doubt—it will be your—our—duty to decide what punishment must be inflicted, for the honour of the school and his own good."

"Don't be an idiot," Milsom struck in. "I suppose you all want to know how it was!" he asked, looking around.

"Yes, Milly, that's just it," they said in a breath. "How was it, old chap?"

"I'll ask you a question," he said. "Ever know me to do anything like it before?"

"Not quite, old man, and that's why it's so funny."

Then he told the whole story from the beginning. He did not fear punishment, he said, even to the extent of the "barrel-organ" (this was their name for the worst and most painful indignity they ever inflicted); but he wished, as the saying is, to "die clean." They listened with sympathy, tempered by grins; but when he got to the sideboard breakfast they shouted with uncontrollable mirth, laughing till they sank back in their chairs exhausted.

"And are we to understand," said Rookwood, who had succeeded in maintaining a judge-like gravity, "that you thought it was a regular breakfast practice in country houses for people to 'help themselves from hoff the sideboard,' as you say your butler expressed it? I don't wonder that he was astonished."

"I suppose I did," said Milsom, who had laughed with the rest; "but never mind that. Here's my offer now. I'll have the lot of you down in batches during the Christmas holidays, and if I don't treat you handsomely and introduce you to every sister, cousin, aunt, and acquaintance I've got, you may duck me, or blanket me, or 'barrel-organ' me if you like when I get back. Only we've lived in Broomsborough ever since the flood, and you may meet some queer people."

"Agreed," said Rookwood, judicially. "The case is now concluded, or, at least, adjourned to allow the prisoner time to fulfil his promise."

"Didn't I say how much better you'd feel if you'd only confess?" said Maclise the Albino; and he sang:—

"For he's a jolly good fellow!"

the others joining in.

ON OVERDOING IT.

MR. WALTER WINANS, the most expert shot with a pistol in the world, gives the following advice about practising with a revolver. "When first practising, care should be taken not to shoot too many shots, else the muscles may get too tired for good shooting to be possible. A good plan is to make, say, twenty shots the first day and note the best score made. Then, next day, stop shooting as soon as this score is beaten, even if on the very first target. If tired, stop at once, even if the scoring has been bad. It may, of course, be necessary to go on in a competition, but it may be permanently injurious to a man's shooting."

TRACK ATHLETICS.

Any one who has had much to do with boys knows how extremely difficult it is to persuade them of the fact that harm and not good comes from overdoing practice in games and athletics. A boy who is keen on success in any pursuit is inclined to assume that the more he practises it *at a time* the quicker he will improve. But the boy is wrong. The old proverb that practice makes perfect is only true if by practice is understood practice of the right kind and of the right amount. Now, in revolver shooting it is found that if a man goes on practising after the muscles of his arm grow tired he cannot hold the weapon steady or press properly with his trigger finger, and if he persists every day in over-practising he simply gets into the habit of holding unsteady and of pressing the trigger improperly. And the same principles hold good in track athletics, cricket, football, and kindred pursuits.

In track athletics, or, as they are usually called, athletic sports, boys are specially liable to overdo practice. Some years ago the hurdles champion of the period went round the grounds of a big public school with me in the athletic term. Many of the boys were engaged in their usual every day training for the sports. One boy we saw practise for some time at the broad jump, then he had a long turn at the high jump, then he ran twice through the 100 yards, twice over the hurdles, and finished up with a couple of laps round the long distance course. My companion, who had himself just begun training for the championships, was astonished. "That boy must be daft," he said. "He has done more work this afternoon than I would in three days, and he is only a slip of a lad!" He asked me whether all public school boys trained on such an exhausting plan, and I had to tell him they did, mostly, and that I had done much the same myself at school. Naturally, he scoffed at such folly.

PLAN OUT YOUR WORK.

Of course, it was all wrong. That boy ought to have planned out his work quite differently and spread it over several days. One day he should have run two or three short dashes of about forty yards and his two laps. Another, he might have taken a couple of eighty yards sprints and spent a quarter of an hour at the high jump. Another, he might have taken four or five long jumps and done some short dashes. Another he might have given to hurdling, first running full speed over three or four flights about three times, and then running right through over the ten flights. Four days instead of one! But the boy would be much farther ahead in his training at the end of four days of this divided-up work than if he had done four times the amount per diem. I do not mean to say that a boy cannot stand much more exercise than the divided-up plan allows

him per diem. He ought to supplement his work on the track by, say, either a game of fives or a good walk. But playing fives or walking is entirely different from track athletic practice: the two former provide a greater amount of exercise, but neither inflicts so great a strain upon the muscular system. The reason why it is necessary to be careful always to keep track athletic practice within small limits per diem is that the strain upon the muscles and the muscular energy is much greater than can be detected by the athlete, for it is out of all proportion to the actual fatigue of which he is conscious.

A WORD TO THE SPECIALIST.

This is even more so in a case where the athlete is not going in for the general all-round training which is usually adopted by boys, but is taking up one particular event and is specialising on it. For instance, let us take a hurdler, whose intention it is to train for the 120 yards hurdle-race and for nothing else. If he overdoes his hurdling work he calls too severely upon the sets of muscles involved; he loses his spring and dash, and therewith is liable to lose his precision and accuracy of action; he then begins to run carelessly and in bad style and contracts bad habits, and, as a result, his practice does him harm instead of good.

STYLE AND STAMINA.

The point to grasp thoroughly about almost every kind of athletic pursuit is that two things are involved—first, style, and, secondly, stamina. By style I mean that you must learn to do what you have to do in the manner which gives the greatest result in return for the least expenditure of energy; and by stamina, that you must gradually build up your power of expending the required amount of energy without getting tired. Style is acquired by very careful practice of correct methods: stamina by gradually accustoming yourself to the effort. Overdoing your practice is inimical to both style and stamina, it leads to exhaustion, and exhaustion leads to faulty methods as well as to staleness.

BUILD YOUR POWER DAY BY DAY.

Many a boy, to judge from the questions I have to answer often enough in my correspondence, seems to argue thus—In a month's time I want to win a mile race. I have got to last a mile, therefore, the oftener I run the distance between now and the race-day the better chance I shall have of success.

Stated thus the idea looks grotesquely absurd. But its absurdity does not prevent boys from entertaining it. The proper way to learn to run a mile is to begin by finding out what fraction of it you can run at the pace which you must maintain over the whole distance in order to win. Then you should practise for several days at that fractional distance, and then gradually increase the distance as you find you can maintain your pace farther. That, of course, is only a rough plan, but it embodies the principle of building up your power day by day instead of exhausting it.

SPECIAL TRAINING IN FOOTBALL.

There is no sphere of athletics in which the disastrous results of "overdoing it" are more clearly illustrated than in football. Very often a professional club, whose team has been playing hard games and has been kept in strict training for four months, elects to go into special training, so-called, for some great match towards the end of the season, for instance, a cup-tie. If this special training means harder work and more exercise per diem, the result, in nine cases out of ten, is that the team goes stale to a man. The players are already as fit as they can possibly be. The mistake is to assume that, by increasing the amount of the same work by which they have become fit, they can be made still fitter. Far better to have given the players an entire rest from training. And in the case of wisely-conducted clubs this is just what special training means: the players have gone to the seaside for a restful holiday.

HOW TO PRACTISE AT THE NETS.

In cricket the evil of "overdoing it" presents itself chiefly in net practice. You see a batsman go out to the nets. He starts practising carefully just as he would play in a match. This lasts perhaps twenty minutes or half-an-hour, perhaps only ten minutes. Then he starts slogging and trying all kinds of strokes which he would not dare attempt in a match. Now this "humbug" practice probably undoes much of the good gained in the proper practice, for as likely as not the batsman acquires one or more of his slogging or experimental strokes as a habit, and is so much to the bad when he comes to a match. A batsman ought not to stay at the nets longer than he can give his attention to sound and correct play in his own best style,

that is, of course, if he wishes to improve his cricket.

BOWLING AND FIELDING.

Unfortunately, boys scarcely need any warning against overdoing practice in bowling and fielding. The fault at present is the other way: they rarely practise enough. But in the case of young professionals there is not the slightest doubt that many a promising young bowler is spoilt by having to slave at the nets. He has to bowl till he does not care how he bowls, and his natural talent is dissipated in slipshod weariness.

There is another and much more important aspect of "overdoing it"—one that goes much deeper into things than mere success in games and athletics. The following paragraph from a newspaper article is worth considering:—

"Too much is said in extolling the virtues of exercise. In moderation it is beneficial, but many of the public have strange ideas of moderation in such matters. A clerk will work all day with his head and work with his legs at night. He thinks the long walk is good for him. The fresh air is, but in the exercise he is not conserving his energy as he should do to make his life long. Mental and bodily energy come to the same thing at the finish. Having freely drawn upon the stock of one you must not tap the other with the idea that it is beneficial, for it is not. They have a common source."

MENTAL AND PHYSICAL ASPECT.

This gives an important point. Your vital energy is at any given moment of limited amount, and if you draw upon it for hard mental work you have so much less available for hard physical work. But it is quite possible to get through a great deal of mental work without so exhausting your energy that you are not fit for the ordinary exercise of a game or of a long walk. Moreover, unless you are really quite tired out with head work, the change to exercise, even of a fairly hard kind, is really a kind of rest. Change of activity is rest, though not the same sort of rest as sitting in an arm-chair.

I do not believe that any boy at school is benefited by doing so much mental work that it renders him unfit to take part in the usual games and athletics. The mental work involved in learning languages and mathematics ought never to be pushed to the point of exhaustion. That is the worst possible economy, and is bad education. But the fault of overdoing mental work is not common among boys.

DON'T WORRY.

The mental work involved in commerce or trade and other means of livelihood is quite different, for it often carries with it a great deal of mental worry. It is the worry rather than the work that exhausts a man and renders him unfit for ordinary hearty exercise.

If, owing to unavoidable circumstances, you are tired and weary with mental work, you cannot safely go in for games and athletics to the same extent as you can when you are leading a life that makes no serious call on your vital energy.

But, after all, these are considerations which affect the "Old Boys" rather than the "Boys" among our readers.

One thing is certain: no one can have too much fresh air. You cannot overdo that.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

X. Y.—No doubt you have studied some book or other about physical measurement, and found a table showing the proper weight corresponding to your height. Most of these tables, however, refer to full-grown men, and not to youths who are still growing. From the age of twenty to thirty, a good average weight for a man of 6ft. is 12st. 7lb. But, as you are only nineteen, it is quite possible that you will put on a stone of weight or more in the next year or two. This would bring your 11st. about up to the average. But even without this, you are not extraordinarily light. You certainly take quite enough exercise. If you also take a proper amount of plain, wholesome food, you are doing all that is necessary for training. Bicycling is the best exercise I know for strengthening the knees. Although I cannot name it off-hand, there is sure to be a good book about walking tours. Any bookseller would know. R. L. Stevenson has something to say about walking tours, but I fear not quite the sort of something that you are after.

Pierce Eye.—I am afraid I can add nothing to the advice which I have already given you.

Paul Frommer (Budapest).—There have been several articles in back numbers of this magazine which give full directions about training for sprint races. It would take too long to repeat all the details here. The best way to cultivate pace is by practising short dashes of about 40 yards. These you should supplement by occasionally running through your full distance. Besides this, you must learn to start quickly, which is an art in itself, and needs much practice. The best book on the subject is the volume on Athletics in the Isthmian Library. There is also a good little book, much cheaper, on athletics in the All England series.

B. Lloyd.—Thank you very much for the Scorer, duly received. It is an ingenious instrument. You must not expect immediate results from any system of physical development. Grip dumbbells certainly strengthen the muscles of the forearm, and for this special purpose they are good. But I do not think they are as good as ordinary dumb bells for most of the usual exercises, especially

for those in which the arm is swung from the shoulder. The American system you mention is, I believe, good, but it is also expensive. Remember that the Americans are adepts at advertising See my recent answers for good English systems.

N. D. Q.—In reference to some advice I gave about practising for football with a small india-rubber ball for the sake of acquiring accuracy in kicking, a correspondent suggests that the game of foot-fives as played at Portsmouth Grammar School would answer the same purpose, and would be more enjoyable than mere kicking practice. Foot-fives is played in an open court in the same way as hand-fives, with these exceptions:—(1) The ball is kicked instead of hit; (2) in serving, the ball is not hit up, but thrown; (3) the player who is in stands on the left-hand side of the court; (4) the server is one of the players of the side which is not in A soft indiarubber ball is used, fairly bouncey, about 8in. in circumference. Our correspondent says that the game makes one feel very stiff at first, but is excellent for improving one's kicking powers. This, I should say, is very probable. Foot-fives is new to me; I do not think any other school plays it. It sounds good.

C. H. P.—Yours is rather a difficult letter to answer. If you are at office-work for about eight hours a day, and during that time are working really hard, the chances are you do yourself more harm than good by taking as much exercise as you do. If I were you I should do my dumb-bells in the morning; and use light ones. Also, you might reduce the length of your walks by half. You certainly ought not to feel tired in the morning; this probably indicates that you are over-doing it. As to your other questions, a sprinter is liable to spoil his pace by running long distances, but a long distance runner can hardly do himself any harm by practising sprinting. Good running shoes are not easy to get. You had better write to one of the athletic firms which advertise in THE CAPTAIN I do not know whether the picture you mention is obtainable; but you might try.

A. B. C.—The fact that you have a big natural off-break ought not to interfere in the least with the accuracy of your length in bowling. To improve your length, however, you must, while you are practising, concentrate your mind on that alone, and forget all about break. If you have a natural talent for leg break bowling, you would do well to take that style up; but, with leg break bowling, accuracy of length is always a great difficulty. Remember that, unless you can keep a good length, your break is no use to you.

John Peel.—You need not alarm yourself by fancying that you are broken winded like a horse. Your stitch simply came from the muscles between your ribs being unaccustomed to so much work. If you read the article about breathing which appeared two months ago in THE CAPTAIN, you will understand the reason.

Harrier is anxious to join a good club of London harriers. He wishes to be recommended to one suitable to a fellow about seventeen years of age, and would prefer it to be in the W. or S.W district. Can any kind friend oblige him with the information?

M. B. French has two cricket problems. Here is the first. A batsman runs out at a no-ball and is caught at the wicket off it. The wicket-keeper knocks the bails off. Of course the batsman is not caught and is not stumped, as the ball is a no-ball. But as he hit the ball, no matter how slightly, ought he not to be given out, as run out? Strictly speaking, the man is run out. But I do not think the rule is meant to be interpreted in this way. For the man left his ground not for a run, but for a hit. Besides, the square-leg umpire would probably not know that the batsman had hit the ball, and would, therefore, treat the case as of one of stumping, and would give him "not out." Here is the second problem: The batsman, seeing that the ball is wide of the off-stump, shoulders his bat. The ball breaks away to short slip, who holds it. The batsman then brings down his bat, but in doing so hits his wicket. Is he out? Strictly speaking, a batsman is only out for hit wicket when he is actually making a stroke at the ball. The umpire would have to decide whether the batsman was doing this or not. As you describe the case, the man is not out.

Goaler.—In cold weather goalkeepers usually wear woollen gloves or mittens, and, of course, a thick sweater. They also keep themselves warm by walking about and by swinging their arms, and such-like obvious devices. Cold hands are slow, and not prehensile.

A. H. Dakers.—Two miles, three times a week, ought quickly to get you into training for long distances, if you can stand so much. It is a big "if" But for the first few weeks I would suggest only two runs, and, instead of the third, a fairly long walk. It is impossible to give general advice about the best way to take fences, hedges, and brooks, across country, except this, that it is a mistake to attempt jumping feats. Take your obstacle in a way which calls for the least possible effort. As a rule, climb or vault fences, push through hedges, and walk over or through brooks.

Meg.—Your chest measurement is not at all bad, but I expect you can improve it. You will find the breathing exercises very useful.

Peter Simple.—It is impossible to answer you without more particulars.

W. H. P.—Measurements quite satisfactory.

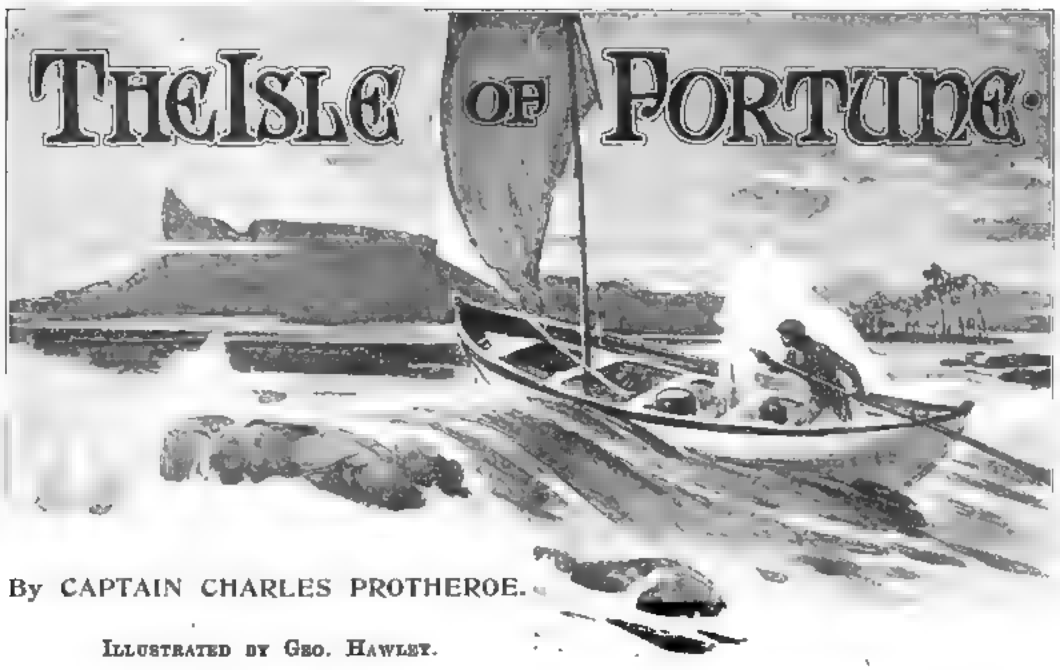
Hartlepool.—Ten minutes exercise, morning and night, with an elastic developer, ought to be enough for you. The great thing is to work on a proper system Suppose you cannot get through all the exercises in so short a time as ten minutes, the best way is to reduce the amount of each exercise to a reasonable minimum and spend as much longer than ten minutes on the course as is then necessary.

Lois.—What very bad luck to be knocked up like that when you are so fond of outdoor pursuits. I am afraid I cannot think of any good indoor game for you, as I expect you have to lie pretty still. But I will keep your letter and try to answer it again in a future number. However, it is a very good thing for you that you are fond of books. I shall hope to hear from you again. Thank you for the picture.

Signia.—They are called golf-collars. I believe; they come from Wing's, in Piccadilly. No one else I know of wears them. **Epsilon.**—I fancy 1s. is the only price for Sandow's Chart. **Captain.**—Your measurements are quite good Shooting, if it implies long walks in the country is itself grand training.

C. B. Fry

THE ISLE OF FORTUNE.



By CAPTAIN CHARLES PROTHEROE.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEO. HAWLEY.

CHAPTER I.

"BULLY" HARKER.

WHEN men have reached two score years and ten, and followed the sea into the bargain, I suppose nine out of ten have experienced what it feels like to be in a tight corner. I have just been thinking of something of the sort which happened to myself, and by your leave, will set it all down and tell what came of it.

I refer to the morning I landed on the Island of Sanaroa. It was a black and unpromising-looking enterprise, but that day proved the most fortunate of my life. Out of evil good may come, and often does, but had it been possible for anyone to tell me that such a happy climax would be the end of this adventure, I should have said he was handling the truth very carelessly, for I had reason to believe I was in about as awkward and dangerous a position as a man could well be placed in. But there, let me start from the beginning and relate how it all came about.

One morning I found myself in George-street, Sydney, with the unpleasant fact forcing itself upon my notice that all the worldly possessions I could call my own consisted of a decent amount of clothes, one shilling in copper coin of the realm, an ounce of tobacco, and, if a headache can be called an asset, I had that also—the effect, I remembered, of dining the previous evening not wisely but too well.

I had been paid off some three weeks before, the result of a six months' cruise being a good fat cheque. The adage, which, I believe, principally applies to sailors and their money, "earn it like horses and spend it like asses," fitted my case exactly, and I found myself, after living at the rate of a thousand a year for three weeks, pulled up with a round turn and at the end of my tether.

It had never been my way to bother about the future—I allowed that to take care of itself—and it was not until I found myself stranded, and the last shiner gone, that I ever looked about for another ship.

Well, why not? A man can be young but once, and surely youth is the time to enjoy. I'm glad I haven't to look back with regret. Whilst the money lasted I spent it like a prince and enjoyed myself. When it was gone I shipped again—six hard months for one of pleasure.

I was just coming out of a certain shop, where I had been transacting a little business connected with finance, when I almost ran into a man who was passing.

He snapped out some remark, certainly not complimentary to my personal appearance, and

then, catching my eye, exclaimed, "By jove! Jim Harvey, as I'm a sinner. Where on earth are you bound for in such a desperate hurry?"

As I raised my eyes I saw it was Jameson, an old friend of mine. We had nicknamed him "the Parson" on account of the beautiful flow of language he could command when his temper was warm. Given to him years since in an idle moment, the name had stuck to him like wax, and his acquaintances never thought of calling him anything else.

"Is that you, Parson?" I replied. "To tell you the truth, I've just been looking up a respected relative of mine. Left my ticker. Useless thing, anyhow, in a town where a clock stares you in the face every five minutes."

"So bad as that?" he answered, "the same old game, I suppose: painting the town red while the money lasts, and then flogging the cat afterwards?"

"Flogging the cat, no! Hard up, yes! A fellow can't have his cake and eat it too, can he? Anyhow, I've had my fun, and now I'm ready to take what comes along with the stoicism of a Red Indian."

"Looking out for a ship?" said he.

"Well, yes," I answered, "to find a ship seems about the most important thing I can think of just now."

"Come over to the Paragon," said he, "and put another nail in your coffin. I think I know of something that might suit you, as you don't seem particular."

"No," I replied, "I can't afford to be squeamish just now. I'll ship as mate in anything that floats, barring a lime-juicer, and that I have no use for."

When we had our drinks before us, he said, "Look here, there's only one thing I know of going just now; 'Bully' Harker wants a mate in the *Aurora*. What do you say to that?"

"Well," I answered, "it's not exactly what I should choose for myself, but 'any port in a storm, and any ship when you're hard up'—that's my motto. You know, he never carries a man two voyages. What's become of his last mate?"

"Well, now, that's the queer part of the business," he answered; "this trip he came back without one. There's a yarn knocking about that, down in the Solomons, he sent the mate and three hands ashore with the boat to bring off to the ship some cargo that was lying on the beach. The natives, apparently without any reason, made a bee-line for the mate and carried him away into the mountains. That yarn might pass muster with a greenhorn, but not with us, who know the Islands well; and, take my word for it, there's something very fishy we haven't heard of about that transaction. The natives didn't love the mate so much to be sorry to part with him, we know. Then why did they carry him off and not interfere with the other three men? That's where the rub comes in. If they'd tackled that boat's crew and wiped the lot of them out I could have understood it, for that's their angelic nature, but that they should seize one man out of four, leaving the others unharmed, gets over me altogether, and requires a lot more explanation than I've heard so far. 'Bully' Harker says that, after waiting a day or two to see if the mate would turn up again, and not feeling inclined to wait for ever, he made sail and came away without him. That's the yarn, and you know yourself the name 'Bully' Harker has. To tell you the truth I should have to be very much down on my 'uppers' before I'd ship with him, and I'm not particularly afraid of most things. I thought I'd tell you about this berth, but more as a joke than anything. Any number of men knocking about looking for a ship, but just mention 'Bully' Harker and the *Aurora*—that's enough for them; they ain't wanting any."

"Anyhow, I think I'll run down and interview him," said I; "can't live on the interest of my debts comfortably for any length of time, so, 'Bully' Harker or no 'Bully' Harker, here's one that's going to try for it. At the best, sailorising isn't all beer and skittles, but, so I take it, neither is any other profession. I've managed to keep my end up so far, and I expect I shall be able to do so in this case."

"Well, you know best," he answered, "but I tell you straight, I wouldn't send a dog of mine to sea with him. Take my advice, don't go. You needn't let the fact of your being out of collar influence you—I can let you have a tenner until the clouds roll by and something else turns up."

"Thanks all the same," said I, "but you know that isn't my style. Uncle advanced enough on my 'ticker' to last me a day or two."

"Well, so long, old man," he answered; "if you've made up your mind I suppose there's no good trying to alter it, but," he added, coming back a few paces, "squeeze another pound or two a month out of him. He'll have to give it, for he can't get a man to ship with him for money, and I'm blooming well sure he can't get one to go for love—squeeze him."

The *Aurora* was lying over at Darling Harbour, and nearly ready for sea, her cargo consisting of almost everything under the sun, from Jew's harps to kedge anchors. She was a smart looking little top-sail schooner about a hundred and twenty tons, built at Brisbane River. "Bully" Harker, the skipper, was owner as well as master of her, and report credited him with having made plenty of money with her in the Island trade.

I asked one of the crew, an elderly man, who was passing cargo into the main-hatch, if the skipper was on board. Without pausing in his occupation, he jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the cabin, this dumb show signifying that "Bully" Harker was inside. A minute or two later he appeared in the door of the cabin looking out on deck, a big, dark man, with a full beard and small beady eyes, and I remember noticing that there wasn't much daylight to be seen through the doorway as he stood in it.

"I believe you want a mate?" said I, walking up to him.

"That's so," he answered, running his shifty-looking eyes over me; "been in the trade before?"

For answer I placed my last discharge in his hand. "All right," said he, scanning it; "eight pounds a month, and join at once."

"Not my figure, Captain," said I, "I know the trade, and want ten."

"I'll see you overboard first," he replied.

"No, over the rail," I remarked, and turned to make for the gangway, but he called me back.

"It appears to me," said he, sourly, "you're one of those 'give you the long-boat want the ship' sort of gentlemen. If you're only as quick about your work as you are to get over that rail, you'll suit me well enough—split the difference and call it nine ten."

"All right, Captain," said I, "nine ten it is." And that's how I came to ship as mate on board the *Aurora*.

It didn't take me long to find out that the name "Bully" had not been given to Harker for nothing. The term fitted him like a glove, and he certainly spared no pains to live up to it. He was an ill-conditioned brute at the best, and the man who shipped with him couldn't, by any stretch of imagination, think he had struck a haven of rest. We had scarcely cleared the Heads after leaving Watson's Bay, where we had been lying waiting for a fair wind, before we came to loggerheads. I was taking the anchors inboard, and seeing them secured, for we were not likely to want them for a week or two.

"Bully" Harker was standing on the fore-part of the monkey-poop. "Why don't you 'haze' those lazy beggars, Mr. Harvey?" he shouted, "give 'em your tongue, sir, give 'em your tongue."

That wasn't exactly all the expression he used, but it will do here, anyhow.

Now I knew my business, and rather prided myself on being able to get as much work as anybody out of a man whether black, white, or copper-coloured, but "hazing" wasn't one of my methods.

I didn't take any notice of him, but my blood, which at that time was apt to run riot, surged within me.

When I had finished my work I came aft again. He was leaning on the rail with his arms folded. "Say, Mr. Harvey," said he, in a tone I could have struck him for, "are you a Union man?"

"No," I replied, "I'm not; why do you ask?"

"Oh, I thought perhaps you were one of the brotherhood," he answered, offensively, "that works eight hours a day, and darned little at that."

"Then you are mistaken," I replied, losing my temper, for the jar of his tone riled me, "and I may as well tell you this also. I didn't come aboard this apology for a vessel to learn my business. I was taught that on ships that would have swung this craft on their davits for a long-boat."

"Yes, I know," he snarled, aggressively; "I've heard that sort of talk before, and it's cheap. But just understand, I'll have no kid-gloved, Sunday-school moves aboard this craft whilst I'm in charge of her. What I want you to do is to keep those lazy beggars on the jump, and give 'em the rough side of your tongue. You don't know me yet; we'll be better acquainted by and by."

"There you are mistaken again," I replied, now fairly roused, "and if I have a rough side to my tongue, you're welcome to it. You say I don't know you, but I know you well enough, and I know something else too. I know that your name is an offence to any decent sailor-man out of Sydney. Don't think for a moment I came here not knowing who you were, or that you are going to 'haze' me, because you're not."

I thought he was going to strike me, for "Bully" Harker had the reputation of hitting first and hitting hard, but apparently he thought better of it.

"You seem to have plenty to say for yourself, young fellow," said he, turning to descend the companion, "but I've no doubt you will alter your tone when you know me better and before you see Sydney again."

CHAPTER II.

TOM NICHOL'S STORY.

I HAD been rather hasty, perhaps, in not giving more heed to the answer that turneth away wrath, but I doubt if soft words would have made things smoother, for "Bully" Harker was not the man to understand such niceties. It was a way I had, which was always part of my nature,

to grasp a bull by the horns at once and get the worst part of a business over.

At the present time I have arrived at years of discretion, and my blood is cooler, but I am still open to conviction that there is no better way. True, the method I speak of has its penalties, for, figuratively speaking, the bull may toss you and do you some bodily harm, but how much better to receive hurt to the person than suffer damage to your self-esteem.

After I had reckoned him up, and he saw I wasn't the sort of man to put up with the amusement he delighted in, I thought he would have been better; but not a bit, it was his nature, and he was never happy unless barking at someone. When I shipped on board a vessel I didn't expect to be wrapped in cotton-wool exactly, but to have a man yapping at you day after day on every possible occasion, and without a legitimate reason, would try the temper of an archangel. The men, and I ought to be a judge, did their work well, and were neither better nor worse than any other crew it was ever my lot to handle.

The climax to all this came one day when we were about a fortnight out. Bound for New Britain and the Solomons, we were steering about N.N.E. I had brought my sextant on deck at mid-day to take the latitude. The sextant in question had been presented to me some years before by the Marine Board, in recognition of my conduct at a wreck, which they were pleased to term meritorious. There is no need to go into the particular circumstances, for I am afraid the reader will think I have blown my horn quite sufficiently, long before this narrative ends. Enough has been said to make evident that I set great store by this article, and would have deemed it sacrilege, even at the lowest ebb of my fortunes, to negotiate a temporary loan upon it from my ever ready and obliging Uncle.

Finding that the sun was a long way from the meridian, I placed the instrument inside a

HE FELL TO LEEWARD WITH A THUD THAT MUST HAVE SHAKEN HIM CONSIDERABLY..

coil of rope that happened to be lying on the deck, to prevent it "fetching" away to leeward, a swell on the schooner's beam causing her to roll somewhat heavily. I had turned about, and was doing some little thing or other, when I heard "Bully" Harker shout, "Here, some of you lazy soldiers, take a pull on the gaff-topsail halliards."

I slewed round quickly, just in time to see him step up and let fly the rope by which my sextant was encompassed. Caught in the coil he had loosened, up they went together, and before I could do anything to save it, the sextant fell on to the deck with a crash. My first thought was for the instrument, as I picked it up and ruefully surveyed the shattered glasses, and every part that should have been straight and correct now all out of gear and crooked. My second thought was for the meanness of the whole proceeding. That it was done with intention I was perfectly assured, for not an inch could they have got had all hands swigged on the gaff-topsail halliards for a month. All the indignities he had offered me passed through my mind. But this was a last straw. No man had ever tendered me quite such an affront before without, at least, being called upon to answer for it, and in the white heat of my anger I vowed I would make no exception now. Laying the sextant quietly on the deck, I stepped up to him, and throwing my arm around his neck, cross-buttocked him on to the deck.

Taken by surprise, he fell to leeward with a thud that must have shaken him considerably.

"You dirty, mean dog," I cried, as he picked himself up. "You know the reputation you have ashore. Now, if you can, I'm going to give you the chance to add to it, but if you can't whip me I'll break every bone in your contemptible carcass."

As he made towards me I could see that one of his arms had suffered damage, but that wasn't the only thing that made him drop his hands. He was unused to such treatment, and I could see he was cowed, for he was a bully in every sense of the word.

"I'd give you all the fighting you want if my arm were sound," he shouted, livid with passion, "but let me tell you, you will repent this only once, and that will be as long as you live. I have a memory for debts of this kind, as my last mate had reason to know."

"Your last mate—" I repeated, but he had disappeared down below.

Like most men gifted with a passionate temper, mine was gone almost as soon as it had come, and I thank God that He made me so. The man to beware of is he who, instead of settling a quarrel off hand and having done with it, nurses his resentment, which, although hidden from view, rankles in his breast, only awaiting some opportunity for reprisal. When my blood was cooler, and I had thought the matter over, I was sorry it had happened; but I was young and impulsive at that time, ever ready to resent an insult, and as Nature had made me so, how could I help it?

There was a marked improvement in "Bully" Harker's conduct after our quarrel, and we didn't see so much of him, nor hear his bark so often. "Look here, Mr. Harvey," said he, calling me to his berth some three days after, "just try and forget what has happened, and let bygones be bygones. It ought to be easy enough for you. I am the party most injured—this confounded arm of mine won't be good for a week. Forget anything I may have said—that cursed temper of mine got the better of me."

"And of my sextant too" said I, "but you're not the only one with a lively temper, and I'm more sorry than I can say that either event occurred." I looked him squarely in the face, and that's a sort of thing I like returned, but he didn't meet my eye, and that allusion to his last mate troubled me vaguely. I wasn't deceived by him, for he was the last man I should accuse of forgetting, so readily, what he thought an injury. For the next few days his small eyes followed me about when he thought I didn't notice it, and the amount of malice in them told me that my estimation of him was a correct one. The proffer of the olive branch was merely a bluff, and I was assured he was only waiting for an opportunity to get even with me. That this was in his mind I hadn't the slightest possible doubt, but how he hoped to accomplish it would never have entered my head.

One night we were rolling lazily to a light swell, for there was hardly sufficient wind to keep the sails full. I stepped aft to look in the binnacle and see that she was on her course, when old Tom Nichol—the same man, by the way, I had first seen when I came down to interview "Bully" Harker, and who was now steering—said:—

"Excuse me, sir, but you take my advice and keep your eye on the 'old man.'"

I froze, for although I was mate of a hooker of only something like a hundred tons, I didn't believe in talking my grievances over with the hands. "Don't bother your head about me," I answered curtly; "I'm quite capable of taking care of myself."

"I believe that," he replied, "if everything was fair and above-board, but it ain't, and you take it from me, the way I've noticed the skipper look at you, he means mischief. I can't say much here—he might overhear me—but I under-

stand what I'm talking about. I was here last voyage, and I know him better'n you do. Look here, sir, come for'ard when I'm relieved at four bells, and I'll tell you something that will perhaps make you see things differently. Believe me, I'm not talking for the sake of wagging my jaw tackle; it's a matter of life and death to you."

My curiosity was aroused, so soon after four bells I strolled for'ard. Old Tom Nichol was waiting for me at the forepart of the main-hatch, and he started at once. "This is the fifth voyage for me aboard this vessel. I think I am the only man who can boast of having made a second trip in her, anyhow, since this skipper has been in charge. One trip was much the same as another; the mate and skipper at it hammer and tongs the whole time. The difference about this trip is, I never saw anyone treat him as you have done—that is, get the best of him. The boot was always on the other foot, until now. What I want to tell you about is the last voyage. The mate who was here then was a middle-aged man, and 'Bully' Harker nearly 'hazed' the life out of him. They never came to blows, but that wasn't the skipper's fault, and the mate wouldn't have had the ghost of a chance in that direction if they had. One day after a bigger row than usual the skipper made a move to strike him. The mate whipped an iron belaying-pin out of the rail, and swore that if he so much as laid a hand on him, he'd break him up with it. As they stood facing one another, Mr. Johnson (that was the mate), fairly beside himself with rage, did a foolish thing. He showed his hand. I was steering at the time, and I plainly heard him tell the skipper that, instead of being master of the *Aurora*, he ought to be in Darlinghurst jail, and that as sure as daylight he'd be the cause of him reaching there yet. By what I could make out, he referred to something that had happened down the Islands years before, but what it was I never got to the bottom of. Now, that was silly, and, if there was any truth in it, a dangerous thing to let 'Bully' Harker know. What the mate should have done was to hold his cards up, until he was in a position to make use of his trump by plumping it down and taking the trick. Poor fellow! He didn't tumble to that until later on.

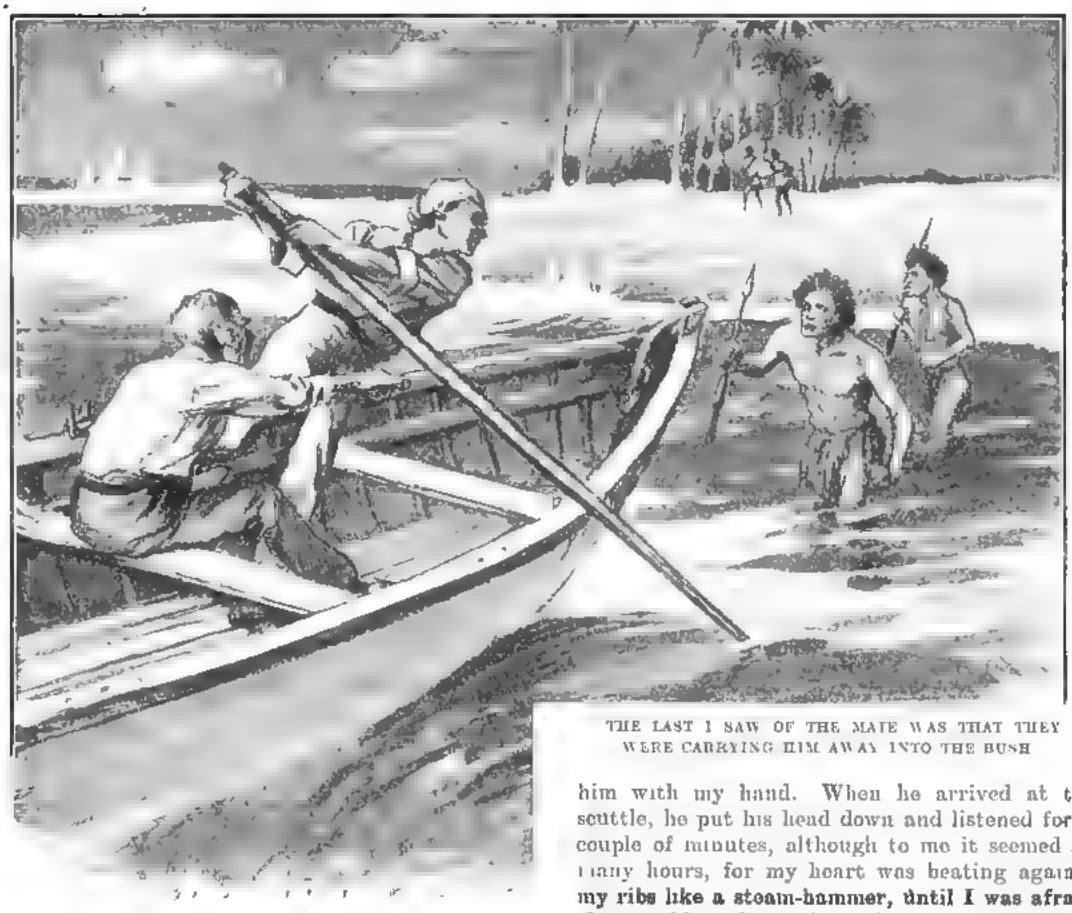
"'Bully' Harker dropped his arm at this, and didn't strike him, but the colour all left his face and he gave the mate such a queer look, just as I've seen him look at you now and again, and that's what makes me uneasy. There the quarrel finished, but he never forgot, and I'll tell you what the end was.

"The last place we called at was St. Christoval, and the 'old man' sent the mate and three of us into the boat, to fetch the last of some cargo off to the ship. We had put the stuff on board and were just ready to shove off again, when the natives made for the mate and hustled him up the beach. I thought it was all up with the lot of us, and you may imagine my surprise when some of the natives shoved the boat with us on board out into the deep water, and took no further notice of it. The last I saw of the mate was that they had bound his hands and feet together, driven a stick through them, and two natives with the ends on their shoulders were carrying him away into the bush, just the same as they carry a pig. That's the last I saw of him, and you can bet your hat it's the last anybody else will see of him either. We pulled on board, and 'Bully' Harker made a great fuss, declared he'd put a man-o'-war on their track, and that sort of thing, but I can't say I was taken much with the idea, for a man-o'-war can't sail up mountains. He cursed and raved at those natives for a good solid half hour, but that sort of thing didn't bring the mate back again. Ah! he's a deep 'un, he is!

CHAPTER III.

I LEAVE THE "AURORA."

"EVERYBODY on board thought 'Bully' Harker was greatly concerned that Mr. Johnson should have been kidnapped, and I might have had the same way of thinking, but for a little circumstance which happened in the small hours of the morning. The skipper gave out he was so anxious he'd keep watch himself that night, and all hands, glad of a chance that didn't often come their way, were soon dead asleep. For my part, I'd had such a shock at the loss of the mate, that, try as I would, I couldn't get a wink for thinking of him. It must have been about two o'clock in the morning that finding I couldn't sleep, and getting tired of tossing and squirming about, I turned out, thinking I'd go on deck and have a quiet smoke by way of a soother. I had just put my head up the fore-scuttle, and was about to strike a match, when, between the surges of water on the reef, I thought I heard a slight noise like a canoe being paddled gently. I looked in the direction of the sound, and presently, sure enough, I saw a canoe loom out of the darkness. My first thought was to give the alarm, thinking we were being attacked by the natives, when the little gumption I have stepped in and kept me silent. There was only one canoe, and strain my eyes as I would, I could only see three men in her. They are not coming to take the ship, thinks I, with one canoe and three men. But something else kept me quiet too, for I heard the skipper's tread



THE LAST I SAW OF THE MATE WAS THAT THEY WERE CARRYING HIM AWAY INTO THE BUSH

as he tramped up and down the poop. I was never good at riddles, and what this meant was beyond me, so I just stowed my pipe away, and crept into the shadow of the cook's galley to see if I could find out. The canoe came on cautiously until within ten yards of the ship, and presently I heard 'Bully' Harker say something, but in such a low voice that I couldn't make out what it was. They drew quietly up under the quarter, and a couple of the niggers climbed on board. A lot of trade stuff was passed up from below and handed into the canoe waiting to receive it. Then the natives who had been on deck swung themselves into her, and the next moment were paddling for the shore. I was asking myself the meaning of it all, when I heard a footstep along the deck, and saw it was 'Bully' Harker, who had come down the poop ladder and was making his way for'ard. It was no good trying to reach the fore-scuttle, for he must have seen me, so I stowed myself away behind the harness cask outside the galley door. He passed so close to me that I could have touched him with my hand. When he arrived at the scuttle, he put his head down and listened for a couple of minutes, although to me it seemed as many hours, for my heart was beating against my ribs like a steam-hammer, until I was afraid that nothing short of a miracle could prevent him hearing it. He gave a grunt of satisfaction to find no one was stirring, and then, I was glad to see, passed over to the other side of the deck and went aft again. I was never good at guessing, as I told you before, but even to me the whole business became as plain as the nose on your face, and the man would have to be looney who couldn't see what it meant. Mr. Harvey, as sure as I stand here now, and that the sun will rise to-morrow morning, 'Bully' Harker bribed those natives to seize the mate and carry him away to the mountains. When it was too late I could have kicked myself for a fool that I didn't see it before, and call some of the other hands to witness it with me, but to tell you the truth, I hadn't gripped the thing until it was past and over. As this was the case, I thought the next best thing I could do was to get below as soon as possible in case he should come for'ard again, for it wouldn't have been good for my health had 'Bully' Harker known I was witness of that little transaction.

"We hung about for a day or two for he couldn't

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go without making some pretence of waiting. I didn't let on to a soul, but I knew in my heart that 'Bully' Harker was just as much a murderer as if he had knocked the mate on the head and dumped him overboard. In my mind he is worse, for this was done when his blood was cold, and Heaven knows what wickedness the natives would be up to when once they had the mate in the mountains. Now, you've heard what I had to say, and it's as true as death—I didn't dream it. Just put two and two together and think what sort of a chance you are likely to have. If he could do such a thing to a man who only threatened him, what is he likely to do with you who have worsted him before all hands, and taken some of the stiffening out of him? True, you may say, Mr. Johnson knew something, or pretended to know something, which frightened him, but I've seen him look at you just the same as he looked at him, and I believe in his mind there isn't a pin to choose between you. Take my advice, sir, and don't trust him."

"Why did you come back this trip, knowing what you do?" said I.

"Well," he answered, "because I must do something for a living, and I ain't so young as I used to be. I did my level best the time I was ashore to find another ship, but it was no go, they weren't taking any stock in old men, so I had to fall back on this job again. I've heard tell of people who give big sums of money for old pictures, and old china, and the older they are the more they're worth. It's quite different with us, for I never heard of anyone collecting old men. If I do, here's one will join their collection quick and lively, for a decent amount of grub, and a pipe of tobacco now and then. No! we don't go up in value as we get older like pictures and china, and when a man gets a certain age it's hard to find any one who'll give him standing room, let alone pay a fancy price for him. Anyhow, this is the last voyage I'm going to make in this hooker, for I'd sooner stop ashore and beg my bread; and mind you, Mr. Harvey," concluded the old fellow, shaking his head impressively, "I've a sort of feeling that 'Bully' Harker will come to a violent end."

As regards the last of his remarks, he little knew that events were shaping ahead which, in their course, would make of him a prophet.

I came away after my interview with old Tom Nichol a more enlightened but scarcely a happier man. His advice to distrust "Bully" Harker was needless, for I did that already, but the story he had told me, which I saw no cause to doubt, opened my eyes to the fact that "Bully" Harker was a much more unscrupulous and dangerous man than I should have given him credit for. If he had the same intention as regards myself, I stood in a more awkward position than I could have imagined, or even dreamed of. It appeared to me that if such was the case, I was literally between the devil and the deep sea, which is as tight a corner as any man need wish to occupy. The more I thought over it, the more critical seemed my case to be. I couldn't well refuse to go ashore in the *Solomons*, for that was part of my duty. If I declined to do so, by the account old Tom Nichol had given me, I realised that, if Harker made the bribe to the natives, or their chief, heavy enough, they were capable of taking me out of the ship itself. Of course, it would look rather queer losing two mates the same way in succession, but then, the Islands had the reputation for queer happenings. Who could hold "Bully" Harker responsible for the doings of natives, whose sole delight was head-hunting and other such little pleasantries? However, it has never been my nature to cry before I'm hurt, so I started to think the matter over a bit, and see if I could find a way out of it.

One way that presented itself to me was to get Tom Nichol to make a clean breast to the rest of the crew, and with their assistance put the skipper under restraint, and take charge of the ship myself. But I soon dismissed this idea from my mind, not caring to involve others in such a risky proceeding, which, at the best, had only supposition to justify it. Under such conditions it looked perilously like mutiny, and, unless I could furnish good and sufficient reason in a court of law, likely to land us all in a difficult sort of hole. So I put that notion on one side as a last extremity.

The wind, which had been light for some days, now left us altogether, and we enjoyed what sailors would term "Paddy's hurricane," up and down the masts. There were two whale boats across the main-hatch, to be used for beach work. Although covered, the hot sun striking down upon them was doing no good, and one morning "Bully" Harker ordered me to put them in the water, so that they might take up, and be ready for use when they were wanted, instead of leaking like a couple of baskets. I didn't hoist them on deck again after the sun went down, as there seemed no prospect of wind, and a liberal soaking in their natural element would do them a vast amount of good. It was my middle watch on deck that night. The boats were hanging astern, making a lapping sound as they rolled in the light swell, and shooting little rays of light from their sides, caused by disturbance of phosphorescent water, which twinkled and gleamed like hundreds of stars in the darkness. To my imagination, as I leaned over the rail, the noise

WITH THE AID OF AN OAR OVER THE STERN I PUT A DECENT SPACE OF WATER BETWEEN US BEFORE SHIPPING THE MAST AND HOISTING MY SAIL.

made by the boats in their gentle wallowing became a strain, which said as plainly as possible, "Here we are, come along! Here we are, come along!" An inspiration, that quickly shaped itself into a resolve, came into my head that here lay a way out of my difficulty. "Of two evils choose the lesser," may be very good advice in the majority of cases, but in this instance it appeared to me that the greater was decidedly the lesser; so, therefore, in the space of five minutes I had made up my mind to trust the deep sea. You may think that to cast myself adrift in a boat was rather a mad thing to do, and under ordinary circumstances you would be right, but then,

you didn't know "Bully" Harker. After what I had heard and believed, I knew him well enough not to trust myself to his tender mercy, being convinced he was gifted with less of that sublime quality than the savage Islanders with whom he traded.

All day long we had been in sight of land, just the loom of it being visible far away to the Westward. This was New Guinea, the biggest Island in the world, and although, at the time, little or nothing was known regarding it, I had determined to take one of the boats and try to reach it. It was not a very healthy-looking picnic certainly, but it was better than stopping where I was, and running the risk of being made a "long-pig," this term being jocosely applied by the natives to their captives, because they were slung on poles and carried away in the same manner as a pig.

"You know, sir," said old Tom Nichol, when I told him what I intended doing, "I have a sort o' feeling as how it's the best thing you can do. I'll get a couple of hands and broach the matter to them, but there's no difficulty there, for they are with you to a man. Things are bad enough aboard this hooker already, and in the morning when 'Bully' Harker finds you and the boat missing, there'll be a bit of a bank-holiday. He'll make this craft a little floating paradise for us fellows, but anyhow, you've always behaved decently by the hands, and we'll stand the racket."

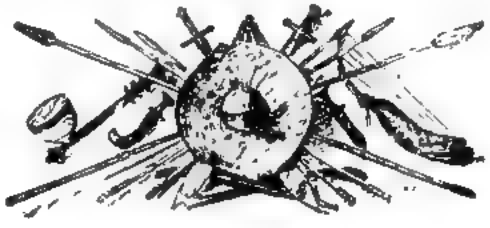
I went quickly down into the cabin, just to see that "Bully" Harker wasn't stirring. There was no fear of that, and when I looked into his berth, I thought, by glory! if you have a conscience at all, it seems to lie mighty easy, for he was sleeping as soundly and peacefully as a child. I went to my own berth, and gathered up anything I thought might be useful to me. When I came on deck again, the boat was alongside, and all the gear, mast, sails, and oars were ready for passing into her. I put together all I wanted in the way of provisions and water, and I didn't stint myself either, for this wasn't exactly the sort of expedition to be undertaken in the same manner as you'd go for a day up river. I knew there was plenty to live upon if I reached the place I was bound for, but that didn't trouble me much. What made me lay in a good stock of the necessaries of life was, I didn't know the manner in which the natives would receive me. I stood at the top of the companion so that I should have warning if "Bully" Harker was on the move. If he had awakened, and wanted to know what was going on, I had the answer ready that the hands were simply baling the boat out before taking her on board again. If he made a move to come on deck, I had another argument to prevent him from doing so, which, although likely to be effective, I didn't wish to have recourse to.

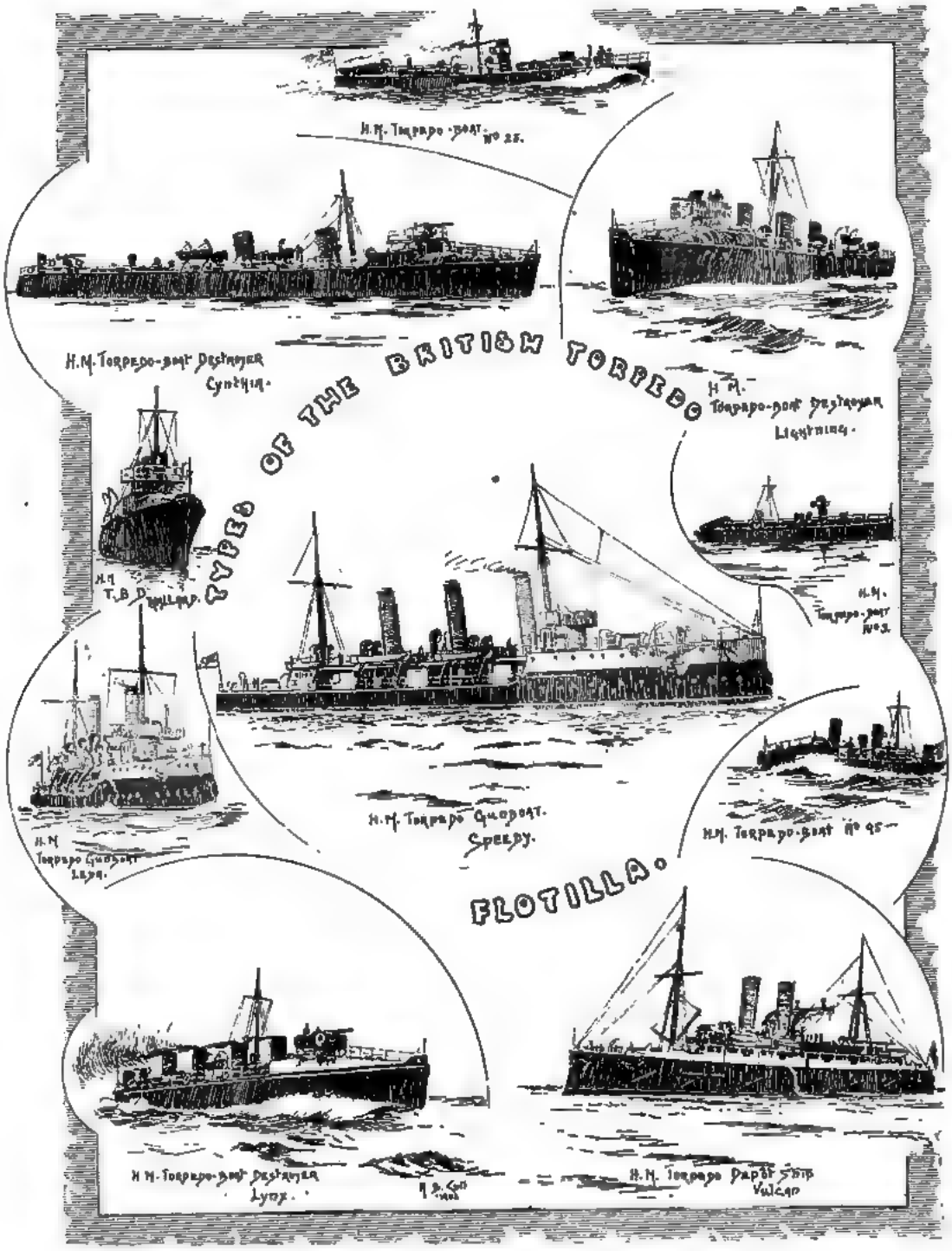
When the boat was ready I left the companion way, and swung myself on board her. "Goodbye, sir, and good luck to you," whispered old Tom Nichol. "If the 'old man' should wake up presently, and send us after you in the other boat, don't bother your head, or flurry yourself. We won't overhaul you: we'll be as blind as men who can't see a hole through a ladder." Then he let go the painter, the old *Aurora* and the whale boat slowly drifting apart.

With the aid of an oar over the stern I put a decent space of water between us before shipping the mast and hoisting my sail. The catspaws of wind that ruffled the smooth water occasionally, and which had hardly been sufficient to give the schooner steerage way, were strong enough, I was glad to see, to give the boat a rate of about three knots. At this speed the *Aurora* was soon lost to sight in the darkness, and with four hours in front of me, steering dead to the westward, I knew I should be well out of sight before daylight broke. When the sun rose above the horizon, turning everything it touched golden, I stood on one of the thwarts, and, steadying myself by placing an arm round the mast, looked long and earnestly in the direction where the *Aurora* should be. Not a sign of her could I discover, and the thought uppermost in my mind as I took my seat aft again was that we had parted company for good. But in this, as the startling sequel will prove, I was mistaken.

Chas Pettersen

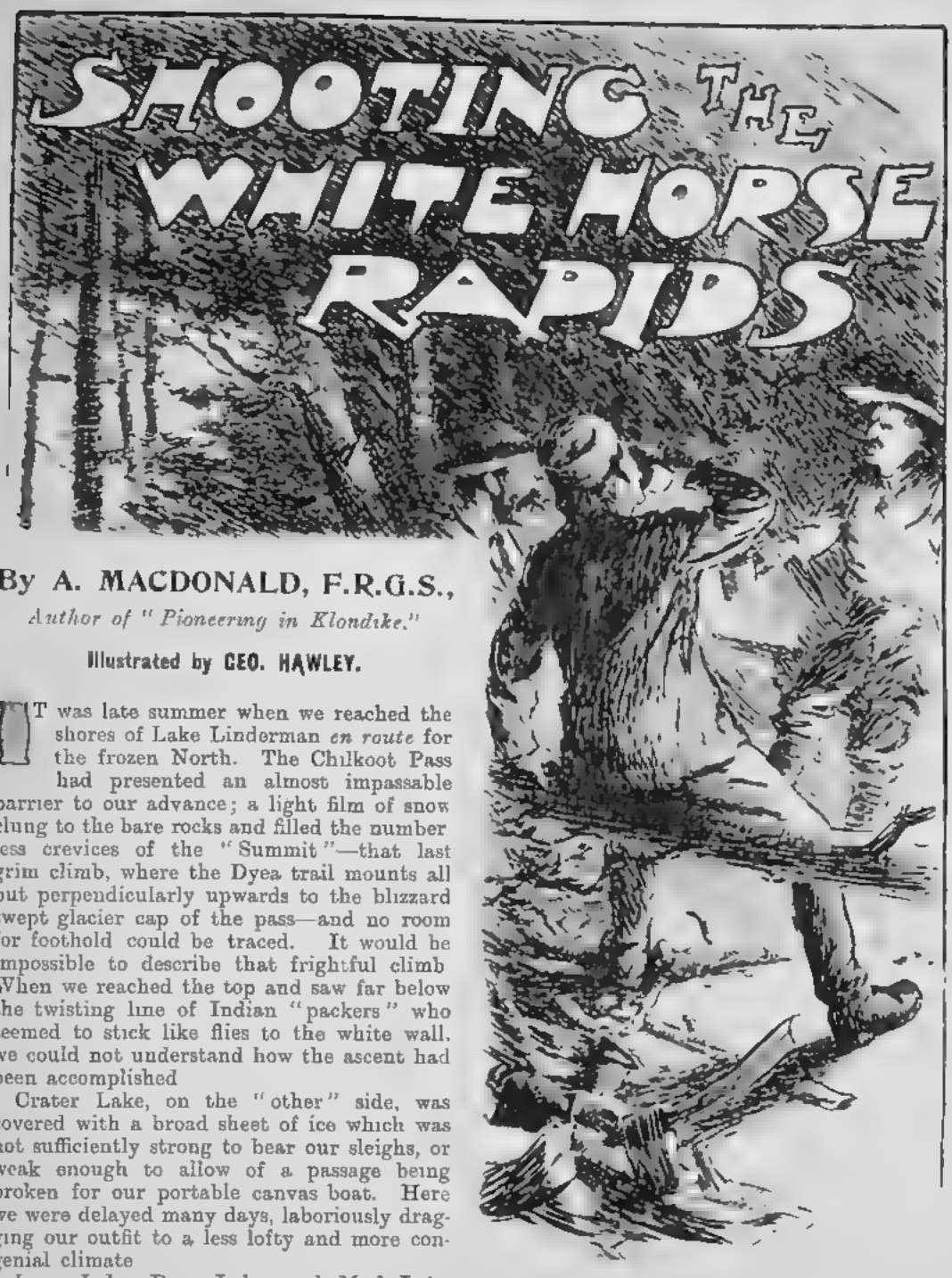
(To be continued.)





Drawn by A. B. Cull.

SHOOTING THE WHITE HORSE RAPIDS



By A. MACDONALD, F.R.G.S.,

Author of "Pioneering in Klondike."

Illustrated by GEO. HAWLEY.

IT was late summer when we reached the shores of Lake Linderman *en route* for the frozen North. The Chilkoot Pass had presented an almost impassable barrier to our advance; a light film of snow clung to the bare rocks and filled the numberless crevices of the "Summit"—that last grim climb, where the Dyea trail mounts all but perpendicularly upwards to the blizzard swept glacier cap of the pass—and no room for foothold could be traced. It would be impossible to describe that frightful climb When we reached the top and saw far below the twisting line of Indian "packers" who seemed to stick like flies to the white wall. we could not understand how the ascent had been accomplished

Crater Lake, on the "other" side, was covered with a broad sheet of ice which was not sufficiently strong to bear our sleighs, or weak enough to allow of a passage being broken for our portable canvas boat. Here we were delayed many days, laboriously dragging our outfit to a less lofty and more congenial climate

Long Lake, Deep Lake, and Mud Lake were successfully negotiated in turn; their waters glistened cold and cheerless, surrounded by the great snowy peaks that were rapidly opening out into the magnificent Yukon valley. Far down in the hollow, seemingly in a sunnier and well timbered spot, nestled Lake Linderman, and beyond the Yukon channel could be traced between the

ever-widening mountain ranges. We had packed sleighs in our outfit, not expecting to use them until we reached the Klondike river, and how successful they might prove should it be necessary to force a trail across the frozen waters, was a matter for conjecture.

At this time Linderman's shores were the scene of much bustle; many intending voyagers were building their boats in feverish haste, for they knew that the elements must soon lay firm grip on the waters, and render their work useless.

Major Walsh, the Canadian Administrator of the Yukon Territory, had just made his appearance from over the Skagway trail, and he was all eagerness to proceed. He immediately bought—at fabulous prices—the boats that were built, and without a day's delay set sail northwards with his staff.

Two days after the Major's departure, I succeeded in purchasing a twenty-feet "Dorie" from a disheartened miner who had decided to return to Dyea and wait for the ensuing spring.

I need not detail our journeyings for the next few days; Linderman was sailed over within two hours, then the half-mile portage between it and Lake Bennet was accomplished after much labour. This latter lake is twenty-eight miles in length, its northern extremity narrowing down to a deep and swift flowing channel, which extends but a few hundred yards before expanding into a broad shallow lake or lagoon, colloquially known as "Caribou Crossing." The current here is sluggish and the water abounds in shoals and sandbanks, which at that time were a sore trial to the adventuresome navigator with his precious freight of flour and other necessaries.

Tagash Lake forms the next link in the great lake chain of the Yukon, and it stretches full twenty-nine miles, then contracting to a fierce flowing stream by which the Canadian Customs Offices are now stationed.

Beyond this is Marsh Lake, and here it was that our troubles began.

Not a breath of wind stirred the waters of the lake, and our crudely built Dorie, containing 1,000 pounds of flour, and 1,000 pounds of miscellaneous foodstuffs, ploughed slowly through the wide expanse to the accompaniment of much wheezing and groaning of oars, and an endless string of forcible expletives that burst from the lips of my stalwart companions, who provided the motive power of the ungainly craft. The favouring wind had died away, and unaided by the sails we could make but little headway over the still water. The weather had become strangely cold considering the earliness of the season, and I was almost benumbed as I sat in the steersman's perch, directing the course by sundry sweeps of a great bladed Indian paddle, which I wielded with both hands.

"Keep it up, boys," I encouraged. "We are more than half-way through the lake."

"Twa miles an 'oor!" grunted Mac between his efforts. "This is the worst boat a ever pulled."

Stewart, his companion, rested his oar for a moment to breathe a sympathetic swear word of much intensity, then together they bent to their labours, and the rasp of the oars, and the brief swish the eddying pools created, alone broke the deadly quiet.

Towards nightfall I was surprised to notice here and there large sheets of ice on the lake surface, and occasionally our heavily laden boat would grind against these obstacles, shouldering them off with much effort; then my oarsmen's long sweeps would rend and split them as they passed alongside.

It was very plain that the Yukon headwaters were fast freezing over.

"We'll have to keep going all night, boys," I said, "for we'll be ice jammed if we camp anywhere around here."

The fierce torrent issuing from the end of the lake and rushing towards the dread White Horse Rapids would in all probability be free from ice—if we could reach that far.

Strenuously my companions pulled at their oars. The gloom deepened, then the stars came out, and by their feeble light I could distinguish far ahead a scintillating field of ice.

The sight caused me almost to despair—we had been sailing since early morning and were tired and very hungry.

Before I could get the head of our boat turned in-shore, it had crashed through several flaking sheets, and immediately after I realised that we were hopelessly in an ice maze from which there seemed no exit.

"We'll gang straight on," said Mac with determination, and he levered powerfully with his oar against the frosted masses.

A quarter of an hour passed, then the up turning stem of the Dorie went thud against an immovable barrier, and I knew that we were indeed ice jammed beyond the possibility of forcing a passage with the oars. Nor could we return, for the ice pack we had negotiated for miles was now seemingly welded together in one solid mass.

Cautiously Mac put his moccasined foot

over the prow and bore heavily on the glittering ice; it neither strained nor yielded.

With a fervent malediction he jumped on "shore," and felt the edge of the sheet.

"It's mair than twa inches," he said sorrowfully. "Hoo can we get through this!"

Very sadly we got out of our boat, and taking the cooking utensils, the tent, and some flour and coffee, sought a sheltered spot among the dense timber on the lake side. Soon we had almost forgotten our woes, and were regaling ourselves with copious draughts of coffee and much hard damper.

From our tent door we could see our boat stuck fast amid the ice. How we were to get it free I could not well imagine. In the morning, however, we awoke with renewed energy and more hopeful hearts.

"We cannot have far to go, boys," I said, "we'll cut down a couple of trees and use them to break a passage."

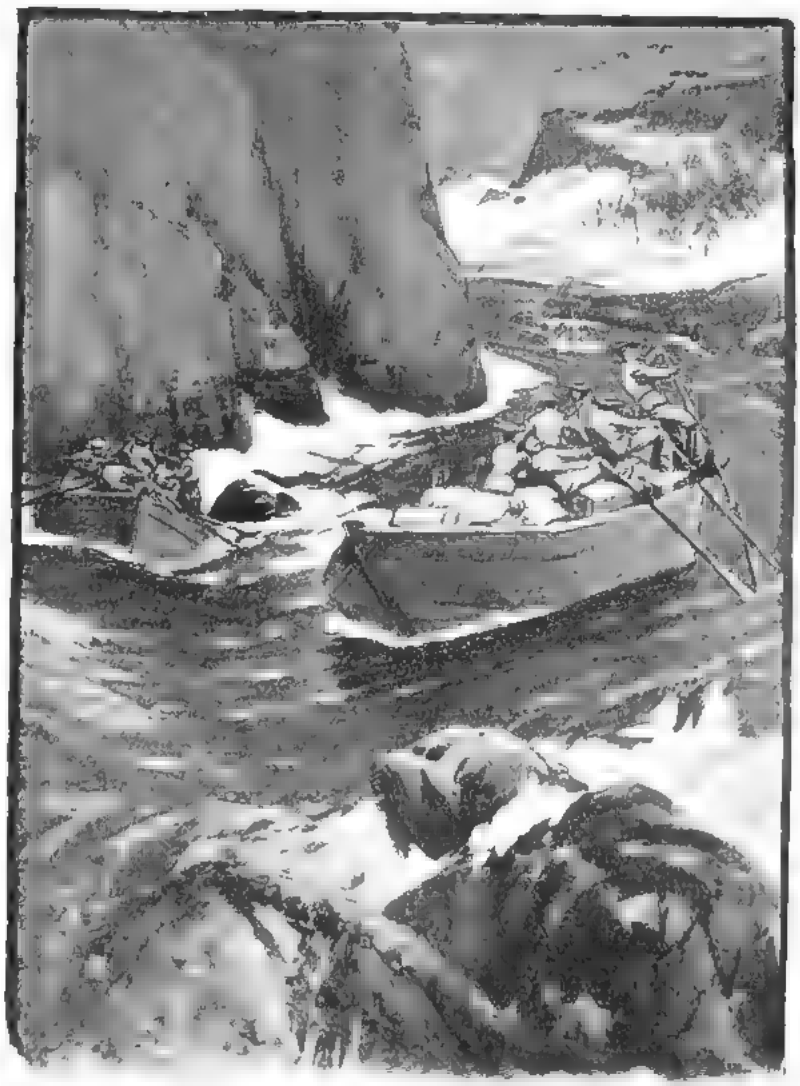
After breakfast we lost no time in making the effort. Armed with the heavy logs, we re-embarked, and soon the ponderous hammers had begun their work and a passage was slowly made towards the Yukon. With great reluctance our boat moved ahead, leaving a trail of glittering ice boulders. Mac leaned over the bow and opened the channel, while Stewart and I belaboured the masses that closed in on either side.

About mid-day we neared the end of the lake, and the channel beyond appeared a rippling, crackling flood of jagged ice floes.

We felt the suction of the current long before we had reached the limit of the ice-field. The sheets became thinner and broke away readily, so that the oars came again into play, and we crashed onward impetuously on the bosom of an irresistible stream.

At last we were free, and our boat dashed madly into the narrow egress, bumping, grinding, and rocking against the detached fragments of ice that appeared everywhere.

With a great effort we managed to slow our craft before coming into contact with a sharp, jutting rock that reared high in the middle of the stream, and then we found that



"KEEP HER GOING, BOYS," I YELLED, AS I WORKED MY STEERING PADDLE, EVADING ROCKS, BOULDERS, AND ICE FLOES IN TURN.

it required all our energies to evade the miniature icebergs that rushed alongside. These floating dangers looked harmless enough, yet they were fully six inches deep in the water, and contact with them would result in much damage to the planks of our dorie. Several times indeed we were almost overturned by colliding with unusually large floes.

In another hour we had nearly navigated the extent of Miles's canyon, and only several hundred yards ahead I noticed Major Walsh's flotilla, buffeting the seething waters cumbrously, while the men at the oars strained every muscle to escape the perils that abounded in their course.

"We're not far from the White Horse, boys," I said to my sturdy henchmen, who were working like galley slaves. They ceased their labours for a moment to look round, and at once our vessel swung about and drifted dangerously near the rocky river steeps.

"We maun keep a way on her," said Stewart. "Let's ken when we're through," said Mac, and their oars cleft the water like the paddle floats of a fast river steamer.

The current was flowing at the rate of ten miles an hour, and to keep a steering way on our unwieldy barge was, as may be understood, no easy matter.

Frantically I swung my paddle and strove my utmost to avert the calamity that every moment seemed to threaten us.

We were rapidly gaining on Major Walsh's outfit; he had four boats in all, three of them being clumsy barges laden entirely with provisions. These latter were manned by several members of the North-West Mounted Police, who worked their oars from difficult-looking perches among the flour sacks.

The police boats, however, steered a very erratic course, sometimes being carried forward almost on their beam ends. I guessed that the heavily freighted craft had become unmanageable; certainly the steersmen seemed to have no control.

Yet I had little time to notice those ahead, for our own "clipper" required every attention.

"Keep her going, boys," I yelled, as I worked my steering paddle with a will, evading rocks, boulders, and ice floes in turn.

Suddenly the white dashing surf of the Rapids came into view; the river narrowed to a fraction of its former width, and over the cataract a jagged sea of the dangerous floes crackled and roared into the abyss beyond.

I saw the Major's first boat fly like an arrow from the bow into the heart of the boiling foam; it careened dangerously on taking the sweep, then righted itself and disappeared into the flying mists.

"Steady, Mac!" I cried, as our craft entered the race; the dense spray almost obscured the great deflecting rock, and we rushed seemingly to destruction.

Then, before my eyes, there appeared an awful spectacle. Faster than I can write the words—one, two, three—each of Major Walsh's three boats reared high in the sleety mist and overturned one after the other as they took the curve.

"Let her go, boys," I bellowed. "Bend to it." The crucial moment had arrived; we were enveloped in foam, and were dashing straight towards the torrent-deflecting bluff.

I leaned far back over the stern of our half submerged boat, and with a mighty stroke of the paddle swung her head round, and we grazed death by barely half-a-dozen inches.

A moment more and we were floating in almost placid waters. Beside us bobbed three smashed boats. Major Walsh stood sorrowfully on shore assisting dripping men from the water.

"It's all over, boys," I said to my crew, "you can ease off now," and I steered for the beach and lent my aid in the work of rescue.

The half-drowned Canadians were dragged ashore gasping and almost senseless, and while we scanned the grim waters anxiously for a trace of one still missing, his body was tossed at our feet by the relentless waves. Soon after, the sand was littered with sacks of flour, and beans, and miscellaneous foodstuffs.

Several camps were in evidence around this melancholy spot, erected by men who had lost their all in the rapids, and were only waiting a chance of returning to civilisation. They eagerly accepted the Major's offer to purchase their scanty outfits, and without loss of time that intrepid old Indian fighter had embarked again for the North. To him it was a race with the elements, but the elements won after all, and compelled him to make his winter camp at Big Salmon River.

We waited by White Horse for a few days, assisting in the recovery of the wreckage; then we continued our northward course on the trail of the Major.

I have yet a curious little note which was entrusted to me by two of the tent dwellers, and addressed to Major Walsh. I gave the message verbally. The scribble runs thus:—"Hester and Hardwick have recovered 2,000 pounds police goods at White Horse Rapids."

THE RACE OF BOAT.

BY "VIVE LA FRANCE."

MR. THE EDITOR,—Me voici, one time more, the pen in the hand, a french critique of english customs.

Your cricket match, your feetball, your chase of fox, of bird, of hare, I have written of all. There rests yet another—a Combat National. What then? the box? No! The Derby horse course? No! The Mylor Mare's Spectacle? No! It is the Regata of the Universities of the Oxford and Cambridge colleges boats. My friend—he is of Oxford—a Bachelor in Arts—he invite me to come with him to the Regata. "At the sea?" "No, not at all." "Where then?" "Here in London." "Ah! that is good, easy—and for when?" "The Regata," he says, "celebrates itself on April 2nd, but it must to go and see the boatsmen in exercise first. The sailors of Oxford he knows them well: they are all good boys." Perhaps, but I also, I know sailors, they are rude, noisy; myself I like not the sailors—but patience, we shall see. The next day he comes to take me—we go to Putney—it is on the so dirty river—it makes cold, it is yet winter. I ask him, "This day, is it that they will make a course?" He tell me that no; it will be to-day only the exercise. "Ah, then, at least we shall see the boats; I have much envy to see them." "Yes," he say, "we shall see the boats." All at a blow, from a house on the other side of the river, comes a crowd of young men—boys—habilled in gross clothes, habits, jerseys; around the neck are long consolateurs,* as you say—they are as some momies of Egypt. On shoulder a long rame, of a colour blue at end. "But how?" I demand, "what is it that these are, these infants?" "Infants!" he say, "these are the Oxford crew." "But, my faith! they are not sailors, these gents here, they are not but boys of school!" "I never said they were sailors," he replique; "they are young men at the University—gentlemen, you know." "It is possible," I say; "but, my faith, they will find it difficult to rame habilled as that." "But they will not," he repond; "they will debarrass themselves of them—presently you will see them strip." "Strip! to go naked! but, thousand thunders, it makes cold, they will enrhume themselves." "Oh, no," he say, "the exercise will make them warm." "And the boat, where then is it?" "I do not see it," he say; "perhaps they will not serve themselves of it this morning: they will exercise themselves in tubs." "In tubs! ma foi, in tubs! you funny english, you are mad of your tubs! Each morning always, winter or summer, it must a tub! and now, regard then these poors shall take exercise, naked! in tubs! my faith, it is cruel, it is a savage custom! and the water, how it is cold and dirty! they cannot wash themselves of it, they will be more dirty as never!" He set himself to laugh. "I do not mean that they will have a tub, M'sieu; they will rame in tubs, for exercise, you know." "But, ciel, it is not possible to oar, rame—what is it?—in a tub; it shall not advance, it shall turn itself all round, and perfectly it shall upside itself. My faith! it shall be an exercise very curious!"

"No, no," he exclaim—"but look, here is the boat; they will go out after all."

"The boat! that a boat! ciel, it cannot

* Monsieur must mean "comforters."—ED.

contain eight men; a cat shall reverse it." "Wait till you see," he say; "it will contain them all right."

With precaution the most excessive they enter the boat, they place their long rames, they debarrass themselves of their consolateurs, their jerseys of wool, but they are not naked—they have yet some clothes; this is not the course of tubs. A little boy seat himself at one end, he is the timonier, the governor. A word of commandment—they sort, my friend set himself to run: me also: but, my faith, one cannot run with a boat as that, very scarcely a boat at steam shall do so. Very quickly I arrest myself in palpiting; I regard the boat; the poor crew rame with desperation; the boat flies, but the banks are not firm—they are loose, always they slip each one—with difficulty they maintain themselves. The boat passes, one cannot see it more. I say to my friend, "What is it then that it is? they will return?" "Oh, yes," he say, "they will return in little of time; then we will go and visit them—I wish to see them again." "Good, I also; it shall be very interessant to speak with them; you will present me, is it not?" "Certainly, M'sieu, with great pleasure."

We cross the river; we promenade ourselves in attending; the time appears long; but bye-bye we see the boat in returning itself. All at the hour it is here: the crew put on their consolateurs, their jerseys of wool, their habits of blue; then debarque. My friend approaches himself of them: he addresses to them the word: they give him the wellcome with enthusiasm: it is evident that they love him much. He presents me in saying, "A french friend of mine wishing to learn all that there is of the most english." I raise my hat with politesse; they grimace and look stupid. Oh, how they look stupid, these young barbers! M. the little who governs the boat joins the conversation with me. He is not stupid; he is intelligent, what you call a smart. He explique to me the boat. I say, "But these banks, M'sieu, they are slippery, is it not?" "Oh, the banks," he say, "yes, they *are* slippery, but that does not matter, we don't touch them." "Not to touch them! mais, ma foi, you sit on them, is it not?" "Sit on them! the banks! rather not: too dirty, M'sieu, and too wet to sit on! why should we sit on them?" "But yes, for to oar, to rame, it must to sit on the banks." "No, no," he say, "it would be impossible in sitting on the banks—we sit in the boat." "But, ciel, the banks are in the boats." "Oh! the *seats* you mean? yes, they slip all right—sliding seats, you know; they always make them like that." I tell him that they should be firm, fixed: always in France our banks, seats, are firm; that is for why no one is able to beat us." He repond that he will think about it. "And you, M'sieu," I say, "you govern the boat, is it not? without doubt you are the Captain?" "Yes," he say, "but we are not called Captain, we are called Cocks." "Ah! Cocks!" I say, "what a drôle of a name. Cocks! that is very curious. But, pardon me, you yourself, you are also without doubt of distinction in your University?" "Well," he reply, "one does not speak of oneself, but I have been plucked three times, if you regard that as a distinction." "Mais, pardon my ignorance, I do not comprend. What then is 'pluck?'" "Pluck," he say, "oh, pluck means valour, courage." "It is then of the highest honour?" "Well, yes," he replique with a modesty the most admirable, "I suppose it is." "And you are Bachelor in Arts?" "Not yet, M'sieu, but I hope to be some day." Regard then this prodigy—he appears as an infant, he is not yet Bachelor in Arts, yet he is already of triple honour in his University and the Cock of his boat; ma foi, a great distinction! en verité an exemple admirable! "Tell then," I say, "what is this giant who sits near to you in the beat? he is also of a high position, is it not?" "Oh, him," he says, "not at all, he sits near me that I may keep my eye on him—not to be trusted, you know—he only strokes the boat." "But, my faith, strokes! the boat is not perhaps as a cat that he shall stroke it." "Yes," he say, "to stroke, you know, to make smooth—makes her go through the water better." "But with what then shall he stroke her, the boat?" "Oh, with an oar," he replique. "But an oar! it is not possible that one can stroke with an oar; it is too hard, is it not?" "Ah, but," he repond, "it is well feathered." "Feathered! an oar! never I hear a thing so curious! an oar! with feathers! it is astonishing! ma foi, with feathers! it is incroyable! In France we rame with oars, yes; but with feathers, jamais. And this M. the Strokeur—he is you tell me not to be trusted; why then have you not another in his place?" "Oh," he repond, "the rest are all as bad; it is a great responsibility: if I did not watch them they would all be catching crabs." "But, ciel! catch crabs! in a course—a race?" "Yes," he say, "they *will* do it." "But how then? crabs? you attrappe them with the hand?" "No, with the oar." "But one cannot attrappe a crab with an oar."

"Oh, yes, you can," he repond. "My faith! it must be very difficult." "Not at all," he say, "all at the contrary, very easy." "But in France we do not peche in a boat as that, there is not of place; without doubt they shall be very small, these crabs." "No, indeed," he say, "I have known them to be so great as to upside the boat." "My faith, what monstres! to rame in the Thames is very dangerous; to upside, what horror! but what betise to try to attrappe them; and in a course, a race! these funny english, how they are barbers! To race, it is good: to peche, it is also good; but to peche in racing! Ah, bah! But these others, they are of a good position, is it not? my friend have tell me that they are gentlemen the all." He shake the head. He replique that no, it is very sad: they are gentlemen, it is true, by birth; but they are the bad subjects of the University: in effect they are all slaves of the oar, dangerous. Only he, the Cock, is of high position; these others are as detenus, convicts: it is necessary to whip them all the time cruelly: in place of names they have some numbers, 1, 2, 3, 4, etc.: only the last is called the Strokeur: their food is of raw beef and water, and of it a very little, hence the desire to attrappe crabs. "But my friend here, he knows them, they have received him with enthusiasm, how then that? *he* is not forçat." "Ah, no," he say, "but he has been here before, he has given them perhaps of money: it is defended, but what will you? the poor beggars have hunger."

He is interessant, this Mr. the Cock. I wish to learn more, but my friend call me: it is time to go.

One time more I go with my friend, but I do not see again nor Mr. the Cock, nor his miserables: they are in the boat in exercise, with another boat called a "Scratchit." How barbarous are your english names! I ask my friend, "For why then, a Scratchit?" and he repond, "Oh, scratch, you know, M'sieu, gratter, because the result is generally gratifying." I do not comprend; it may be so, but I think that he moque himself of me.

At last the day of the course, the race, the race-course, as you say. We hasten ourselves to the river: all the world also: it makes a splendid day, the heaven is blue, the water is blue, and, my faith, all the world is blue also. M'amselle is with us; always she is enchanting, ravishing, but in blue! Ah, la, la, she is an angel. My friend has a boat at steam: we shall follow the course, we shall see everything. The boards of the river are stuffed of people, each one has a rosette, a cravate of blue; the ladies, even their gloves, their parasols, are blue!

"BUT HOW THEN? CRABS? YOU ATTRAPPE THEM WITH THE HAND?"

Ah, regard then the boat of Oxford, of Cambridge. See, there is my friend, the Cock, he regard his men with severity. I do not see his cruel whip, but it is without doubt in the bottom of the boat. I do not desire to see him make use of it. Ah, the poor Strokeur, he appears sad, he has perhaps hunger, without doubt he desires crabs. A blow of pistol. Ha! they are parted: the boat of the Arbiter advances—we also. The

gents on the boards roar; the boats at steam push piercing cries; the ladies agitate their pocketh-and-kerchiefs—ma foi, what a word! the wind blows; the smoke envelopes us. Me, I can see nothing: we rush on; the cries redouble themselves; our boat is dull, it cannot maintain itself; the course, bah! I cannot see it; what damage! But that makes nothing. I have seen enough—the misery, the cruelty, the biting hunger, the bleeding backs; it little imports me who shall gain—vogue la galère—to me it is equal.

And this, it is the Sport, is it not?

England is the land of the Sport and of the Free.

The Sport of the Free, then, what is it?

My friend, it is a race of galley slaves.

Bah!

Agréez, etc.,

VIVE LA FRANCE.

MY BOOKS.

SINCE I sat me down to write, my respect for authors has enormously increased. To write about that which you love would seem an easy task to some, and so it seemed to me. But no longer am I so illusioned, for I have found it exceedingly difficult to put my thoughts into words that are clear. They get confused, come tumbling one on top of another, and are as difficult to get into order as an untidy desk. But I have stuck to my self-imposed task, and here you have the result: a small account of some of my books.

I am not a bookworm, but I am truly a lover of books; of a certain kind of book. There are many, many books which I cannot bring myself to love, and amongst these the six-shilling novel figures largely. But there are good and bad in every class, and many of our best books have appeared as six-shilling novels, and are worth keeping.

I do not care to keep a book which I do not like, or in which I cannot become interested. One or two of this kind I have, it is true, and I intend to keep them, but these were given me by friends and relations, and, though I may not like the reading in them, I like and value such books on account of the givers.

In choosing a book my first object is to select a good author, but an equally important consideration is that it shall be well and clearly printed. For what is the use of buying a book which perhaps ten, perhaps twenty, years hence you will be unable to read clearly? And, too, it is natural that one should desire to have one's favourites in good condition.

Some books I have which contain little that can be called literature. These I have bought because of their illustrations. Even here discrimination is required, for there are many ways of illustrating a book, good and bad, and the good are few in number.

A book which I can hardly be said to love, but with which I would not part, is the "History of Architecture," by Banister-Fletcher. An architect I am to be, and therefore this book is of unique interest and value to me. I would not part with it, if only on account of its illustrations, and the glimpses it gives one of the habits and life of dead nations and races make it well worth keeping.

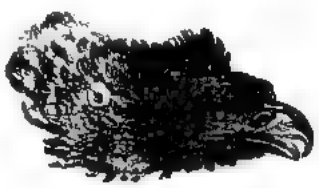
A more delightful companion than the "Essays of Elia" I know not. Especially is it welcome when one "travels in the train." The articles in it are not long, and treat of a variety of subjects, unusual and interesting, in a masterly way. One reads this book with the same pleasure that one experiences in listening to a well-educated man.

Who has not felt the influence and charm of Dickens, and in which of his many books are his qualities so well displayed as in "A Tale of Two Cities"? I regard this as his best book; the story is more sustained, the movement quicker, the characters even better than in his others, and, as the daily papers put it, "there is not a dull page."

I treasure no book more than I treasure "Esmond," and I have read no book with greater delight. Thackeray possessed, in a surprising degree, the great quality of literary charm, and his pages are passed without notice almost, though his books are so long. "Esmond" is conspicuous in this degree, and I am not alone in thinking it his best.

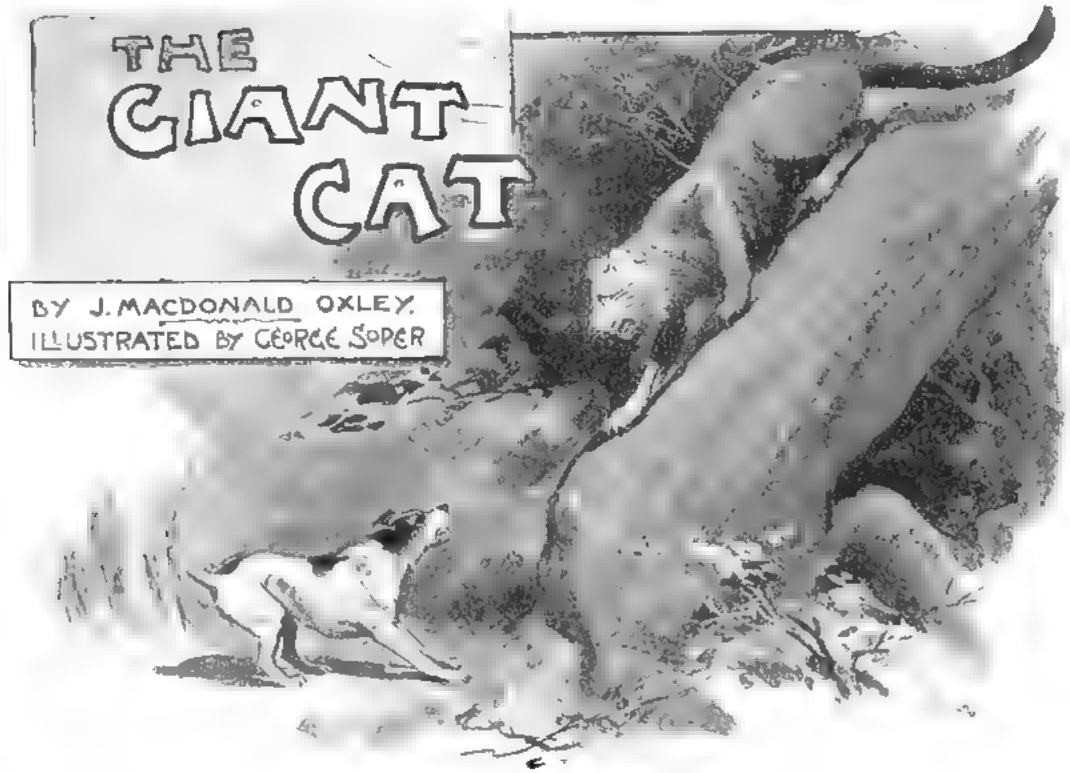
I could write at great length on my books, but fear I must not do so, for space is valuable, and so is time.

ALAN LESLIE SNOW.



THE GIANT CAT

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.
ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE SOPER



DAVIE SMITH was a typical "John Bull" in regard to both physical and mental characteristics. He stood just five feet eight in his stockinged feet, measured forty-two inches round the chest, and had the thews and sinews of a Hercules. His "fighting weight" was a few ounces short of one hundred and ninety pounds. Blue eyes and blonde hair bespoke Anglo-Saxon lineage, while the frequent misplacing of that troublesome letter "h" betrayed a not too cultured birthplace.

The confidence that comes from the possession of a strong mind in a strong body showed plainly in Davie's bronzed and pleasing countenance. He had a mighty will of his own, the desires and decrees of which his mighty body so often enabled him to satisfy and execute that a certain amount of conceit was surely pardonable. No man had ever "bested" him in a fair contest at either boxing or wrestling, and he had come to believe that on anything like even terms he was a match for any opponent in the shape of man or brute likely to cross his path.

"That chap thinks he could whip his own weight in wild cats," said a lean lank New Brunswicker, with a sceptical sniff one day, when Davie had been showing some feats of strength during the dinner hour at the quarries, and had gone off again to his work whistling merrily as was his wont, for he had the sunniest of dispositions.

"Perhaps he couldn't quite manage it," replied a sturdy Bluenose, who had been feeling his biceps, and wondering if *he* would ever be able to imitate the Englishman's recent performance, "but I wouldn't much care to be one of the wild cats all the same, thank you."

Davie's occupation was the appropriate one of engineer and machinist, and he was a very competent workman. He could not only run a steam-engine, but he could also take it to pieces and put it together again without misplacing a rivet, and if anything gave way he was quick to remedy the defect. Consequently he was held in high esteem by his employers, and earned big wages at the Miramichi quarries, where the whole of the powerful machinery for getting out and handling the huge freestone blocks was under his charge.

He felt the same pride in his reputation as an engineer as he did in his strength as an athlete, and not a man in the quarry could more confidently be counted upon for being prompt in beginning work.

The Miramichi quarries lie in a kind of valley or cleft of the hills that skirt the north shore of New Brunswick, and present about as dreary a spectacle as can well be imagined. The hillsides have been torn and gashed in unsightly fashion by drill and dynamite, the trees cut down to serve as food for the fires of the insatiable engines, leaving the jagged stumps to strew the ground, and everywhere around there is the hideous débris made by the trimmers of the brown blocks that are shipped away to be built into stately edifices.

Nobody lived at the quarries. Two miles away a pretty little village nestled beside a broad river, and here the quarrymen made their home, driving to and from their work in the big drays used for transporting the stone. Davie very rarely, however, availed himself of this mode of conveyance. If the day was fine, he altogether preferred "Shanks's mare" to the lumbering dray, and, as a rule, he reached his destination before the others.

This was not entirely due to his prowess as a pedestrian, although he could cover mile after mile at a pace that made him very hard to keep up with. He generally took advantage of a short cut—a rough indistinct path that led through the thick of the forest, whose verdurous billows rolled between the river and the quarries.

Few beside himself ever trod this path, and he had come to regard it as in some sense a bit of private property. His inseparable companion in these tramps to and fro was a fine fox terrier that he had brought with him from England. Grip was one of the best of his kind—a white and black epitome of courage, strength, and activity, to whom the burly machinist represented all in the world worth loving and obeying. His supreme indifference to other people was no less marked than his unswerving devotion to his master.

One cool autumn morning Davie and Grip set forth for the quarries at the usual time, the latter giving the rattling drays with their loads of noisy men a farewell bark that seemed to have a tone of contempt in it as they lumbered past them along the dusty road.

"You'd best take a lift this morning, Davie," called out one of the drivers. "They say the woods are full of wild cats."

A derisive smile curled Davie's lips as he made answer,

"And what do I care for wild cats, Alec? Indeed, I'd like first-rate to see one and give Grip a chance at it."

Alec laughed as he touched up the horses. "Perhaps you'll have a different notion some day, and Grip too. They're not the fun to fight with you seem to think."

"Well—if I need any help I'll call on you, Alec," retorted Davie, adding, "Wake up those nags of yours or I'll be at the quarries before you."

Alec applied the whip—the horses broke into a trot, and the dray disappeared around a turn of the road just as Davie and his dog struck off across the dew-laden grass, heading for the dense forest through which the short cut wound its way.

The morning was bright and clear, the air deliciously cool, and Davie felt in excellent spirits, which his dog evidently shared. Halfway between the river and the quarries an open glade broke the monotony of the forest, on the right side of which stood the ruins of a once stately tree that had been shattered by a lightning stroke. Grip, who had been ranging widely, and reached the bare, blasted trunk fifty yards in advance of his master, came to a sudden halt at its base, and set up a furious barking.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Davie. "The dog's got something there. Another squirrel maybe."

But there was something in the tone of the terrier's barking that seemed to indicate a more worthy excuse for excitement than a common-place squirrel, and caused Davie to quicken his steps. As he neared the tree he saw what looked to him like a very much overgrown cat slowly descending head first while Grip's barking grew fiercer the nearer it got to him.

"That's one of those wild cats they've been blowing about, as sure as my name's Smith," ejaculated Davie, with a thrill of satisfaction. "Fetch him, Grip!—fetch him, good dog!"

Grip needed no encouraging. His whole frame quivered with eagerness for the fray, and he could not even await the wild cat's descent to the ground, but did his best to spring up the tree in frantic efforts to anticipate it.

A second glance at the creature which was making its way downwards with such curious deliberation gave Davie an unexpected start, for it looked like an antagonist not to be despised. It was, in fact, a fine specimen of what is known in New Brunswick as the "Indian Devil," perhaps because of the blood-curdling screech with which it delights to startle the echoes of the night, and which

bears some resemblance to the war-whoop of an infuriated Indian.

Its sinewy, supple form seemed full four feet in length as it came steadily down the trunk, and the cruel, curved claws that tipped the furry feet, the keen white teeth gleaming wickedly through the bushy whiskers, and the fierce snarl which issued from between them wrought a quick and complete change in the big Englishman's mind.

His intention had been to let Grip and the wild cat have a fair and square fight while he acted as referee and sole spectator. But he saw now that, with all his pluck and agility, the terrier would never be a match for such a brute as this.

"Bless my eyes!" he exclaimed. "You can't tackle that chap alone, Grip. I'll have to give you a hand myself."

HE GRASPED IT BY THE SMALL OF THE NECK AND THE MIDDLE OF THE BACK.

The wild cat was now just within his reach, and, meaning to throttle it before those teeth and claws could do any damage, he sprang forward and grasped it by the small of the neck and the middle of the back. That he would not be able to master the creature at once never entered into his head, and it was with a distinct thrill of surprise that, the moment his grip was fairly fastened upon it, he realised that he had before him a struggle which would test both strength and endurance to the utmost.

As his fingers sank into the grayish brown fur, the wild cat, with a horrible snarl of rage, tried to twist round in order to face its assailant, and Davie, to his consternation, discovered that so loosely did the skin hang upon its sinewy frame that it seemed able to accomplish its object, grip it as tightly as he might.

There was but one way of preventing the animal effecting its purpose, and the engineer's quick wit did not fail to perceive it.

"Ah! you ugly beast!" he hissed through his set teeth. "You'd like to get your claws into *me*, would ye? Well—I'll just put a stop to that."

So saying, with a sudden swift effort he tore the wild cat off the tree, dashed it to the ground feet first, and then threw his whole weight upon it, exclaiming:

"Now, you brute — scratch till you're tired."

The "Indian Devil" needed no such admonition. Snarling and spitting with a fury little short of appalling, it tore away at the unoffending ground beneath it, all the time making tremendous efforts to break free from the engineer's iron grip, and to use those pitiless claws upon him.

"No—you don't," cried Davie, holding on

with grim determination, for now he had awakened to the fact that he himself, and not little Grip, was the one in danger, and that if he would escape without serious injury, or, indeed, with his life, he must do unto death the powerful, agile brute he had challenged to mortal combat.

Before daring to loosen his first hold for an instant, he got his knees fixed firmly upon the wild cat's back, and then put forth all his strength in an effort to throttle it with his right hand while holding down its head with the left.

But no sooner did his hand come within reach of those terrible claws than with a lightning like swiftness the cat made a pass at it, and tore a hideous gash in the thick triangle of muscle between the thumb and fore-finger, from which the blood spurted out.

With a roar of pain Davie withdrew his hand, and, improving its advantage, the wild cat almost succeeded in turning over and getting fairly at him. But happily the engineer was too quick for it, and, regardless of his agony, and the streaming blood, he forced it back into its place again.

THE TERRIBLE CLAWS, SHAVING PAST DAVIE'S RIBS, RIPPED THROUGH THE MUSCLES OF HIS CHEST

"Keep down there, will you!" he roared, being now in as fierce a fury as the wild cat itself. "You'll not stir from this until I'm done with you."

The odds, upon the whole, were in favour of the man, and against the animal, yet no one could have been a spectator of the strenuous struggle for supremacy between them without

realising that the issue between them would not soon be decided. Poor little Grip was wild with eagerness to assist his beloved master, but all that he could do was to bark, and make futile dashes at the wild cat's head.

In the meantime the tremendous claws were channelling the ground, while the keen, white teeth were snapping in frantic rage. If the fight lasted long enough, there would certainly be a grave dug in readiness for one of the combatants.

Davie already repented of his rashness, and heartily wished himself out of the scrape into which it had led him, but now there was no possible escape, save through complete victory over his unexpectedly formidable antagonist.

Cool as the morning was, the sweat stood out in big beads on his forehead, and his breath came in quick, deep pants, that showed how great were his exertions. His mind was busy conceiving schemes for extrication from his perilous position, but one after another they were dismissed as fast as they suggested themselves, for they all turned upon temporary freedom of action, and Davie knew well enough that to loosen his tense grasp for a moment would be to have the wild cat at his throat before he could wink. There seemed no other alternative but to hold on until either he or the animal became exhausted, when the question at issue between fingers and claws would be soon settled.

And so Davie held on—getting a little respite from time to time when the creature abated its furious energy, only to be called upon for a renewed effort when it resumed its struggles. A whole hour passed in this way, and as the second drew towards its close Davie felt that his strength was undeniably waning. Another hour at the farthest would find him exhausted, and then, if the "Indian Devil" had any power to harm still left, it would have him at its mercy.

But, within half-an-hour, Davie realised that he had come to the end—or very nearly to the end—of his stock of strength. And the Cat, feeling its aggressor's grip lessening in intensity, gathered itself together and turned clean round, so that at last man and animal were face to face!

The snarling teeth were close to the man's face, and the terrible claws, shaving past Davie's ears, ripped through the muscles of his great chest. For the moment Davie went mad with agony, and with a snarl as fierce as the cat's he closed his two hands with all his remaining strength round the beast's throat.

But as the cat gasped for the breath of life under this herculean pressure, the awful claws still ripped and tore at the bleeding chest. Davie's brain swam—his grasp of the cat's throat relaxed, and then, at the moment that he fancied the cat's fangs would be buried in his throat, some weapon descended from above, there was a crash, a last wild scream of hate from the cat . . . and Davie lost his senses.

* * * *

Owing to the non-arrival of Davie, the engine at the quarries was standing silent and motionless, the foreman was waxing furious at the engineer's dilatoriness, and the men who had seen him set out were wondering what could have happened to him.

At last the uncertainty was no longer to be borne, and, with the foreman's approval, Alec and two others undertook to hunt up the missing one. As they started one of them picked up a short, heavy crowbar.

They were familiar with the short cut Davie had taken, and, pressing rapidly ahead, soon reached the little glade on whose edge stood the blasted tree. The excited barking of little Grip at once attracted their attention, and then their eyes fell on a spectacle which turned their blood cold.

Davie and the Giant Cat were wrestling each for the throat of the other. Spell-bound, the men halted for a moment; then they saw that Davie was finished, and he with the crowbar jumped forward. With a quick, well-aimed blow behind the ears, he crushed the cat's skull, and the once powerful body lay limp and lifeless amid the leaves.

"And now, Davie," said Alec, when the Englishman at length opened his eyes, "what do you think of our wild cats?"

"What do I think of them?" was the answer. "I think just this—that if ever I'm fool enough again to fight one with my bare hands, you're welcome to give *me* the crowbar over the head instead of the wild cat."

THE LONG 'UN.

By R. S. Warren Bell.

Author of "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCING HIM.

PEOPLE, unless they be star-gazers, do not walk along, as a rule, with their faces turned towards the sky; hence it was that the slender telephone wire communicating between Dr. Mortimer's private residence, "Pangora," and the Doctor's private asylum, escaped the notice of all but a few who fared along the eight miles of high road which divided Threeways from Millingbourne, in the county of Eastfolkshire.

And yet this slender wire, which showed up against the blue sky much like a substantial cobweb, was fraught with interest. It was barely three hundred yards in length, its installation had been a comparatively cheap and simple undertaking, and it had payed for itself scores of times over. Messages of life and death passed across it constantly; instructions in cases of emergency, tingling over the white line of road, saved the time that would otherwise have been occupied in walking the three hundred yards—for doctors do not often run; reprimands were roared across it, bulletins dispatched by its agency, dietary altered, medicine nominated.

And so, you see, this little telephone wire worked very hard; busy it was all day, and often in the night—very busy was this little wire which stretched across the high road beneath the majestic shadow of great oak and elm trees.

The sunshine was coquetting with the little wire, and the great oaks and elms were surveying the flirtation with affected indifference, one bright September morning, when Mr. James Mortimer, the Doctor's grandson, who was known among his hospital intimates as the "Long 'Un," having breakfasted in trousers, shirt, and dressing-gown, rose from the table and ambled out into the surgery—for, in addition to an asylum, the Doctor had a lucrative practice in that part of Eastfolkshire. The waiting-room adjoining the surgery was empty, save for one small, pale boy.

Although James was on holiday, he occasionally acted as deputy when his grandfather and the latter's assistant were both absent. And James was quite competent to do so, for he was a fully qualified surgeon.

"Well, Johnny, been eating green pears?"

The urchin looked guilty.

"Y-yes, sir."

"Let's see your tongue—ah! hum!" and the Long 'Un affected a serious expression as he mixed a stiffish dose of black draught. The urchin pulled a very wry face as he tasted the dose, and stopped for breath halfway through it.

"Every drop!" commanded the Long 'Un.

The urchin obeyed him and then, bursting into tears, was pleased to be violently sick.

"You'll feel better now—and here's a penny for you," quoth Jim Mortimer, in a truly paternal way for four-and-twenty.

But the urchin renewed his howling.

"I—I came up for me mother's medicine," he quavered; "I—she—she didn't know I'd been eatin' pears."

The Long 'Un threw back his head and burst into a roar of laughter.

"By George! what a shot! Why, Johnny, I thought you'd come to be doctored. Ha! Ha! Ha! Well, here's sixpence for you. Call again for the medicine—I don't know anything about it."

The urchin took the sixpence with a smile showing through his tears, and with a final sniff shuffled out of the waiting-room.

The Long 'Un, still looking highly amused, approached the telephone and rang up the asylum.

"Aye, aye, sir!" came the response.

"That you, Hughes?"

"Yes, Mr. James."

"How's the Zoo?"

"All quiet except Richards, who's got 'em again, and the Major, who's in the padded room."

"The Major again!"

"Yes, sir; broke out at breakfast. It took three of us to get him down. He very near pulled Smith's windpipe out."

'He doesn't like Smith, does he?"

"'Ates 'im, sir."

"Well, well—I'll come across," said the Long 'Un.

"Glad to see you, Mr. James," replied the head attendant; "you're going back to town to-day, aren't you, sir?"

"Yes—back to-day, worse luck."

Without bothering to alter his garb, the Long 'Un, his gay dressing-gown sweeping the ground, strolled out into the garden and sauntered along the gravel path which led to the high road. As he went he pulled lazily at his pipe. Both of the gardeners touched their hats and smiled a welcome as he passed; the Long 'Un was a favourite all over the settlement.

Certainly he looked a quaint figure as he emerged into the high road—a quaint but not unpleasing one. Long he was—six feet and four inches over that—but square-shouldered and supple. His carriage was easy, but not of a military description, and he stooped slightly, with the stoop of the rowing-man rather than that of one engaged in sedentary work or of one who has overgrown his strength. He looked, as he strolled across the road, like a long, lean hound, trained to the hour, hard as steel and tough as hickory. His face was well cut, with rather sleepy eyes and a certain gentleness about the corners of the mouth that had caused his schoolfellows to regard him as somewhat of a "soft"—until he hit them. His hair was clipped short and well-brushed, and his complexion was pink with health and the application of cold water.

As Jim was moving across the road in his indolently graceful way, a carriage-and-pair approached at a quick trot. At a word from one of its occupants the coachman pulled up close by the Long 'Un.

"Can you tell me, please, if this is Dr. Mortimer's?" enquired a stern-faced elderly lady, whose rich mantle and handsome equipage betokened her to be a person of means and possibly of position.

"Yes, all of this," replied Jim, with a comprehensive wave of his hand which took in each side of the road, "is Dr. Mortimer's."

A pretty girl was sitting by his questioner's side, and the fact was not lost upon Jim.

"The Doctor is out," he added, "but I am a medical man. Can I be of service to you?"

The lady surveyed Jim's dressing-gown with evident disapproval, but Jim glanced unconcernedly at the telephone wire overhead. Meanwhile the pretty girl gazed straight before her at the blue smoke curling over the housetops in Threeways, having decided that this very tall man in such unorthodox attire was quite good-looking.

"I prefer to see Dr. Mortimer himself. Do you think he will be in soon?"

"He may be in at any moment," said Jim; "that is the way to his house," he added to the coachman, "through those gates."

"I am obliged to you!"

The lady sat back without troubling to bestow another glance on Jim, but she observed to her companion as they entered the drive that the extraordinary young fellow in the dressing-gown was probably one of the madmen.

Jim Mortimer, sauntering on, at length reached the asylum, a cheerful-looking red-brick building, standing healthily high. He found Hughes in the patients' common room—a spacious and airy apartment provided with a piano, a bagatelle board, and other requisites for indoor pastimes.

As Jim was chatting with the head attendant, a grey-haired, round-shouldered man of some sixty summers came up to them.

"Take care, Mr. James!" he exclaimed, "he's just behind you! Oh, if I had a gun now!"

Jim knew that Mr. Richards—the speaker—had "alligators" on his bad days.

"No, he's gone under the table," replied Jim. "See him? Here, lend me a cue, and I'll kill him."

"That's right," said the poor fellow; "kill him, and I'll leave you all my money. He sat on the end of my bed last night—he won't let me alone. Kill him now he's not looking."

Jim seized the cue and slashed about under the table with it.

"There—I've done it. I've cut his head off."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" cried Mr. Richards, bursting into tears, "you shall have every penny of my money."

They left him crying quietly for joy. In a corner of the room a saturnine-looking gentleman was standing stock still with his eyes closed

"Hullo!" said Jim, "I've not seen this chap before. Who is he?"

"A new patient—a clergyman," replied Hughes; "he thinks he's dead. Comes to life for his meals, though."

Jim laughed—the careless laugh of thoughtless youth—but the next moment his face became grave. He felt very much for these afflicted souls, and they seemed to know it, for in their half-witted way they loved "Mr. James."

After passing through several corridors Jim and Hughes arrived at a room that was provided with a thick door in which was a grille of the old-fashioned kind. Within could be seen a red-faced, burly man, his clothing much disarranged, and his eyes wildly gleaming.

A stalwart attendant, with a bandage round his neck, was standing by, watching the occupant of the padded-room through the little bars of the grille.

"I'll go in and have a chat with him," said the Long 'Un.

"You'd better not, sir," returned Hughes, "you'll take your life in your hands if you do."

"Rot!" said the Long 'Un, "open the door, Smith."

The attendant Smith—he who had been so unfortunate as to earn the Major's ill-will—shot back the bolt and, as Jim stepped into the cell, made haste to secure the door behind him.

The patient fixed a glare of bovine ferocity on his caller as Jim advanced towards him.

"Morning, Major! Men pretty fit this morning?"

The Major had been about to hurl himself at the young fellow when Jim's words stirred an old memory in his inflamed brain.

"What's that to you—who are you?" he growled.

"The officer commanding the expedition," rapped out Jim.

The Major's manner changed on the instant.

"The men are as well as can be expected, sir, considering the beastly bad water. Three more down with enteric this morning."

"Dear—dear!" exclaimed Jim, "that's bad. Well, Major, we must hope for the best—hope for the best. And how are you yourself?"

"I think I've got a touch of the sun, sir," said the Major, "but I daresay it'll pass off. I've been feeling queer up here for several days now," he added, touching his forehead.

"What you want, Major," said Jim, "is a good sound sleep. You're looking over-worked. Now just you lie down on your mattress yonder and have a nap. You've been doing very well lately, Major, and I shall mention you in my despatches."

The poor madman's face glowed with delight.

"I'm very much obliged to you, sir," he said, with a world of gratitude in his voice.

"Well," said Jim, "I must be going on. Now, do as I say, and have some sleep."

"Thank you, sir, I think I will," said the Major, turning towards the mattress with touching docility.

Unfortunately, however, he happened to glance round at the grating, and in an instant his face and manner changed. Jim, following the lunatic's glance, saw that the attendant Smith was still peering through the bars.

"Get away from there—sharp!" he shouted, but even as he spoke the Major hurled himself against the staunch oaken portal, and tore at it with his nails as he yelled imprecations at the object of his detestation.

Jim stepped swiftly forward and laid his hand on the madman's shoulder. The Major turned like an infuriated beast, his fingers twitching and his whole body convulsed with fury.

"I told you to get some sleep, Major," said Jim, imperiously, "and I expect my orders to be obeyed."

For a terrible moment the issue hung in the balance. But Jim's eyes did not quail. Had he flinched the very slightest, the madman would have been at his throat.

Still steadily eyeing the man, Jim pointed to the mattress, and slowly, doubtfully, the Major crept towards it and lay down. In two minutes he was slumbering like a child.

Jim made sure that the Major was fast asleep before he softly approached the door. Hughes let him out and shot the bolt back into its socket with nervous haste.

"The Doctor himself couldn't have done it better, sir," said the head attendant, with heart-

felt admiration; "will you come and see the cricket now, sir?" he added.

The milder of the asylum's inmates were trying conclusions with bat and ball in an adjoining field. Jim, on arriving at the scene of play, displaced one of the attendants who was acting as wicket-keeper, and took up his position behind the sticks.

The ball came swiftly, and the batsman—a tall, broad-shouldered, ill-tempered-looking fellow—snicked it into Jim's ready hands.

"*How's that?*" roared the Long 'Un; but the attendant umpiring at the other end, being a diplomat, gave it as "Not out."

As Jim trundled the ball back to the bowler, the big batsman turned to him and testily observed, "Please don't ask a question of that sort again. I don't like it."

The next ball was a still more palpable catch at the wicket, however, and Jim held it.

"*How's that?*" enquired Jim, who didn't believe in showing the white feather. The words had hardly left his lips when the batsman swung round and aimed a terrific blow at his head—a blow that Jim, by great agility, just managed to avoid.

"I told you," said the batsman, with dignity, "that I did not like you saying that."

The ever-watchful Hughes hurried up.

"They're only satisfied by being clean bowled, Mr. James," he explained, and then proceeded to administer a few words of rebuke to Jim's assailant.

The Long 'Un was meditating trying an over—with the laudable object of getting the big batsman out in a way he would quite understand when a page-boy came hurrying towards him with a message to the effect that the Doctor wished to speak to him at the telephone.

So Jim had perforce to postpone his over, and left the field little dreaming that certain words which would shortly come to him across the wire were destined to affect his after-career in a remarkable manner.

CHAPTER II.

OVER THE TELEPHONE.

OLD Dr. Mortimer was, in every sense of the word, a hard man. Of massive build and handsome countenance, upright and commanding in presence, with a clear brain, a resonant, penetrating voice, and a will of iron, his was at once a dominating and notable personality.

Dr. Mortimer's sphere of action, it is true, was limited and local, but if, by the accident of circumstances, his lot had been cast in a military or political arena, he would assuredly have risen to a high place and possibly cut a name for himself in the rock of history.

Beginning on nothing, the Doctor had fought his way up to his present position by dint of sheer perseverance and strength of head. His indomitable will had cleared away all obstacles, and now he was seventy, hale and hearty, a man of wealth and a county magnate.

But Dame Fortune, while she gives with one hand, takes away with the other. The Doctor was now childless, and grandchildless, too, save for James. This man of iron had brought weaklings into the world; his wife had died before she was thirty, and as his riches increased his brood had one by one faded into the grave. As his domestic circle lessened, his devotion to work increased, and now, when James—the only son of his eldest son—was in London, Dr. Mortimer sat at his mahogany every night all alone—proud, rich, powerful, feared, obeyed on the instant—but all, all alone.

His assistant, McPherson, a trustworthy middle-aged Scotchman, of no especial brilliance but conscientious to a hair, lived at the asylum and took most of his meals with the patients.

The Doctor had made his will years since, and James was absolutely heir to all he had, save for trifling legacies to his executors and such persons as Hughes, his cook, coachman, and gardeners. Every stick and stone was to be Jim's, and the Long 'Un knew it.

But the Doctor was not satisfied with his grandson. Throughout Jim's five years at Rugby, the general tenour of his reports had been: "Has done well on the whole, but might have done much better." His hospital career had been of a very similar character. Jim, though of a lazy temperament, had, nevertheless, won warm encomiums from great surgeons for his skill with the knife. Sir Savile Smart, the renowned specialist in abdominal matters, had written to Dr Mortimer—who was an old friend of his—in high praise of Jim. But there, as ever, was the qualifying clause: "Your lad can do wonders when he likes, which isn't always." And then again Jim was given to bursts of rowdyism, accounts of which had trickled down to Threeways, where Jim was regarded as a lovable, harum-scarum youth, who would come into all the Doctor's money, "and so it would be all right." This meant that his wild ways didn't matter—he would never have to earn his living. Besides, he was only a youngster—he would sober down in time. He wouldn't go on fighting policemen all his life—"and so it would be all right."

Mammas in Threeways and neighbourhood

beamed upon Jim, and asked him to many parties. And Jim went, and flirted with their daughters, and had a real good time. Jim created a good deal of laughter by his free-and-easy ways. It was said that he was the only person in the settlement who wasn't afraid of the Doctor, and people chuckled over the thought that Jim's original methods of passing the time must have grated considerably on the proud, lonely old man who ruled over his small kingdom as despotically as any absolute monarch.

At dinner on the preceding evening the Doctor, warmed by the generous grape, had been in an affable, not to say confiding, mood, and it would have been well for Jim had this been their final conversation ere he departed for town, for the Doctor was in a high good-humour when they lit their bedroom candles, and even went so far as to pat his grandson on the back in a manner that was almost affectionate.

Jim guessed that this amiable frame of mind would decamp with the darkness, and his surmise proved correct, for when he got to the telephone and took the receiver off its peg, he knew by the sound of the Doctor's voice that his grandfather was in an irritable mood.

"Are you there, James?"

"Yes, sir."

"My carriage is waiting, and I must be off in a minute or two, but I want to have a word with you before you go."

"Shall I come across?" suggested Jim.

"No, that will waste time, and I haven't much to say."

It occurred to the Long 'Un that what little his grandfather wished to say would not be of an overwhelmingly genial character.

"I—ah—I received a bill this morning for a plate-glass window you smashed in the Strand about six weeks ago," began the Doctor; "I suppose you recollect it?"

"Seem to remember something of it," replied Jim.

"That's good of you. The bill is for twelve pounds."

"Those big shop-windows run into money," hazarded Jim.

"Somewhat superfluous information," snapped the Doctor; "what I want to say is that I won't pay any more of these bills—do you clearly understand?"

"I do," said the Long 'Un.

"And, moreover, I won't have any more of your drunken frolics—it's high time you dropped all that nonsense. I should advise you to drop the acquaintance of that disreputable reporter friend of yours—he seems to have a bad influence on you—Coke, is that his name?"

Jim chuckled.

"What—*Koko*? Most harmless man on earth! Gets me out of scrapes, not into them!"

A fresh grievance now occurred to the Doctor. "I am not at all satisfied with the way you are working," he said.

"We dig in pretty hard at Matt's," replied Jim, quite truthfully.

"Yes—but how about your degree? I expect more than a mere qualification from you."

"I'll read like a nigger this time, grandfather——"

"I'm glad to hear you say so," interrupted the Doctor, in a mollified tone.

"Time and weather permitting," concluded Jim, indiscreetly.

A short, ill-tempered cough sounded through the telephone. The Doctor was preparing his ultimatum; Jim's addendum gave him his cue.

"I suppose 'time and weather' mean such dissolute companions as Coker, or whatever his absurd name is. Well, now, attend to me, James. I'm not squeamish, but I expect you to pull up. I won't have any more playing the fool, either at the hospital or down here. For instance," he added, with growing ire, "what on earth d'you mean by masquerading about the high-road in a dressing-gown?"

"I prefer ease to elegance," said Jim, cheekily.

"Well, sir," shouted the Doctor across the vibrating wire, "I don't intend that my grandson shall be taken for one of my patients!"

"Why—who took me for one of them?" demanded Jim in amazement.

"The Countess of Lingfield."

"The *who!*" exclaimed Jim.

"The Countess of Lingfield. She spoke to you from her carriage half-an-hour ago."

"By George!" Jim broke into a mellow laugh. "Was that a Countess? I say, grandfather, who was the pretty girl with her?"

"Her daughter," replied the Doctor; "and it was she who observed that you were probably one of the 'harmless variety'!"

"Indeed!" said the Long 'Un, not quite so heartily.

"Yes, sir," said the Doctor, his ire rising again, "and I was placed under the ignominious necessity of having to admit that you were my grandson."

"Awfully rough on you, grandpa."

The Doctor was evidently fuming at the other end of the telephone.

"So," was his next utterance, "I shall be obliged if you will behave more like a reasonable being in future. No more window-smashing, no more fighting with policemen, and no more drinking. I give you fair warning that if you

cut any more capers, I'll stop supplies, and you'll have to get on as best you can by yourself. Good-bye!"

"Half-a-moment, sir! I should like to see you again before I go."

"I can't wait."

"Can't you spare a minute, sir?"

"No—I've wasted too much time already talking to you. Now remember! Any more nonsense and you sha'n't handle another penny of mine. Good-bye!"

CHAPTER III.

KOKO.

THE Long 'Un was seated at breakfast. His rooms were situated in a terrace leading out of a fashionable thoroughfare in Pimlico, but the terrace itself was not at all fashionable, consisting, as it did, chiefly of lodging-houses resorted to by medical students, clerks, actors, and ladies' maids and menservants out of places. The keeper of the house was a burly, strident-voiced, strong-willed lady of forty, rough but not unkindly, who always gave Jim what *she* liked (as opposed to what *he* liked) for breakfast.

"HULLO—KOKO!"

Jim let the receiver go with a bang, and a few moments later was flying across the road, his dressing-gown waving gracefully behind him. But he was too late. He arrived at "Pangora" just in time to see the carriage vanishing through the gates of the drive leading to a by-road on the opposite side of the house.

This morning—the morning after his arrival in town from Eastfolkshire—his first meal was composed of cold eggs-and-bacon and cold tea—not a deliriously appetising repast, 'tis true, but then, if a man is summoned to breakfast at nine and eventually crawls into his sitting-room at

a quarter past ten, what can he expect? And Mrs. Freeman was not the sort of lady to keep anything warm for lie-abed lodgers.

We trust we shall not offend the delicate susceptibilities of our fair readers when we make it known that the Long 'Un approached his breakfast clad only in pyjamas, dressing-gown, and carpet-slippers. Socks he had none, and as the trouser part of his pyjamas had shrunk in many washings, a long reach of not over-plump ankle was exposed to view when the flanks of his dressing-gown flapped aside.

Having nibbled half a cold egg, the Long 'Un turned his attention to the loaf, and eventually breakfasted off bread and marmalade. The butter he eschewed, as it appeared to claim first cousinship with train-oil. As the tea was by this time black, and bitter to the taste, Jim sought to appease his thirst with a bottle of beer from the rickety sideboard. The cork of the bottle being in a state of crumbling decrepitude, the Long 'Un had to delay his drink while, with the help of a spoon and some expletives, he fished the broken fragments out of the beer.

"A picture," observed a quiet voice, while Jim was thus engaged, "calculated to melt the heart of any maid."

"Hullo—*Koko!*"

"While I object to that nickname," gravely responded the little man who had entered, as he removed his hat and displayed an almost entirely bald head, "I am compelled to reply to it. Well, how are you, young feller?"

Jim replied in a testy murmur that he felt all right, and proceeded to drag more fragments of cork out of the beer. Meanwhile, the man who had come in laid his hat, gloves and stick on the far end of the table, and then arranged his tie in front of the mirror over the mantelpiece.

"Dooced dude you are, Koko!" said Jim, looking at his friend over the edge of the glass; "why," springing up, "*you've grown!*"

Now, as the caller was but an inch or two over five feet in height, there was every reason why he should have felt congratulated by this remark.

"No," he said, in a resigned voice, "I haven't grown—I've only got some of my fat off."

As Jim towered high above his friend—his height, if anything, accentuated by the clinging folds of his dressing-gown—the little man gazed admiringly up at the Long 'Un, and deep down in his heart, perhaps, heaved a little sigh because of his own smallness. For, alas! Koko had finished growing. He was thirty, and already bald; he was years older than Jim so was it likely he would grow now? And this was why, and quite naturally, George Somers, reporter on a sporting newspaper—this little, bald, quiet, unassuming man—had come, at first, to notice Jim Mortimer, and afterwards, when they got to know one another, to like him, and, finally, when they became close friends, to give him his whole heart in that sterling regard which men sometimes have for men, when each is sure that the other is worthy of such unflinching esteem.

Koko was neat and dapper in his dress, with nothing awry about him. He was excellently and attractively tidy, with the tidiness that little people have. So well-proportioned was he that his small stature never seemed ridiculous, even when viewed in close juxtaposition to the Long 'Un's great length. Koko was, in countenance, well favoured, with a small, neatly-trimmed, dark moustache, and rather large, mild eyes. Though generally impassive, his face would at times light up with a wonderful, sudden smile—a smile that it did you good to look upon, a smile that told you that Koko's nature was all gold.

And Koko, you must know, had for some years been inspired with the feeling that it was his particular mission in this world to look after the Long 'Un. Though he had many other duties, and one other hobby, he always found time to keep an almost maternal eye on Jim Mortimer.

But it must not be imagined that there was the slightest taint of servility in the attitude adopted by Koko. Mr. Somers was as independent a little man as you could find, and, though you might not have suspected it, to look at him, a proud little man to boot. As one goes through the world, and adds notches to the stick of his life's years, he will find, an he look for them, other Long 'Uns, and other Kokos, the former accepting, and the latter paying, a free and independent homage which is as far removed from obsequiousness or flattery as the sun is from the earth it illuminates.

"By the way, old boy," said Koko, after a time, "have you unpacked?"

"Only my pyjamas and dressing-gown," said Jim.

"Shall I lend you a hand?" suggested Koko, quietly.

The Long 'Un gave a deep laugh.

"Anybody would think I was a blooming kid, Koko, by the way you talk," he said.

"So you are," said Koko, as he made his way to the adjoining bedroom, "in a great many things."

In a leisurely manner the Long 'Un followed after his friend, who was already bending over the unstrapped portmanteau. The Long 'Un was in a lazy mood, the beer he had consumed

having filled him with a feeling of lethargy. Sitting on the end of his bed, he smoked and watched Koko as the latter endeavoured to find his way through the hurly-burly before him—as he took the socks out of the boots in which it was the Long 'Un's custom to pack them, rescued a tin of tooth-powder from the toe of a dancing pump—wherein it had been wedged to ensure safe travelling—fished a razor and shaving-brush out of the sponge-bag, and a sixpenny popular novel from the folds of a fancy waistcoat, put everything into its proper place in the chest of drawers or wardrobe, and at length paused, his task accomplished, in a somewhat flushed and heated condition.

"First-rate valet you'd make, Koko," said the Long 'Un, ungratefully.

Koko, without replying, pushed the empty portmanteau under the bed, and then washed his hands.

"I must be off now," he said, simply.

"Oh, hang on a bit," returned the Long 'Un, as they went back to the sitting-room.

"Must go," said Koko, smoothing his silk hat with his coat-sleeve, "work."

"Where?"

"Billiards in the afternoon, fight in the evening."

And with that he quietly departed.

It was a peculiarity of Koko's that he only mentioned his work when he was obliged to. Very seldom did he ever volunteer any information about it. He would write a column concerning a contest between two crack professionals, that was being followed with enormous interest in the billiard world; he would referee at a blood-thirsty glove-fight in an East-end saloon—a saloon which the average respectable business man would think twice about visiting in a decent suit of clothes; he would act as judge at a swimming-match, and give his decisions in a confident and unerring manner which won him boundless respect in the big London and provincial "Baths";—all these things he would do, and say never a word of them to the Long 'Un, or to anyone else, save his chief on the *Sporting Mail*. For it is quite usual for a reporter on a sporting daily to act as a referee to the event he is reporting, and, as a rule, his decisions are accepted without a murmur, a big sporting daily being as much a power in its own sphere as the Speaker of the House of Commons is in his.

Nobody would have dreamed that this quiet little man with the bald head had attended and described in nimble boxing terminology some of the fiercest combats that have ever been held at the National Milling Club; nobody would have dreamed that the Mr. George Somers, whose hobby was the collecting of old, worm-eaten volumes, and whose initials, "G.S.," were so familiar to the readers of the *Book-Hunter*, was a well-known figure in swimming-baths, gymnasiums, billiard-saloons, football and cricket grounds the country over, gun clubs, lacrosse clubs, tennis clubs, and weight-lifting clubs. Yet the little man who nosed round bookstalls in Holywell-row (that was), Wych-street (that was), and St. Martin's-lane (that is), in search of rare first editions, was identical with the little man who accompanied Jim on many of his freebooting expeditions "up West," and with the little man who attended sporting functions of every kind all the year round, rain or shine, in the proud capacity of the *Sporting Mail's* "special representative."

When Koko, some hours later, on his return from the billiard match, again looked in on the Long 'Un, he found Mr. Mortimer still in his dressing-gown, lolling over a book. The table bore the *débris* of Jim's lunch.

As Koko entered the room, Mortimer threw away his book and yawned sluggishly. Koko walked gently up to him, and stood by the arm of his chair.

"I've got a bit of news for you, Jim."

"Go ahead with it."

"I've found out who that girl is."

"*What!*"

The Long 'Un was out of his chair in a second, all life and fire and eagerness; the transformation was complete.

Koko laughed inwardly; he never laughed out loud.

"Yes, I've found out about her. She's one of the girls at the Milverton-street Post Office—she's the girl that takes in the telegrams."

"Are you sure?" exclaimed Jim.

"Certain," said Koko, selecting a cigarette from his little silver case.

The Long 'Un was struck dumb with delight. For, ever since Koko and he, whilst taking tea at an A.B.C. shop near St. Matthew's Hospital, had on three successive occasions observed an extremely handsome girl at a neighbouring table, the Long 'Un had been burning to know the young lady. That was before he went home for a month's vacation. It would appear that Koko, faithful as ever to his friend's interests, had not been idle during that month.

"Come on," exclaimed Jim, "let's go and send off some telegrams. She'll at least be obliged to look at us. That'll be something, won't it?"

"Yes, that'll be something," said Koko; "all right, go and get dressed."

The Long 'Un disappeared into the bedroom, and presently emerged in proper attire.

"You'd better wear your frock coat and top-hat, or I may cut you out," suggested Koko.

With a bellow of laughter, the Long 'Un hurried into his bedroom again, issuing therefrom a minute later clad in the kind of coat and the kind of hat affected by Koko.

"Now," said Koko, as they left Jim's sitting-room, "we start level."

CHAPTER IV.

DORA.

THE Long 'Un was in such haste to reach Milverton-street that it was all Koko could do, with his short legs, to keep pace with him.

"W-what sort of telegrams will you send?" presently demanded Koko, much out of breath.

"Oh, spoof ones, of course," replied Jim.

Just then a line of passing vehicles caused them to pause on the kerb, and Koko found time to regain his wind.

"You must send them to real people at real addresses, or they'll be returned, and she'll suspect you," said Koko, warningly.

"I shall send one to myself to start with," explained Jim, "and then I shall go in at intervals and send wires to you, and the fellows at the hospital."

"Won't you find it rather expensive?"

"My boy, what is money *for?*" exclaimed the Long 'Un with enthusiasm. "Could I employ it better than in——"

"Yes, a good deal better," retorted Koko; "couldn't you go in and buy halfpenny stamps, and just *glance* over in her direction?"

"The stamp girl wouldn't like that," returned the Long 'Un with frank vanity; "but, I say, old man, isn't all this reckoning up of the cost rather sordid?"

"Well, perhaps it is," agreed Koko; "but, apart from that, I don't quite see how you can effect anything. She doesn't look the sort of girl you can even discuss the weather with, unless you have been properly introduced to her."

Jim reflected.

"Well, it's something even to be able to see her, isn't it?" he said at length.

"You remind me," said Koko, "of a friend of mine—pressman—who fell in love with a famous actress. Of course, he had no chance, but, just to keep in touch with her, he proposed to her understudy."

Jim gave vent to a bellow of laughter which quite startled an infirm old gentleman who was hobbling past them.

"And had to marry her?"

"No; found she was already married to a jeweller."

Jim gave another bellow, which caused the old gentleman to turn his head in a scared way, and then hobble along at an increased speed. But the old gentleman found an avenger, for at that moment one of the fast-travelling little evening-paper gigs, in which, besides the driver, sat three boys who were to be dropped at various points with bundles of papers for the newsagents, came to a standstill close to Jim and Koko.

"Tawk abart the long an' the short of it," jeered the driver, winking at the urchins, who cackled gleefully; "say, mate, is it cold——"

"I'll punch your head if you'll come down here," retorted Jim.

"Garn! Hit one your own size! Say, little 'un," continued the youth, pleased to find that he was diverting the bystanders, "why don't yer stand in the rain and grow a bit?"

Jim was accustomed to being chaffed in this way, and would have been engaged in constant brawls had he actively resented such speeches. Koko, however, though ordinarily so mild, winced and grew hot when made a subject of ridicule. On this occasion, the last taunt had hardly left the driver's lips ere Koko had sprung on to the step of the gig, seized a bundle of papers, and smashed the fellow's hat down over his eyes. The chastised wag was swearing and vowing vengeance under his mutilated hat, when the horse drawing the gig suddenly leapt forward, Koko sprang to the ground, and thus the incident ended.

"Bravo, little 'un," yelled a passing butcher's boy, and Koko rejoined the Long 'Un amid grunts of approval from the loungers round a neighbouring public-house.

"Well," said Jim, "to return to Milverton-street. Just suggest a suitable telegram for me to send to myself."

"Do you wish to impress her with the fact that you have means?" inquired Koko.

"Just as well," said Jim; "I shall have a tidy amount some day, you know."

"Then wire to me and tell me to put a thousand pounds for you on some horse."

"But she may think I'm a bad racing man," objected Jim.

"Then alter it to something about shares—'*Buy me ten thousand American Rails*,' or something like that."

"Well, and what's the next wire to be about? I can't put money on gees or buy shares every time."

"Make her jealous. Wire to yourself, and put '*Best love, darling*,' at the end of it," suggested Koko, demurely.

The Long 'Un stopped dead, and faced round on his small companion.

"Look here, Koko," he exclaimed. "I've taken

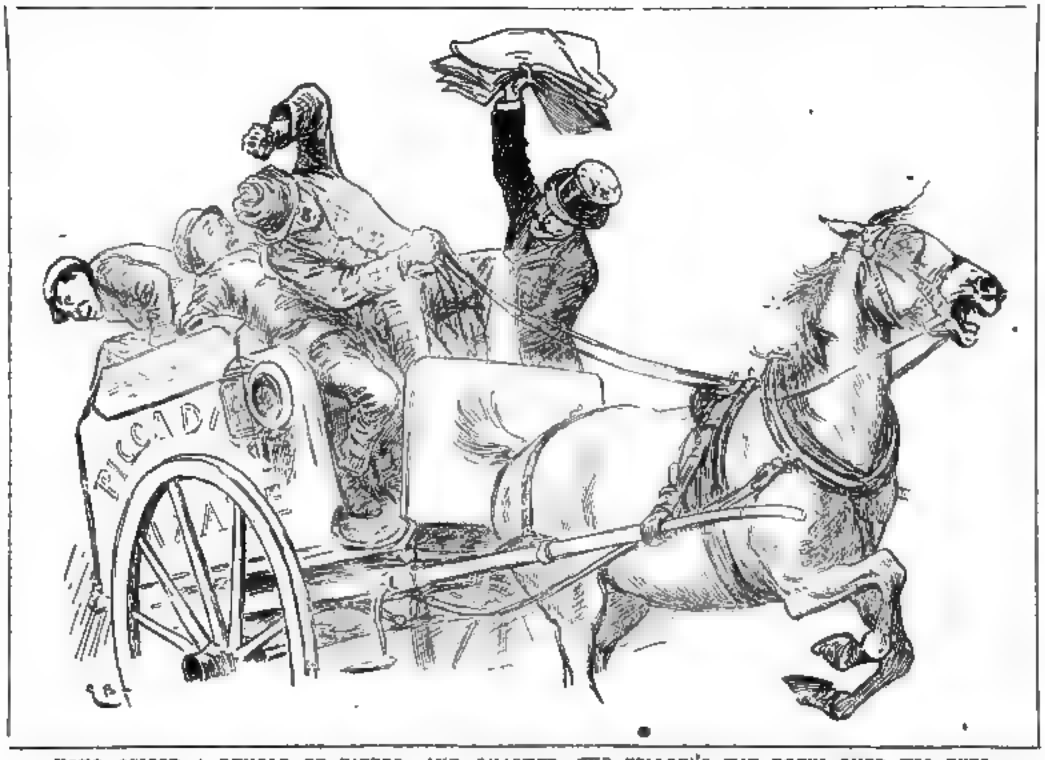
your advice in several—er—affairs of this sort, and they've all turned out badly."

"In each case it was your own fault," said Koko.

"In each case you really wangled the business, and it came to nothing. The fact is, you don't know anything about women. You may be all very well at a swimming race——"

"All right," said Koko, shortly, as he turned on his heel, "you can wangle this by yourself."

But the Long 'Un repented him of his haste.



KOKO SEIZED A BUNDLE OF PAPERS, AND SMASHED THE FELLOW'S HAT DOWN OVER HIS EYES.

"Hang on, old man—you'd better come, after all."

"No," said Koko, resentfully, "not after that ungrateful speech."

"I apologise," cried Jim.

"In that case," said Koko, relenting, "I'll come. But I don't want you to round on me if it's a failure."

"I promise I won't," the Long 'Un declared, and so once more Koko stretched his short legs to the utmost in order to keep in step with Jim Mortimer.

It is now necessary, for the due development of our story, that the reader should reach Milverton-street somewhat in advance of the pedestrians in order that he may make the acquaintance of a certain young lady there.

Miss Dora Maybury was quite one of the handsomest girls that ever obtained employment—by competitive examination—in the London Post Office. It was, therefore, not at all surprising that the susceptible Jim Mortimer should have been so affected by her beauty. Dora's hair was chestnut-brown; the dreamy depths of her dark eyes were fringed o'er with long lashes, from beneath whose graceful shadow she gazed upon the world with an expression that was at once distracting and unconsciously coquettish; her lips closed in exquisite lines upon teeth that were as white as you could wish them to be; and the whole form of her face—from forehead to chin—was such as the most censorious judge of a human countenance would not have desired to be other than what it was. Dora was tall, too, and of graceful figure—in brief, she was as comely a maid as you could well behold in a year's journeying.

But beauty by itself, though the eyes may feast upon it, will soon pall if unaccompanied by brightness and intelligence, and, above all, that sympathetic companionableness which is the best quality a woman can possess. At eighteen.

which was Dora's age, one's sympathies have hardly had time to develop; it is the wear and tear of the world that does this. But it will be seen, hereafter, what manner of girl Dora was, and how she viewed mankind, and how Fate dealt with her.

It sometimes occurs that a girl brought up in luxury finds herself suddenly plunged into genteel poverty. Such was the case with Dora. Not so very long since she had lived in a great house, and ridden in carriages; then Fortune, in a sudden freak of fancy, had turned her back upon her, and, as if by a sweep of a fairy's wand, the mansion had changed to much humbler quarters in London, and the carriages into penny and halfpenny omnibuses.

It was natural that the unusually prepossessing girl behind the counter of the post-office in Milverton-street should attract a good deal of attention. Those who had occasion to send away telegrams pretty often—busy, preoccupied men though most of them were—soon came to notice this particular clerk's refined voice and manner. She had not been engaged in post-office work long enough to have acquired the slap-dash, curt style of the lady-clerk who has sat at the telegraphic seat of custom for several years; she was still sufficiently of an amateur, indeed, to display some human interest in many of the messages which were handed in to her. Not that a telegraph clerk is supposed to do this; but Dora could not forbear a smile when she was counting the many words of a wire from a lovesick swain to his lady-love, nor could she feel quite indifferent when a telegram bearing the direst ill-news—news of grave illness or even death—passed through her hands.

But we do not wish to have it supposed that we are holding Dora Maybury up as an angel of pity or, indeed, as a perfect character in any sense. When business was slack, and Dora had time to think about herself, a pettish and discontented expression might often have been observed to flit across her pretty face. As a post-office clerk, Dora felt that she was not filling her proper niche in the world—and probably a good many other people thought so, too.

There were five other girls behind the counter of the Milverton-street post-office, in addition to telegraphists in the room above, several male clerks, and a small gang of telegraph boys. Dora's great friend among the other girls was Rose Cook, a fat, good-natured, sentimental creature who was at present desperately in love with a gentleman she had met at a dance a Mr. Somers, who wrote for the newspapers. Mr. Somers was a friend of some friends of Miss Cook's, and that was how she had come to meet him, and to hear of his very tall friend, Mr. Mortimer. But it should be added that Mr. Somers had seen very little of Miss Cook, had no idea of the passion that consumed her, and was certainly wholly ignorant of the fact that she was employed in the Milverton-street post-office. He had only been in this particular post-office once in his life, and then he had had eyes for none save the young lady who took in the telegrams.

Now, earlier in this very day that witnessed the journey of the Long 'Un and Koko to Milverton-street, Miss Cook had been bemoaning the fact that "Mr. Somers" had actually been in the post-office a few days previously, and had not so much as glanced at her.

"He was looking at *you*—they all do!" she had exclaimed, while discussing the matter at lunch with Dora.

Dora made no reply, but she was thinking over Miss Cook's complimentary complaint later that day, when a very tall man entered the post-office and proceeded to one of the compartments where telegram-forms and pointless pencils attached to pieces of string were supplied for the convenience of the public.

Dora noticed that the tall man occasionally glanced towards the door, and presently began to beckon to somebody who was presumably standing in the doorway. And presently the person beckoned to entered the post-office, and, as he did so, Miss Cook, who was sitting next to Dora, gave vent to a little gasp.

"What's the matter, dear?" inquired Dora.

"That—that's—Mr. Somers!" exclaimed Miss Cook.

"And who is the other?" asked Dora, who was not greatly impressed by Mr. Somers' appearance.

"That must be his friend, Mr. Mortimer."

Quite unconscious of the fact that their identity was no secret in the post-office, the Long 'Un and Koko proceeded to compile telegrams.

"What a lot of forms Mr. Mortimer is tearing up!" whispered Dora to her friend.

"Evidently sending a telegram to a girl," replied Miss Cook, who was still looking agitated, and whose thoughts were naturally trending in a sentimental direction.

Dora smiled. The sight of Koko standing on tip-toe, and craning his head over the Long 'Un's arm, was certainly smile-inspiring. So Dora smiled.

Presently Mortimer withdrew his head and shoulders from the compartment, and turned towards the counter. It should be added that the various communications suggested by Koko had all been condemned by the Long 'Un, who, with some pains, had finally evolved the following bald and uninspiring message: "*Annie arrives nine to-night. Please meet. Jim.*"

Koko turned towards the counter at the same time as Jim, and as he did so his face underwent a striking change. For there, gazing ardently upon him, sat Miss Rose Cook. In a flash Koko took in the situation, and saw that here was Jim's chance. He could introduce Jim straight away.

It was too late to stop Jim from sending the telegram, for he was already handing in the message and gazing with undisguised admiration at Miss Maybury. And as Miss Maybury bent her beautiful head over the form, and with a swiftly-moving—far too swiftly-moving—pencil, proceeded to count the words thereon, Jim's heart thumped wildly against his ribs, Jim's brain seemed to reel, and Jim fell head over ears—hopelessly, irretrievably—IN LOVE.

CHAPTER V.

JIM REJOICES.

FIVE minutes later Jim Mortimer was sailing down Milverton-street in a state of mild delirium. Instead of having to wait for months for an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the girl whose face had so captivated his fancy, the whole thing had been accomplished in a briefer time than it takes to write of it.

Koko it was who had effected this desirable consummation—Koko who had offered up himself on the altar of friendship. Koko saw as plain as daylight that Miss Cook was exceedingly pleased to see him, and knew that the introduction he contemplated would result in his having to meet with undesirable frequency a lady in whom he took no interest whatever. A few words of greeting were exchanged; then Miss Cook—who had an axe of her own to grind—introduced him to Miss Maybury, and then, as a matter of course, Koko made Mortimer known to the two girls.

Dora Maybury! So that was her name! What a sweet name! *Dora!* The Long 'Un dwelt lovingly on those two dear syllables. *Dora!* As they crossed the road, Jim dreamily repeated the name to himself—*Dora!* So absorbed was he in his occupation that he was within an ace of being run over by a hansom. Of course, it was Koko who pulled him out of harm's way.

The cabman's flood of abuse was quite lost on Jim. *Dora!*

"Well," said Koko, at length, "you know her now. All that bother about the telegram was so much waste of time!"

"*Dora!*" exclaimed Jim, gazing fervently at the sky.

He proceeded to murmur the name in an abstracted manner until they reached St. Matthew's Hospital. Here Jim's hosts of friends greeted him in the heartiest fashion, and bottled beer flowed freely in the students' common-room.

JIM WAS GAZING IN UNDISGUISED ADMIRATION AT MISS MAYBURY.

Koko knew many of Jim's friends, and always enjoyed himself when in the company of the light-hearted, happy-go-lucky crew at "Matt's." Jim sat down and rattled off a comic song on a piano which, by reason of much hard usage, had long since lost its purity of tone. Jim could read music easily at sight, and played cleverly by ear; and, as he could sing songs by the score, he was consequently the star artiste of "Matt's." Sang Jim:

Ladies and gentlemen, leave it to me,
Follow the man from Cook's!
Nobody else is as clever as he,
Follow the man from Cook's!

How can I tell if his duties he knows?
Surely his manner intelligence shows!
And if he go wrong, *I ponche him ze nose!*
Follow the man from Cook's!

"Chorus, boys!" he roared, and the boys, forming up in a line behind a red-haired youth from Wales—with a voice worthy of his nationality pranced round the table as they let go the taking refrain at the top of their voices:

Oh, follow the man from Cook's!
The wonderful man from Cook's!
And, whether your stay be short or long,
You'll see the sights, for he can't go wrong.
Oh, follow the man from Cook's!
The wonderful man from Cook's!
For it's twenty to one that there's plenty of fun,
If you follow the man from Cook's!

The last notes of the chorus were ringing out into the quadrangle, when a porter entered the room and informed the pianist that a lady wished to see him.

"Lady!" exclaimed Jim.

"Yes, sir; wishes to see you very particular."

"Go on, Long 'Un!" yelled the students, "next verse!"

But Jim's head was filled with romantic ideas. What if, for some strange, inexplicable reason, it should happen to be Dora! True, it was not very likely, but he had read in books of things like this happening.

"Half a second,' you men," he said; "I've got to see somebody."

"Girl?" queried the red-haired youth from Wales.

But Jim (hoping it was) hurried out without replying to him. In the hall he found his fair visitor, who was no other than Mrs. Freeman, his landlady.

"Mr. Mortimer, sir," she said, in some agitation, "this came for you just now, sir. I hope it's not bad news, sir."

For in the homely eyes of the landlady a telegram generally loomed large as a portent of ill.

Jim opened the flimsy envelope, and read: "*Annie arrives nine to-night. Please meet. Jim.*"

Until this moment he had forgotten all about the wire he had sent himself. Now it had reached him in all its imbecile meaninglessness.

Mrs. Freeman regarded his face anxiously.

"Not bad news, I 'ope, sir?"

Jim crushed the thing into his pocket somewhat impatiently.

"No; it's all right, thanks, Mrs. Freeman. It's—it's nothing. Thanks for bringing it."

And so Mrs. Freeman had to retrace her steps to Pimlico, feeling (it must be confessed) somewhat disappointed at the non-tragic contents of the message she had so carefully conveyed to the hospital.

Jim imbibed more beer and sang more songs, and finally, when the party broke up, dragged Koko off to dine at the Trocadero. All through the meal Jim was excessively merry, his bursts of laughter causing many of the diners to glance curiously in his direction. Koko, knowing by long experience that he could do nothing to stem Jim's methods of letting off steam, decided that his place to-night must be by Mortimer's side; so he hastily scribbled a note asking a colleague to report the fight at the National Milling Club for which he (Koko) had been booked, and despatched it to the *Sporting Mail* office by a special messenger. Koko felt easier in his mind when he had done this; he saw that Jim intended to make a night of it, and that his programme would be a variegated one.

Dinner over, the Long 'Un hailed a hansom, and, Koko having stowed himself away inside, took his place with a brief "Exhibition!" to the driver.

"*Dora!*" breathed Jim, as the cab sped across the Circus and headed for Piccadilly, "*Dora!*"

"I expect she likes nice, quiet men," said Koko.

"Not she," returned Jim, with conviction.

"A nice, quiet, home-loving man—not a man who shouts, and swears, and behaves like an overgrown school-boy," persisted Mr. George Somers.

"You're very severe to-night, my bald-headed young friend," quoth the Long 'Un, with supreme good-humour.

"Never mind about *my* head," said Koko; "think what *yours* will be like in the morning"

"But it is to-night!" cried the Long 'Un, "it is to-night, and I mean to go the whole hog. Let the morning take care of itself. It is to-night; I have seen her; I *know* her; I am joyful."

"You are also," added Koko, "on the verge of intoxication."

"Very near the verge," whooped the Long 'Un.

The cab was approaching Hyde Park Corner when Jim raised the little trap-door above his head.

"I've changed my mind, cabby; drive back to the Empire."

"Empire? Yessir!"

"You'll be chucked out of there to a certainty," said Koko despairingly.

"Not me," said Jim, "I'll be as quiet as a little mouse all the time."

But at the music-hall Mortimer was politely refused admittance by a man as tall as himself, and considerably broader.

"No, sir; you gave us trouble the last time you were here. I haven't forgotten you, sir."

"But that was Boat Race night," protested Jim.

"No matter, sir; can't let you in."

And the official squared his great shoulders and glanced at another official, almost as big as himself, who was standing a few yards away. Simultaneously Koko gave Jim's sleeve a tug.

"Come on," he said; "no good getting into a row."

Reluctantly Jim turned on his heel; he was in a mood for battle, and he had an idea that, big as the official was, he (Jim) could have rendered a pretty good account of himself had it come to a scrap.

The cab they had employed was lingering in the vicinity of the entrance. Jim hailed it and again gave the order "Exhibition." And in the course of thirty minutes or so, Koko and he found themselves passing through the turnstiles at that popular pleasure resort.

Very pleasant it was, too, sauntering through the bazaars and make-believe old streets, and round the band-stands, while eye and ear were charmed with colour and music respectively, and the promenading multitude laughed and chattered, forgetting the day's cares in a spell of enjoyable indolence.

But Jim was bent on celebrating the great event of the day—his introduction to Miss Maybury. He was desirous of applying more rebellious liquor to his young blood, and intimated the fact to a little Swiss waiter.

"*Dora!*" Jim gave the toast and drained his glass at a gulp. Up came Carlo again with a smile of appreciation. "As before," said Jim, and again toasted Dora.

Just then a pale, well-dressed young man, passing by in the company of two ladies, trod on Jim's outstretched foot. Jim gave vent to an ex-

THE FAITHFUL KOKO FOLLOWING A FEW YARDS BEHIND TO BAIL HIM OUT

clamation, but the doer of the harm simply glanced over his shoulder without vouchsafing an apology.

"Why don't you look after your feet, sir!" cried Jim, angrily. To do him justice, he did not notice the presence of the ladies.

The perambulating crowd was thick just there, and the proprietor of the feet alluded to was brought to a standstill close to Jim by people coming in the opposite direction.

"It is never nice here," he observed to one of his companions, in tones evidently intended to

reach Jim's ears, "on Early Closing Nights. These shop-boys really ought to be kept out of the Exhibition."

For all Jim knew, the man who had trodden on his toes was making this remark to another man, but Koko had noticed the ladies, and now perceived that while one of them was regarding Jim with haughty disfavour, the other kept her face turned resolutely towards the bandstand.

"I'll show you what sort of a shop-boy I am!" exclaimed Jim, in a fury, and was jumping up when his leg got into difficulties with the little round table at which he was sitting, the result being that he fell over and broke the back of the chair he was occupying. In his struggle to retain his balance he swept the glasses off the table and smashed them, and, when the little Swiss waiter requested payment for the goods, rudely declined to give any compensation.

When the waiter beckoned to a policeman, men sitting at neighbouring tables rose to their feet, evidently expecting trouble. People in the vicinity stopped promenading, in order to look on. They talked about what followed for days afterwards.

The constable was not one of the gentlest of his species. He asked Jim for his name and address, and Jim produced his card; then the policeman told him he must leave the Exhibition, and, as Jim appeared reluctant to obey this order, gave him a push in the direction of the nearest exit.

Now the policeman, regarding Jim's long, slim form, had not anticipated much trouble from this customer. How was he to know that Mr. James Mortimer (that being the name on the card) had a marvellous way of hitting straight from the shoulder? Rough and unscientific he might be, but his blows came pat like a donkey's kicks, and hurt almost as much.

When the policeman had picked himself up and blown his whistle, the bystanders fairly tingled with excitement. They saw a little man urging the tall one to submit quietly, and they saw the tall man shake off the little man as one would brush away a fly. The tall man's hat had fallen off, and the little man was holding it. The tall man was a good-looking fellow, the bystanders remarked, and as he drew himself up, and glared defiance at the approaching enemy, he reminded certain spectators of some heroic subject in sculpture or painting. Of course, this was because they were inclined to be romantic. The bulk of those present saw in Jim merely a young man the worse for drink and spoiling for a fight.

A burly sergeant strode up.

"Now, then, none of this nonsense," he said, roughly.

Crack! That peculiar straight left met him on the jaw, and the sergeant collapsed on to the gravel. Two more policemen rushed at Jim. Again the long arms shot out. One policeman fell, and the other staggered. Jim followed the latter up and delivered the *coup-de-grâce*. At that moment Jim felt a muscular hand gripping his neck. He lashed round furiously, then closed with his antagonist, and they fell among the chairs. Jim was on top, and wrenched himself free as a fifth policeman charged at him. A bit of a boxer was this man, young and active, and Jim and he hammered each other with the lustiness of school-boys. Up and down among the chairs they went, and then Jim, seeing an opening, got home on the point, and turned swiftly to receive the sixth policeman, an enormous fellow who was unfortunately given to over-much beer. He hit Jim on the chest, and Jim gasped; then he hit at Jim again, and Jim, dodging the blow, retaliated with a sledge-hammer slap across the back of the big man's neck. The big man clutched at a table, and Jim hit him in the spine, and upset man and table. Then three policemen, sore and furious, rushed at Jim together, and there was Jim's close-clipped poll towering above them, and there were Jim's long arms dealing out donkey kicks, and leaving marks every time. And then Jim retired in good order, face and fists to the foe, towards the buffet, and then, suddenly altering his tactics, he put his head down, and butted the middle man of the trio in the stomach, and so made his way through them, and ran into the burly sergeant, who hit at Jim with his truncheon, but missed him, and got a crashing blow in the mouth by way of exchange. And that was Jim's last good donkey kick, for one of them got him by the leg, and another hit him over the hip with his truncheon, and next moment Jim was rolling about the gravel with four of them clinging to him. And, of course, he at length surrendered, and was marched off between two of the policemen to the police-station, the faithful Koko following a few yards behind to bail him out.

R. Shannon Bell

(To be continued.)

GREAT RARITIES.

IN the early days of stamp collecting, away back in the 'sixties, a blank in an album was an eyesore. It was the first thing that caught the eye of every friend who inspected your collection, and the everlasting iteration of the remark "Oh, you haven't got the 8 lire Tuscany!" or some other rarity, was a perpetual cold douche on the pride of the possessor of even some of the best collections, for, even in the 'sixties, there were blanks. In those days the expenditure of a £5 note on a single stamp was almost a thing unknown. Stamp collecting in those days was the folly or fad of the rising generation, not the fashionable hobby of princes, peers, and millionaires, as in these latter days. But, with all this devotion of position, power, and wealth to the pursuit, blanks are not to be abolished even by the millionaire. I know of many a collection that lacks many a variety where the price would be no barrier whatever.

Rarities may be said to be of two classes. There is the great, world-wide, popular rarity, all the copies of which are known, together with the names and philatelic history of their owners. Those rarities are only to be had when one or other of the possessors realises his philatelic possessions, or passes away from this world of collecting altogether. And then there is a grand scramble for that copy, and wealth is pitted against wealth in the auction room, till the price rises to almost fabulous sums.

There are other rarities which, though comparatively low priced, are tantalisingly difficult to get. They figure on the "want lists" of the chief dealers, but, despite the continual search that is systematically carried on, they seem to elude the grasp even of the wealthiest. They are philatelic varieties, known only to the specialist, but, all the same, they are highly prized. They fall mostly to the lot of the industrious, patient searcher, who has the knowledge that is necessary to guide him in his search. These rarities possess little interest for the general collector, and none for the outside public. The popular rarities, the high prices of which astonish the outsider, may be limited to even less than a dozen. The history of these will no doubt be of interest to the stamp collector readers of THE CAPTAIN. Let us take them in the order of their rarity.

British Guiana, 1856, 1c.—The postal authorities in 1856 ran short of stamps, and temporarily supplied their needs by having a crude design set up from type in a local printing office. In the centre they placed a ship, and around this they arranged the necessary lettering. Two values were issued, a 1 cent and a 4 cent. Copies of the 4 cents are catalogued at £25, but of the 1 cent only one copy is known, and that is in the collection of a wealthy Parisian. It is impossible to place any price upon such a rarity, but if it fell into the hands of a dealer to sell he would probably hunt up one of the millionaire collectors, and let him have it cheaply for a couple of thousand pounds.

Mauritius, "Post Office," 1d. & 2d.—Of all the great rarities these two stamps are the best known. They are always quoted as instances of the lengths of extravagance to which the craze

for stamp collecting will tempt a man. But, despite the enormous prices paid for these stamps, I have never heard of one changing hands at a loss. The "Post Office" Mauritius is so called because the words "Post Office" were inscribed on the side of the design instead of the intended words "Post Paid." There were two values, 1d. and 2d. They were designed and engraved by a local watchmaker, and 500 copies of each were issued in 1847. Only twenty copies are known to exist to-day, and each copy is worth from £800 upwards, according to its condition.

Hawaii, 1851, 2 cents, blue.—Many of the early issues of Hawaii, better known in the old days as the Sandwich Islands, are very scarce, but the rarest of the lot owes its scarcity to an accident. The 2 cents stamp of 1851, here illustrated, had only been in use a short time when a fire destroyed the Post Office at Honolulu, and the stock of stamps was burnt. The 2 cents value is now stated to be worth about £750.

British Guiana, 1850, 2 cents.—The early issues of this colony are amongst the most prized of all our colonial rarities. They are of the very crudest character in design, printing and paper. Some were printed on a common, soft paper, used for wrapping sugar. What is known as the "2 cents circular" is a great rarity. Like the "1 cent" already referred to, the 2 cents was of local manufacture of type-set design. It had a very short life, and only eleven copies are known to collectors. The market value of a good copy is about £600.

Moldavia, 1858, 81 paras.—This rare Roumanian stamp is one of a series of four values, all of which run into long prices. It was issued in February, 1859, and was printed by hand on coloured paper in sheets of 32 stamps in four rows of eight stamps. A fine unused copy of the 81 paras has sold for as much as upwards of £300.

United States, Millbury, 1847, 5c.—The general introduction of adhesive postage stamps in the United States was preceded by locally issued labels—known as "Postmaster Stamps," being really experiments by local postmasters. One of the rarest of these local fore-runners is a 5 cent stamp, issued by the postmaster of Millbury, in Massachusetts, in 1847. It is said to be worth upwards of £300.

Cape of Good Hope, 1861.—The two rarest stamps of South Africa are two errors of colour. In making up the plates of triangular stamps for printing, a 1d. was accidentally dropped into the 4d. plate, and a 4d. into the 1d. plate. Consequently, when the sheets of 1d. were printed, they were found to contain a 4d. stamp, and the sheet of the 4d. stamps included a 1d. Hence the misplaced stamps got printed in the wrong colours. The 1d. blue is the greater rarity, and is worth about £70 used. An unused copy is unknown.

Tuscany, 1860, 3 lire.—In the good old days, high values were conspicuous by their absence. Anything above one shilling was something extraordinary. Hence, when Tuscany ventured upon the issue of a 3 lire stamp—representing about 2s. 6d. of English money—it was so little needed that copies are extremely scarce. Fine used specimens are worth about £65, and unused about £120.

Transvaal, 1878. Error "Transvral."—Of the many rarities of the Transvaal, the 1d. red on blue with the overprint spelled "Transvral" instead of "Transvaal" is the best known and the most popular. It occurs once on the sheet. Used copies are worth about £50, and unused from £150 to £200. In a pair *se tenant* with the normal variety, it is said to have fetched a very long price.

GREAT COLLECTORS.

The Prince of Wales.

Amongst the great stamp collectors of the day the Prince of Wales takes high rank, not merely because of his exalted position, but because of his genuine enthusiasm as a collector. He probably caught the stamp collecting fever from his uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh. The Duke, however, though president of the Philatelic Society of London, never ventured into the depths of stamp collecting. He was a collector in a small way, and never became what we term a philatelist. The Prince of Wales, on the other hand, is a very keen philatelist. He is, in fact, a specialist. He confines his attention to British colonies, and includes envelopes. The duties of his high position, of course, preclude his giving the time that is necessary to the building up of a great specialist collection, but it is no secret that he has many things that are unique, and not a few proofs and essays that many of the greater specialists would very much like to possess.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

During his recent Australian tour, he enriched his collection with many scarce stamps. The postmasters vied with each other in making official contributions, and even collectors, en route, presented him with the pick of their collections. On the occasion of his marriage, his fellow members of the Philatelic Society of London made him a wedding present of rare duplicates.

Hence it is not to be wondered at that His Royal Highness can boast a collection that ranks high in the philatelic lists. He is the active president of the Philatelic Society of London, and a constant and valuable contributor to its great exhibitions.

Notable New Issues.

Later developments of King's Head issues are getting more interesting, for there is a decided breaking away from the very monotonous design of the smaller colonies. For instance, we have had lately the Cape of Good Hope and Bahamas with separate designs, and Ceylon, Orange River Colony and Canada will all be of separate designs.

Great things are being prophesied for the coming new Canadians, and I have very good reason for saying that the issue will be of more than ordinary significance. Indeed, I should not be surprised if it paved the way for the adoption of the approved, or a similar portrait, on our own stamps. Let us hope that it may. The printers of the new series will be the old firm of Perkins, Bacon and Co., who printed the first English penny postage stamp.

Canada has added a new value—7 cents—to the current series for the combined rate of postage and registration. The colour is a sickly greenish yellow. Report says that the stamp has already been withdrawn on account of its unsatisfactory colour, but that is most unlikely.

Bahamas has issued a King's head series all of the one design as illustrated. It is not a very striking one, but it is welcome as a variant upon the set colonial type. Wmk. crown CA. Perf. 14.

1d carmine.
2½d. ultramarine.
4d. yellow.
6d. brown
1s. black and carmine.
5s. lilac and blue
£1. green and black

Cape of Good Hope.—We have already given an illustration of the 1d. King's head, and now we have the ½d. and 1s. King's heads, which we illustrate. It will be noted that all three

values differ in design. If this is continued through all the values our new Cape series will be a very pleasing addition to our new issues. Wmk. anchor. Perf. 14. So far the list stands as follows :—

½d. green.
1d. carmine.
1s. ochre.

Cook Islands are now coming printed on paper watermarked single lined N.Z. and star. The New Zealand stamp printers print the stamps of Cook Islands, hence all changes in paper and perforation in the stamps of New Zea-

land are generally found repeated in the issues of these Islands.

Cyprus is retaining its current design, but substituting the King's head for the late Queen's. The ½ piastre has been issued as the first of the new series. Colour green. Wmk. crown CA., and perf. 14.

Iceland has changed its old numeral series for a portrait set. The portrait, of course, is that of King Christian of Denmark, the mother country. The stamps are badly engraved and rough in execution. Five of the set are bi-coloured. Wmk. crown. Perf. 14.

3 aur, orange.
4 „ rose and grey.
5 „ green.
6 „ brown.
10 „ carmine.
16 „ reddish brown.
20 „ blue.
25 „ green and brown.
40 „ mauve.
50 „ slate and grey.
1 krona, brown and blue.

New Zealand.—The experimental stages of paper and watermark seem to be coming to an end at last in the stamps of this colony, for the single lined N.Z. watermark is now being adopted for all values. Thus far I have seen the ½d., 1d., 3d., 4d., 6d., and 1s. with the new watermark. At present they are mostly perf. 11., but it is said that the 14 perforation will be mostly used in future.

United States.—Here are a couple more of the pretty new series.

Western Australia.—We shall have to change our name for this colony in future, for the word "Western" is being changed to "West" on the most recently issued stamps. A batch of makeshift issues are to hand, made up of adaptations of some old plates of Victoria by the substitution of the name "West Australia" for that of "Victoria." Here are illustrations of three of the high values I have just received. They are not beautiful, but as makeshift issues the probability is that they will some day be as rare as they are ugly. When the values are all complete I will give the full list. The 1d. stamp has been redrawn in a slightly larger size, but without noticeable change in design, and the two

pence has had the word "postage" added to the scroll containing the value.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. H. B. (Partick).—Your British Guiana purple and carmine is the current issue. It used to be purple and orange.

Shargar (Lindfield).—German stamps, with "Deutsches Post" instead of "Reichpost," are the current stamps, catalogued at 7d. unused and 2d. used.

D. H. B. (Edinburgh).—The Portuguese stamp you describe is the issue of 1894, and is catalogued at 4d. unused and 3d. used.

Kenneth F. Petrie.—I had noticed the bluish tinge on the New Zealand 4d., brown and blue N.Z. and star, and think it must be due to the ink. Our correspondent (Mr. Kenneth F. Petrie, care of James A. Petrie, High-street, Greymouth, New Zealand) would like to exchange stamps with other readers of THE CAPTAIN.

J, W. T. (Berlin).—Thank you very much for information about German official stamps, but I do not chronicle or advise the collection of officials or unpaids in THE CAPTAIN; there is so much else to collect of ordinary postage stamps.

Value Official (Southport).—The O.W. official ½d. vermilion is catalogued at 60s. unused and 2s. 6d. used, and the 1d. purple at 50s. unused and 6d. used. The ½d. green is not priced by Gibbons, but a used copy recently sold for 18s. in an auction. The O.W. King's heads I have not seen priced anywhere yet.

We are indebted to the following firms for early copies of new issues:—

Bright & Sons.—Cape of Good Hope and Canada.
Ewen, Ltd.—West Australia.
Stanley Gibbons, Ltd.—Cape of Good Hope and Cyprus.
Peckitt.—Bahamas and United States.
Whitfield King & Co.—Cape of Good Hope and Cyprus.
Butler Bros.—Cape of Good Hope.

PRINGLE'S MOTOR-CAR.

By Thomas E. Knowles. Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.

PRINGLE was a born inventor—all his friends agreed upon that point. To add to this description of him, he was a youth who had great confidence in his own abilities, and was never so happy as when he had some mechanical scheme on hand. Whenever he undertook to accomplish any task of this nature, he usually did not rest content until he had finished it; and, during the twelve months he attended Rodney House as a day scholar, he had allowed very few obstacles to stand in his way. His active brain seemed ever on the alert for some fresh opportunity to exercise his inventive powers, and, indeed, he at times displayed such remarkable originality in his undertakings that his school-fellows began to regard him as something of a prodigy.

Not a few of Pringle's contrivances, though ingenious in some degree, were the cause of much trouble. Amongst other things, he had invented an instantaneous brake, which he had experimentally attached to Rutter's bicycle, and which, on being applied while the rider was descending a steep hill, broke several of the spokes, utterly defaced the rim, and caused Rutter himself to be pitched head-foremost over the handle-bars. Not content with the amount of mischief already done, he had on another occasion affixed to Traddles's organette a contrivance which caused the handle to turn automatically, but which, refusing to stop at the right moment, damaged the internal mechanism of the instrument beyond repair. However, not all his inventions turned out failures, and when, one memorable day, Pringle introduced to the notice of his school-fellows a novel device for writing several lines of impots. at a time, he won for himself a reputation which clung to him for the rest of his schooldays.

For some time Pringle had talked almost incessantly of a motor-car he was inventing. It was to be impelled by a specially designed clockwork arrangement, and would, when completed, far eclipse all other cars. With this resolve once fixed firmly in his mind, nothing could remove him from his determination, and, during the time his scheme was evolving itself, his whole mind was centred mainly upon one topic of thought and conversation, namely, motor-cars. His friends laughed at the idea, and ridiculed his ardour, but Pringle was too much wrapped up in his invention to succumb to their derision. For weeks his active brain was busy designing the construction of the car. Meanwhile the pages of his school-books became disfigured by diagrammatic sketches of levers, cog-wheels, and other mechanical contrivances. In fact, almost every moment of his spare time was occupied in drawing up plans of his invention. These, when completed, he usually exhibited to his school-fellows, who, observing the zealousness with which he threw himself into his new undertaking, began at length to display much interest in the progress of the car, and looked forward with eagerness to the day when it would be a finished article, and they would enjoy the privilege of taking a trip in it.

Every day Pringle came to school with fresh news of its progress.

"I expect it'll be finished outright by this time next week," he proudly informed a group of enquiring school-fellows one day. "It's ready all but the brake, and the pater says it's a credit to the family."

This joyful news spread like wild-fire, and, boyishly impatient, all his friends were anxious for the eventful day to arrive.

However, a few mornings afterwards, Pringle, with a doleful countenance, announced to his school-fellows that there had been a serious breakdown in the mechanism of the car, and that he feared it would be a long time before he could repair it.

The disappointment which accompanied this announcement was, to say the least of it, great, and poor Pringle, though most profuse in his apologies, was subjected to much harsh criticism.

"It's all very well trying to excuse yourself by trumping up a lame story of that kind," said Traddles indignantly, when he had listened to Pringle's explanation of the mishap. "It's all

pretence, and, what's more, I don't believe the beastly motor-car ever existed. Why don't you own up to the truth like a man, and confess you've been playing us false all along?"

Pringle was too much taken aback by this aspersion to retaliate, and, finding that a number of the boys confirmed Traddles's accusation, he quietly slunk away to avoid further censure. Up to that moment none of his friends had ever before accused him of insincerity, and he was now sorely mortified to think that he had given any of them cause to mistrust him.

Almost the whole of that night he lay awake in bed, disconsolately ruminating over the breakdown to the motor-car, and smarting under the poignancy of Traddles's accusation. The charge against him was a grave one, and unless he could, by some means or other, appease the indignation of his disappointed school-fellows—for the present, at all events—his reputation as an inventor would be seriously impaired.

In vain he drew on his invention, and racked his ingenious brain in the hope of hitting upon a remedy. At last, however, in a moment of desperation, a brilliant idea struck him, and he determined to carry it into effect at the first opportunity.

Next day Pringle announced to his school-fellows (though with what truthfulness we shall presently see for ourselves) that the car had been successfully mended, and that, in spite of his previous fears, their former hopes would yet be realised. This assurance revived all their past enthusiasm, and in a moment of generosity Pringle was made to promise that on the following Wednesday afternoon he would take a party of his most intimate friends for a short trip in the car.

Accordingly, at the appointed hour, the young inventor brought his new motor-car to the school gates, where his friends were awaiting him. A loud cheer rose from the boys as they watched the car turn the bend of the lane, and, amid a thick cloud of dust, rattle up to where they stood filled with admiration.

THE LITTLE PARTY RATTLED GAILY AWAY.

"It's a rum-looking affair altogether," remarked Traddles, as Pringle proudly dismounted. "Looks more like a signal-box with the roof blown off than a motor-car."

Pringle, however, ignored this criticism,

and in technical phraseology voluntarily explained the use of the various levers. Of course, none of his friends understood him, but, in order not to expose their ignorance, they pretended to comprehend his explanations perfectly.

To confirm Traddles's observation concerning the car, it certainly was a queer-looking object; for, although that worthy's description of it was somewhat exaggerated, it did not in appearance resemble an ordinary motor-car. It was box-like in shape, and was constructed wholly of wood. It stood about five feet in height, had long, straight sides reaching down almost to the ground, and ran on two pair of wheels. The regulating gear was worked by numerous levers; while a rough plank, placed across the top of the car and supported at either end by a wooden block, offered accommodation for sitting. It was built to seat four (besides the driver), so Pringle was obliged to restrict his invitation to that number.

Traddles, Rutter, Spicer, and Pratt were the fortunates, and the envy of all the rest of their school-fellows.

"Now, then, gentlemen, I'm at your service," said Pringle, as, with a busy air, he sprang nimbly to his place in front.

Immediately the four took their seats, and at the words "Right away!" from Traddles, Pringle laid a hand on one of the levers and gave it a vigorous pull. Simultaneously the clumsy vehicle was agitated by a series of violent throbs, and, with a jerk that nearly threw its occupants out of their seats, started off at a rapid speed

The boys cheered vociferously as the little party rattled gaily away, and several of them ran alongside the car until it reached a bend in the lane, when it was soon lost to sight behind a clump of trees. Pringle's face beamed with joyous pride as he deftly manipulated the levers, pulling first one and then another; while the clattering noise which proceeded from the inside of the car, and which, Pringle explained, was due to the vibration of the machinery, became louder as the speed of the vehicle increased

The first part of the journey passed off successfully enough. During the whole of the time Pringle was busy explaining to his friends the construction of the car and diligently exaggerating the amount of thought and labour which had been involved in the building of it.

Quite unexpectedly, however, the car came to a sudden stop of its own accord. Pringle looked very confused, and when, after he had tried all the levers, the vehicle refused to start again, he was almost at his wits' end.

"The machinery is a little rusty, that's all," he said, by way of apology. "If you chaps'll all get out and give the car a shove, I daresay it'll go along all right again."

Accordingly, the boys dismounted, and, putting their shoulders to the back of the car, pushed with all their might. Notwithstanding their efforts it budged only a few inches, and poor Pringle began to grow desperate. Just then a harsh, grating sound came from the inside of the car, and, after continuing for several seconds, suddenly stopped.

"Whatever was that unearthly noise?" asked Traddles, his curiosity becoming aroused.

Pringle hesitated, turned very red in the face, and at length replied: "Oh, it's only the cog-wheels. They're just beginning to work again. They must have got stuck somehow!"

Once more he laid a hand on the starting-lever, and gave it a vigorous wrench. This time the result was instantaneous. With awkward suddenness the vehicle darted off at top speed, and, as the boys scrambled hurriedly to their seats, rattled on its way again.

This was the only recordable incident that happened during the earlier part of the trip. Later on, however, the journey proved much more eventful.

About two miles from home there was a long, steep, narrow incline which took rather an abrupt turn at its foot. Down this the car rattled at an ominous speed, and the boys, heedless of the danger-post at the summit, were so delighted at the rapidity with which they were travelling that they broke into singing

In a very short time the bend was reached, and, with a few deft movements of the levers, Pringle steered the car safely round the curve. Suddenly, however, the singing ceased, as the boys, to their great horror, observed a large, bulky traction-engine, with a long train of cumbersome carriages, slowly making its way up the hill. A collision threatened them; but, as this would mean certain disaster to the car, and probable injury to the boys, Pringle in his desperation sought for some means to avoid such an occurrence.

In vain the men in charge of the engine signalled and bawled to the boys to stop the car, and, equally in vain, did Pringle pull and tug at the stoppage-lever. He had now become thoroughly alarmed, and the other boys began to tremble for their safety. The only way of escape was to run the car to the side of the road, and, even then, involve the risk of being hurled into the ditch that ran alongside. However, there was nothing else for it, and Pringle, knowing that in this exigence the safety of his companions was entirely in his hands, determined to run the risk and take the consequences.

At length the car came within a few yards of the engine. Pringle took in the situation immediately, and saw that there was not room enough for his clumsy vehicle to pass

THEY WERE THROWN IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

There was not a moment to be lost, so, just as the two vehicles almost touched, Pringle tremblingly drew the lever that controlled the steering-gear. Instantly the car swerved round, and, dashing into the ditch, completely upturned. The boys were thrown from their seats in all directions. Traddles alighted in the adjoining field; Rutter haplessly found his destination in the ditch, out of which he crawled, a pitiable-looking object; Spicer and Pratt fell at full

length upon the road; while Pringle, by a wonderful feat of agility, landed triumphantly on the top of the car itself. Fortunately, all escaped without injury, and, when the actual danger was over, the boys at once turned their attention to the car.

The revelations of the next few moments held the four guests wonderstruck. Inside the car, struggling and kicking frantically, was Pringle's pet donkey, Neddy. It was harnessed to the woodwork by means of ropes; and, as the poor animal lay there on its back, nimbly beating the air with its hoofs, it appeared to resent its new posture. The reason why the boys had not detected its presence before was because the sides of the car, which reached almost to the ground, completely obscured the animal's feet.

Pringle's contrivances for controlling the donkey were singularly unique. The lever by means of which he set the car in motion, was so fixed that the end of it, fitted with a sharp iron nail, was held in proximity to the hind part of the donkey, and, on being applied, caused the startled animal to break at once into a rapid gallop. The stoppage-lever was no less ingeniously devised. To the end of it were fastened a pair of reins, which, whenever Pringle gave the lever a pull, were simultaneously drawn, so that the animal might know when to stop.

Everything now became as plain as daylight. The clattering noise which had proceeded from the inside of the car, was no other than the beat of the donkey's hoofs; the obstinate behaviour of the car, when, during the earlier part of the journey, it had refused to act, was now easily accounted for; while the harsh, grating sound which Pringle had attributed to the rusty mechanism, was at once identified with the braying of an ass.

"So this explains everything!" said Traddles, with an amused chuckle, pointing to the struggling donkey. "Well, Pringle, all I can say is, you're a delightful old humbug; and, as sure as my name is Traddles, you'll come to a bad end—see if you don't. Now, what have you to say for yourself?"

"I—I'm awfully sorry," stammered Pringle, apologetically. "I didn't mean to deceive you fellows, but you drove me to it. When I told you about the breakdown to the car, you wouldn't believe me, you know; so I had to get myself out of the fix somehow. I couldn't think of any other way than to harness Neddy inside it, and I didn't think you'd find me out. It was very deceitful of me, I know," he added, with an air of remorse; "but don't forget, it wasn't altogether my fault; you drove me to it!"

Pringle looked so distressed, and his tone grew so pitiful, that his friends felt quite sorry for him. After thoroughly investigating the *modus operandi* of the car, they burst into peals of hearty laughter, and concluded by wishing the young mechanic better luck next time.

With the aid of the two men, the boys succeeded in dragging the overturned vehicle out of the ditch, and, with great difficulty, set it upon its wheels again. Luckily, both car and donkey were substantial subjects, and had escaped without any serious injury. The car had been somewhat bruised, but Neddy appeared none the worse for the incident, and, on being restored to his feet, proceeded to express his gratitude in loud and prolonged brays.

Once more the boys took their seats, and the car started off again, and, amid the cheers of the boys and laughter of the men in charge of the engine, sped gaily on its way.

The rest of the journey passed off without further mishap. When, at length, the boys came within sight of the school-house, a number of their friends ran to meet them. At once the story of their narrow escape was recounted, and listened to by the others with open-mouthed incredulity. Their astonishment turned to mirth, however, when Traddles, in his comical way, proceeded to describe the interior of the car.

Poor Pringle experienced rather a rough time of it just at first; but his friends admired his originality, and, despite his attempt at deceit, he became more popular than ever. Indeed, the novelty of his idea set all the boys longing to ride upon the car, and, although on several occasions he threatened to put an end to it, his friends as often persuaded him not to.

So the motor-car continued to exist, and often was seen scouring the neighbouring roads and lanes of the country districts, conveying parties of laughing schoolboys, with Pringle as driver, manfully working the levers, and explaining in technical terms the mechanism of some new contrivance which, for the sake of experiment, he had attached to the car.

Without doubt, Pringle should one day make his mark as an inventor; but, we trow, he will never quite forget his first experiment in motor-car driving. The odour of flowers recall old memories to some of us; certain musical airs to others. Whenever Pringle hears a donkey braying, the events of a certain afternoon invariably recur to his mind in a most unforgetable manner.

THE CYCLING CORNER.

THE USE OF THE CYCLE IN BUSINESS.

THERE are so many ways in which the cycle can now be advantageously employed in the world of business activity that it is only possible in the space of a single article to suggest a few of the more important. We are all familiar with the errand boy on his bicycle, or small carrier tricycle.

BEATING A RACING PIGEON.

The saving of time is of the highest importance in the case of daily, and especially of evening, newspapers. Everybody is familiar with the cycling newsboy hurrying through the traffic in the endeavour to distribute a fresh edition before those of rival proprietors can reach the newsvendors, but few who are not "in the know" can have any idea of the extent to which the cycle is employed in the previous work of newspaper production. There are certain circumstances in which the cycle is faster than any other available means of carrying information. Suppose that you are reporting a cricket match, and that you have seen "Ranji" make the stroke which completes his first century of the season. Your first concern is to get the fact into the next edition of the afternoon papers. You may be two hundred yards from the telephone, and not sure of having the monopoly of it if you get to it. The same remark applies to the telegraph office. When the distance is short from the cricket ground to the headquarters of the newspaper, the despatch of a messenger on a bicycle is, in many instances, the most expeditious means available. In connection with matters to which the public attach great importance, or of which they await information with more than usual impatience, such as the result of an election or of a final tie on the football field, it is common for an enterprising paper to arrange all sorts of different ways of receiving the news, on the principle that one will arrive before the others, and the matter can be set into type while second and subsequent confirmations are arriving. In some circumstances the best thing to do is to tie the message to a fast homing pigeon, as I have done hundreds of times from tennis grounds, golf links, and other such places. It is all a matter of judgment of time and distance, a knowledge of the habits of your birds, the momentary condition of the atmosphere, and so forth. If you think the homer will spend too much time in "circling" before he descries his landmarks, he cannot be relied upon to beat the bicycle at any short distance.

THE VALUE OF THE TRAILER.

There are many other businesses in which the cycle plays an ever increasingly important part. A manager of a large concern with many branch establishments attached can keep himself in touch with all of them if well mounted on wheels. He can make surprise visits more easily and in less time than by most other means of transit. The case of the man who has rents or insurance premiums to collect is another of those in which the use of the cycle is clearly advantageous. He can map out his rounds beforehand, and pass from point to point with speed and ease. The cycle is for such purposes better in many ways than the hansom cab. It can wait as long as you like; and, however hard the day's work, there is no tired horse to consider. The commercial traveller can similarly employ a machine to advantage if his wares are of light weight, and many now do so when they are working a fairly compact district. It is not within the present scope of this "Cycling Corner" to deal with the subject of motors generally, but the motor cycle is in this connection obviously involved. Personally, I do not believe that the motor cycle is destined to oust the cycle proper,

but I think that for commercial purposes, at any rate, it will occupy a legitimate and permanent place. From the errand boy with goods too heavy, right up to the commercial traveller with samples too heavy to be easily propelled by ordinary pedal work, the motor cycle with trailer attached offers a ready and convenient means of moving all sorts of materials rapidly from place to place.

MOUNTED POLICE.

Official uses of the cycle may next be dealt with. Many will remember the consternation with which the demon tribe of road scorchers first received the information that some of the police were to be mounted on cycles. My own belief, expressed at the time, was that, after the first inevitable flood of arrests and convictions, the step would bring nothing but good to the pastime of wheeling. This, I think, may fairly be said to have been proved to be the case. The roads have been rid of much of the bad behaviour which was intolerable to all good cyclists—not to speak of the public at large; while a better knowledge on the part of the police themselves of what the pastime is, and what its reasonable limitations are, have resulted in a great falling off in the vexatious prosecutions for "furious driving" due to the incompetence of constables to judge, even within fifty per cent. of the truth, of the speeds at which riders were travelling The formation of cycling clubs among the police themselves is evidence of the interest in the sport which has sprung up within the force, and we may rejoice in the hope that this, coupled with a better understanding of the pastime on the part of magistrates and others, has brought us to a period when the unjust persecution of users of the wheel appears to be well nigh over.

AN ILLICIT STILL.

Higher officials find the bicycle of great value in the conduct of their callings. Inland revenue officers make extensive use of it, especially—my experience has been—in Ireland. I recall in this connection an incident which occurred once when I was touring in the western portion of that lovely isle. I was in the company of a clerical friend, and we had leisurely pedalled our way from Belfast all round the north-eastern and northern coasts, and were now making down the west in quest of the beauties of Killarney. I shall purposely suppress the names of persons and places, for as I had then no desire to play the part of detective, so I now have no wish to furnish, even in the most indirect manner, any information to the police. The facts of the case are these. In a tiny market town, so remote from civilisation that one heard little save the old Erse language spoken, I chanced to learn that not far away there existed an illicit still. We both pricked up our ears. It was not, of course, that we wished to cheat the law by obtaining any of the whisky. My clerical friend is actually a teetotaler. But both of us had often heard, as every one else has, of the existence of such things in many parts of Ireland, and we were anxious to see one for ourselves, and to learn how such a business as the distilling of spirits could be secretly carried on. The genial Irishman who had been our informant readily gave further information. After a ride of a few miles we should come to a point where the road skirted a lake, with an island in it in the distance. One of us was to ascend a low white rock, which was carefully described, and make certain signals with a handkerchief. A boat would then be put off from the island, and we should be taken there and shown the secret still. The idea of the adventure pleased us, and we embarked upon it with some excitement.

EXCISE MEN ON CYCLES.

Everything transpired as anticipated, up to the giving of the signal. It was answered by persons running rapidly to and fro upon the island, and one of them, we could just discern, was making some sort of answering or inquiring signal which we had not been taught to expect. No boat was put off, although we waited an hour. I repeated our own signal from the rock until my arms ached, and kept it up long after the mysterious answer had ceased to be given. At last we decided to pursue our way. The explanation afterwards discovered was that at about that time the use of the cycle for inland revenue purposes had become so general that any cyclist was suspected, and it had been thought prudent by those engaged in this underhand trade to invent an additional and more complicated set of signals. These, of course, we did not know. But we have never begrudged that seemingly wasted hour, for it was passed amid the most romantic surroundings, with lake and mountain scenery such as can hardly be equalled even in Ireland, and the whole tinted with the most gorgeous colours by the sun of a summer afternoon.

THE CYCLE IN THE POST OFFICE.

But possibly by far the most important of the public services in which the cycle figures is that of the Post Office. The time has long gone by when postal servants were officially forbidden to use in the discharge of their duties cycles which they themselves possessed. This antiquated and ridiculous regulation has given place to a state of things in which the use of the cycle is actually encouraged—in some instances by a grant made to the owner, either based on mileage or upon

time, but often more directly by the provision of a machine by the Government. The advantage of such an arrangement is very clear in the case of a country letter-carrier, whose rounds are long, and whose calls are few and far between. Of still greater importance is the bicycle to the telegraph boy, and in many districts the public are becoming familiar with the special mail-cart red, which is the distinguishing colour of his machine. The postmaster of a busy and rapidly growing London suburb told me that the introduction of the bicycle into the telegraph service in his neighbourhood had exactly doubled the efficiency of his boys, and that on the average each messenger could deliver twice as many telegrams as before in the same working day. There is a special Government department for the repair of damaged bicycles, but an alternative arrangement is that of contracting at so much a week with a local repairer to keep the whole "stable" in order.

TEACHERS ON WHEELS.

Among professional men the machine is being increasingly used. Teachers use it to go to school and back, and so do scholars, while scholars and teachers together have employed it to get profit in ways which I may find some future opportunity of explaining. I know one college professor who took to cycling on my advice, and who shortly afterwards went out of his way to let me know that he could hardly estimate the value the daily ride to the laboratory had, not only as a physical tonic, but in the way of freshening up his ideas, loosening his tongue, and generally enabling him to make better contact with the minds of his students. Again, there is a large class of teachers to which the bicycle is of the greatest use. Take the case of the music teacher who visits pupils at their own homes. He is a good example. Incidentally this reminds me that I know a piano tuner who has regular clients scattered over three counties, and who tells me that he can doctor over so many more pianos in a month when the weather permits him to cycle to them than at other times. You see, the railway guide cannot be bargained with. If my acquaintance, in order to finish off one instrument properly, just misses one train, he may have to wait hours for another; whereas the ready bicycle is always waiting for him at the door.

DOCTORS AND SURGEONS

We have not yet reached the time when it is the usual thing to witness judges travelling circuit on bicycles. But outside the law there are other professions in which the cycle has proved of great service. I know of instances in which it has supplanted the doctor's carriage. One medical friend of mine makes his daily visits to the hospitals he is interested in on wheels in all weathers. Whether the conditions be sultry, or whether there be storm and snow, his familiar figure, caped for the wet or otherwise, is seen passing along its accustomed route, and is recognised by thousands of the townsfolk in the place in which he lives. Another case I know is that of a surgeon whom, so far as I can tell, I have never met. He wrote to me asking for advice as to what sort of bicycle to buy, and asked me whether, if he used the machine for business purposes, it would be at all likely to interfere with his work. I replied that so far from that the boot was really on the other leg, and that the cycle would positively help him in more ways than one. Among the things which a surgeon—to succeed—requires are a composed and collected intellect and a steady hand. I know, from my own experience, that the rational use of the bicycle will give me back either or both of these which I may for the moment be wanting; and the surgeon was good enough to write to me afterwards, telling me that he had learnt that truth also.

OTHER PROFESSIONAL MEN.

There are many painters who seek out half their subjects while a-wheel. This is markedly so in landscape work.

Solicitors, men on 'Change, City clerks, girl clerks, typists, stenographers, warehousemen, factory hands of all descriptions, may be seen any morning wheeling along the Victoria Embankment, or descending from the heights of Highgate, or crossing the bridges from the south side of the Thames to their respective places of business. Not all the cheap fares that can be devised fill the place of the cycle, and it fills a larger place daily in the ever-increasing volume of business which must be despatched.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. H. (West Didsbury, near Manchester).—The firm may be all right, but it is practically unknown, and I really cannot advise you. As to your second question, I should say unhesitatingly the Rudge-Whitworth, which firm may fairly be described as the pioneers of the production of material as excellent as it is moderate in price. **A. M. G.** (Cambridge).—It is not clear to me exactly which part has come to grief. You must in any case provide yourself with sufficient brake-power. **"Iona."**—You send no name and no address. It is the rule of every well-conducted journal for these to be given for the satisfaction of the editor, and not for disclosure, if you prefer your answer under a pen-name. Whatever may be the "class" of the Cyclists' Touring Club, no application for membership would be listened to from any one who withheld his name and place of residence; indeed, several further particulars are required of him. H. P.

BARS TO SUCCESS.

By ALFRED T. STORY.

I.—UNPUNCTUALITY.

THE word "punctuality" is usually understood, and rightly, as meaning a careful observance of the exact time of attending appointments or keeping engagements; but it has a secondary signification implying a scrupulous and precise attention to details. In the ideas and considerations which follow I use the word somewhat in this double sense, or, rather, as including also this broader definition. Punctuality as to time is a very important matter in every sphere and department of life; but there are many persons who, while they show great scrupulousness in this particular, seem to have no idea of punctuality in regard to other matters equally weighty. An instance in point, which riveted the matter on my memory as a youth, occurred when I was attending a day school. One boy was so punctual that he always reached school first, but rarely, if ever, had he learned the work that had been set him along with the rest. He was so incorrigible in this respect that my form-master once said to him:—

"Garner, you are punctual as to time, but shockingly unpunctual as to everything else."

There are numbers of men who are just like Garner, and they could not have been so unpunctual as men unless they had fallen into careless habits as boys. That, at least, is the usual beginning of such laxity, although it sometimes happens, of course, that a man who has begun well falls off in later life through gradually contracting evil or unfortunate habits, or, it may be, through deterioration of health.

How much this unpunctuality, both as regards time and other matters as well, is a bar to success may be witnessed by any observant mind. It does not figure, perhaps, as the greatest cause of non-success in life, but it is responsible for a very large proportion of failures. I knew one man who attributed his non-success in the career he had chosen—that of a journalist—to his having one day missed a train. He should have been at a meeting in a neighbouring town at a certain time. When he arrived, half an hour later, it was impossible, owing to the crowd, for him to get near the platform. He, in consequence, obtained but an imperfect note of the proceedings, and was obliged to eke it out as best he could. His report was all right in the end, but his chief heard of his having had to go round begging for "fill-in" notes, corrections, etc., and asked him why he was so unpunctual. His answer was that his watch happened to be a few minutes out that day. It was; and the answer satisfied the editor for the time being, but it could not satisfy the man himself, because he had noticed that his watch was out the previous evening, and neglected to put it right.

This man—and a very able man he was—had simply allowed himself as a youth to get into careless and unpunctual habits, and though he often vowed that he would reform, and sometimes tried to, yet he was never able thoroughly to take the matter in hand because of this very habit of "letting things slide," instead of attending to them promptly and on the spot. He would, for instance, put off writing an article or a report until almost the last moment; then it was necessary to hurry through it, and send it down to the composing room unread. The result, of course, was a host of corrections when it was time to go to press. One day, when a delay of the kind was particularly exasperating, the editor remarked with intention:—

"Mr. Brown, your watch always seems to be a few minutes late."

The end of it all was that Brown was eventually asked to resign, and he never got so good a position again.

That is a good example of what we may call an all-round unpunctual man. He is not careful of his "points," and, like a pointsman on the railway, he renders himself liable to make terrible—and as regards himself not unfrequently tragic—mistakes by his negligence. He cannot be relied upon for anything at the proper time or in a fitting condition. He has fallen so completely into the habit of the slipshod man that it is necessary for some one to be always behind him or very near at hand to make good his failures. Of course, a person of this extremely forlorn type is soon shot aside, if in another's employ, while, if in his own, the bottom of the down-grade presently finds him awaiting the inevitable close.

In such a case there is generally something inherently wrong, and, pitiable as the result is, it hardly moves one's sympathies in the same way, or to the same extent, as does the case of a young man with exceptional, and perhaps brilliant, qualities, who, owing to some strain of carelessness or indolence, falls into the habit of what our grandmothers used to call, with a nice figurative reference, "drop-

ping his stitches." If stitches be missed or dropped in certain sorts of feminine work, various ruin and entanglement are apt to be the result. Hence half the art of doing such work consists in a careful avoidance of dropped stitches, or, *if* dropped, in going back with a rectifying hand, ere it be too late. In the work of life, however, such missed "stitches" can rarely be retrieved, and that is why the habit of permitting such lapses often becomes so tragic.

There is a story told of a famous man, lately deceased, which points the moral here enforced very aptly. A young fellow sought an introduction to him with a view to employment. "Very well," said the great man to the gentleman who spoke in his favour, "tell your friend to call and see me to-morrow at ten." At 10.15 on the morrow the place-seeker turned up, and found the great man at the door just about to mount his horse. "Ah," said he, when he saw the young gentleman, whom he had been expecting, "didn't your friend give you the proper time—ten o'clock?" "Yes, sir, but—" So the youth began to stammer. But he was instantly cut short with the words, "I have not a moment to spare now. Come and see me at seven in the morning." Seven in the morning was early for our friend to rise, and he again had to make an excuse for his unpunctuality. His landlady, he said, had forgotten to wind up her clock. "Clock!" exclaimed the great man, "A man should have a clock in his head. Call again and see me when you have got one there."*

Thus the youth lost his chance of an appointment and was deep in his regrets when too late. But there was no one to blame but himself. He was given a second chance and missed it—one must say—like a fool. Sometimes parents are to blame in these matters. They will encourage their children in sleeping late; they will indulge them by calling them in the morning, instead of habituating them to wake up of their own accord at a given time, and they seldom train them to that persistence in attacking and mastering details which is of the very essence of punctuality.

A leading Sheffield manufacturer who, starting life as a nailmaker at a wage of twopence a day, ended by becoming Lord Mayor of the city, told the writer a short time ago that he owed his success in the main to his punctuality, and the habit he early acquired of looking into even the most trivial details himself. By being thus attentive he caused those in his employ to be attentive, and so saved no end of time and prevented much friction.

Another man, a millionaire of the North, speaking of his success in life, attributed it very largely to the discipline he submitted himself to in his young days in regard to the punctual discharge of his duties. He never left any "loose ends," but made sure that he understood everything that he was called upon to deal with, and attended to it in such a way that there could never be any question thereafter as to the right and wrong of the thing. At the age of twenty-one he was manager of the works of which he subsequently became owner, and from which he made a princely fortune.

Of course he could not have been trusted in so important a position at so early an age unless that wonderful instrument which we know as the brain had done its work in him with extreme precision. Possibly nature had favoured him somewhat in that particular; but there is not, as a rule, so much difference in this respect between men, or perhaps we should say, between boys, as some would think. We find, of course, the geniuses and the men of special gifts; but among the ordinary run of mortals there is in the beginning a very fair equality of talent, the subsequent difference arising from cultivation on the part of some, from neglect on the part of others.

There is, however, cultivation and cultivation. Some kinds of cultivation are little better than neglect—may, indeed, be worse than neglect. An instance of the sort was exemplified by a touching scene that took place in the police-court of a Midland town a few years ago. A vagrant was brought up before the Bench charged with sleeping in a shed where he had no right to be. When asked his calling he said he was a showman, and complained that he had fallen upon evil times, that people would not pay for being entertained nowadays as formerly, and so forth.

During the hearing of the case the Mayor left the Bench, apparently deeply moved, and it subsequently turned out that the vagrant was his own brother. They had been left as orphans to fight their own way in the world, and while the one had worked his way up by diligence and study until he became a head manufacturer in the town, the other had been

* This incident reminds one of the anecdote related of the Duke of Wellington, who, annoyed by the unpunctuality of his private secretary, told him that either he must get a new watch or he himself should have to get a new secretary.

content to learn to tootle upon a horn, to perform sleight-of-hand tricks, and generally to play the Merry Andrew for others to laugh at and reward in small coin. We may say that they both arrived at the same goal, but by what widely different ways and for how different a purpose!

The moral of it all is that it is worth while taking ourselves to task while we are young and making the most of our opportunities for development and training. It is worth while giving some time to intellectual pursuits, to the cultivation of habits of precision, to the encouragement of logical methods of thought, and to the exercise of exactness of memory. One might devote the space given to the whole of this article to this one subject of memory; but that cannot be at present. Howbeit, let it be said in conclusion, and this with especial reference to punctuality, that it is quite possible, in the words of the "famous man" above quoted, to carry a "clock in the head," and so to be independent alike of bell or boots for a call in the morning. In other words, the mind can be trained to wake automatically at a given time, and to do it year in and year out, no matter how tired or how late we may go to bed. There are men who can *will* to awake at a given time, and even though that hour may vary from day to day, they are awake to the precise minute. And what one man is able to do, another can do too if he will only take the trouble to try, and to try persistently. Therein lies the whole of the law and the gospel as regards punctuality, both in its narrower and in its broader sense—the persistent cultivation of an effective and painstaking will.

(Next Month: "On Choosing the Wrong Profession.")

OUR LIBRARY CORNER.

We have received copies of the following:—

Fiction.

J. O. Jones: And How He Earned His Living. By R. S. Warren Bell. With 12 illustrations by Gordon Browne, R.I. 3s. 6d. (A. and C. Black, Ltd.)

The Admiral and I. By H. Escott-Inman. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

Faithful. By the author of "Laddie." 2s. 6d. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

Hostages to Fortune. By Miss Braddon. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

Bunny. By B. A. Clarke. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

Miss Cayley's Adventures. By Grant Allen. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

Little Mother Meg. By Ethel Turner. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

Angelot: A Tale of the First Empire. By Eleanor C. Price. 6s. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

Fenton's Quest. By M. E. Braddon. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

Harry Lorrequer. By Charles Lever. Thin Paper Edition. 3s. net. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

Lost in the Slave Land. By W. Murray Graydon. 2s. 6d. (S. W. Partridge and Co.)

Godfrey Marten: Schoolboy. By Charles Turley. 3s. 6d. (Wm. Heinemann.)

Miscellaneous.

The Story of Alchemy. By Pattison Muir. 1s. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

Who's Who, 1903. 5s. net. (A. and C. Black, Ltd.)

The Englishwoman's Year Book. 3s. 6d. (A. and C. Black, Ltd.)

Racquets, Tennis, and Squash. (Isthmian Library.) By Eustace H. Miles, M.A. 5s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

The Sunday Strand. Vol. VI. 6s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Strand Magazine. Vol. XXIV. 6s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

Dogs and Doggerel. By Carine and Will Cadby. 6d. (Art Record Press.)

The Story of Our Army. By Captain Owen Wheeler. 1s. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Commission of H.M.S. Terrible, 1898 1902. 7s. 6d. net. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

Hazell's Annual for 1903. Edited by W. Palmer, B.A. 3s. 6d. net. (Hazell, Watson and Viney, Ltd.)

How to Become a Successful Insurance Agent. 6d. (Insurance Agents' News.)

The Public Schools Year Book, 1903. 2s. 6d. (Swan, Sonnenschein and Co., Ltd.)

The Unemployed. Demand v. Supply By Edgar Greenwood. 3d. net. (Scott, Greenwood and Co.)

"DIRT is matter out of place," and dust is the arch-enemy of all photographers, especially beginners. One of the most general complaints is "why are my negatives so spotty?" and the plate maker is too often blamed—when, as a matter of fact, the fault lies much nearer home. The dark slides of a camera, or, as the Americans prefer to say, the plate-holder, should always be dusted with a camel-hair brush, and the plate also, before being used; if this were done, there would be fewer spoilt negatives. Water used for making up solutions should be boiled, allowed to cool, and then filtered and put into a stoppered bottle—we then have what, for all practical purposes, is as good as distilled water. Water may be filtered through clean *white* blotting paper. When development is complete, the plate—as the merest tyro knows—has to be fixed in hypo—and here we have another frequent cause of failure, for directly the "picture comes out," the greatest anxiety is evinced to see it, and to get into the daylight. Hypo is very cheap, and a good sized glass jar or bottle with stopper should be at hand in the dark room, the solution being made up in the proper proportions :—

For plates	Hypo.	...	4 ounces
	Water	...	1 pint

Never use a dirty or stale fixing bath, and see that the negative is properly fixed; this is complete when the creamy white appearance on the back of the negative is entirely gone. If a negative be insufficiently fixed, when it dries, or at all events after a few days, the film will become damp, or crystals will appear, rendering it useless for printing. Should this be the case immerse it again in a fixing bath, and set up to dry; it will not always be successful, but, as the negative is useless, if not fully fixed, it is worth a trial.

EXPOSURE TABLES are trying things, especially for beginners. There are many very elaborate ones which require as much fag to work out as quadratic equations, but a reader has kindly sent us what may be called a tentative guide. He has based his calculations upon the well known tables of Dr. Scott, and adds that "the numbers were calculated from trials made during the summer of 1902, and would be somewhat large for a really hot summer." The table is designed for use with Kodak cameras and Roll Film.

Subject.	Large stop.	Medium stop.	Small stop.
Sky and sea ...	Snap		
Water or middle distance landscapes	Snap.		
Figures, groups, &c., out-of-doors in shadow	2 secs.	8 secs.	16 secs
Dark foreground and foliage ...	3 secs.	12 secs.	24 secs.
Light glades ...	3½ secs.	14 secs.	28 secs.
Light interior ...	16 secs.	1 min. 4 secs.	2 min. 8 secs.
Dark interior ...	12 min.	48 min.	96 min.

We should say that the table might be used with safety, but that there would be a leaning in all these "times" to over exposure.

READERS OF THE CAPTAIN will be glad to note that during this season the sale of half-boxes of plates is announced. It is better to take care of six plates and select good pictures than use twelve and snap off anything.

Don't use scissors to trim prints—only Editors, tailors, and some women can cut straight edges with a pair of scissors. There are some well-made little print trimmers being sold by all photographic dealers, "Stores," etc., at 6d., 9d., and 1s. 0d., each. The maker is Richardson, of Sheffield. We prefer the knife, shaped like the old-fashioned eraser. To trim a print, get a piece of plate glass or a large-sized spoilt negative, and use a strip of glass or metal for a straight edge. The Kodak Company sell a machine for trimming prints at a very reasonable price; but, if our advice is followed, there need be no ragged edges to prints.

We are announcing a photographic competition for the best set of four prints taken by readers of THE CAPTAIN with a hand camera—the prints to be from quarter plate or smaller negatives, and to be mounted upon card-mounts, either "paste-down" or "slip-in." Those who desire a criticism of their contribution must enclose

stamped and addressed envelope. A selection from the prize photographs will be published.

Manufacturers of cameras are beginning to realise that the quarter-plate is the best size, and we are quite of opinion that it is the size for all those who are in earnest in taking up photography. With stand cameras we always recommend half-plate as the size, and to-day it is possible to obtain a really good class half-plate outfit for 70s. The lens, of course, is not a very highly finished one, but will do good, all-round work, and for another 20s. to 40s., a splendid lens may be purchased. Hand cameras cost anything from five shillings to five pounds, but a beginner is not to be despised because he starts with a 5s. camera; oftentimes his results will be quite equal to those secured by many another with much more expensive apparatus.

A GOOD PASTE for mounting prints may be made of arrowroot, but starch is the best home-made mountant; if the mount is slightly moistened with a sponge, it will prevent cockling. In making starch paste, if it is desired to keep it for any time, add a few drops of oil of cloves.

A correspondent asks "which is the best stand camera for one or two guineas." Well, frankly, we don't think he will get any *best* for the money, but he can buy a very good all-round folding camera—quarter-plate size—with R.R. lens, Gem shutter of three speeds, pneumatic release, focussing screen, and three double-plate holders for, say, £2 5s., or, with single view lens, £1 17s. 6d. These cameras are principally of American manufacture, and can be used in the hand or upon a tripod. Last year a large number were sold, and this year they are sure to be much in use. The cameras are sold in sizes up to half-plate, are exceedingly light, well made, and portable.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HAROLD V. LOVE (Southsea).—The prints you send appear very unequal. The small one of the arch is the best, but you did not hold your camera level, and therefore the lines converge at the top. Hold your camera level whenever you can, especially when dealing with any subjects of an architectural character. The little print of the Royal salute at Spithead is much too dark, but it is impossible to tell whether the fault is in printing or with the negative. Negatives should be sent for criticism when possible, or negatives and prints together. The picture of the circus car appears to have been a very fair negative, though rather under-developed, but the enlargement appears to be fogged from extraneous light getting on to the paper, or from very great over-exposure. Comparing the small print of the arch with the enlargement, the latter is too much exposed as well as being fogged.

HOME PORTRAITURE.
Taken with hand camera in an ordinary drawing-room.

SPOTTY NEGATIVES (H. Tyrrell Green, Hastings).—The cause of the small spots on your little negative is that it was not quite dry when printed from recently, and so absorbed some free silver salt from the printing-out paper. This causes a small stain, which usually comes in small spots on a negative. They are best avoided by keeping the negatives dry. They may be removed, however, by a solution which is sold for that purpose by Messrs. Marion and Co., Soho-square, W.C., under the name of "King's Solution for Removing Silver Stains." I am pleased to see your prints, of which I like the fishing-smack best.

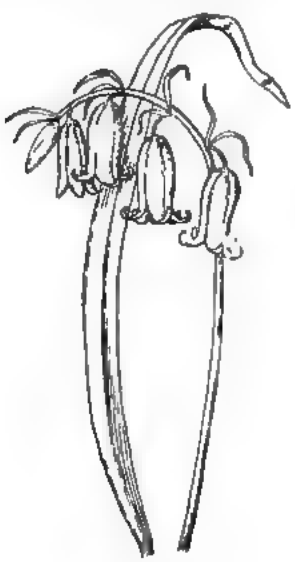
THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR.

NATURALISTS' CORNER.

Conducted by EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.

The Age of Trees.—True, from the human point of view, five hundred years is a long period; but I have no doubt that an Oak of the dimensions given by J. Payne (Hampton) would be quite that age. A tree's age can only be reckoned with any approach to accuracy by counting the growth rings after the tree has been cut down. Each of these rings practically marks the growth of one year, and if an examination be made of the stump of a recently felled tree, there will be little difficulty in counting them. Of course, in the case of a tree whose centre has decayed, leaving a mere shell of sound wood, this plan is out of the question, and with many hollow old giants it is only possible to compute the age by comparing the circumference of the trunk with one of perhaps smaller girth, whose heart-wood is sound and whose rings have been counted. Yew-trees are of exceedingly slow growth, and there can be little doubt that many vigorous trees of large size must be over a thousand years old.

Blue-bell or Harebell.—Which is the right name? asks F. Parsons (Brighton). Both names are right in different localities. In England most people understand the word Blue-bell to indicate the Wild Hyacinth that carpets our woods in spring with its sprays of blue-purple flowers. If, however, it is a Scotsman who is using the term, you may be pretty certain that he means the flower we know in the south as Harebell, the blue or violet flower that grows in summer on heaths. To avoid all uncertainty as to which we mean it is quite worth while to learn the distinctive scientific names. That of the English Blue-bell, which we figure, is *Scilla nutans*; the Blue-bell of Scotland (Harebell of England) is *Campanula rotundifolia*. By using these names a botanist in any part of the world would know precisely which plant is meant.



WILD HYACINTH.

Books on Natural History.—"Goblin" (Bexhill) wishes to know of a good natural history book, also one about British wild animals. The best general natural history we know is the Royal Natural History, published by F. Warne & Co. There is no good work including *the whole* of the British animals, but Aflalo's "Natural History of the British Islands (Vertebrates)," (W. Blackwood and Sons), gives a good brief account of the Beasts, Birds, Fishes, and Reptiles. As an elementary book my "Little Folks Natural History" (F Warne and Co.), might suit you. In answer to J. M. Luck (Horsmonden), Stannard's "Out-door Common Birds" (F. Warne and Co.).

Snakes and Lizards.—"Phil," who has taken THE CAPTAIN for four years, and writes to us from Rondebosch, Cape Colony, has "a great love for reptiles." He has a pet snake he calls "Tom," and goes out riding with the snake twisted round the handles (? of his bike). He is now going to keep lizards. He has two of their eggs, and wishes

THE SLOW-WORM.

to know how soon they will hatch, and what to feed the young lizards on. Well, "Phil," I believe there are many different kinds of lizards in Cape Colony, and you must give me a little more precise information before I can help you. In all probability those eggs will have hatched before these lines appear, but, generally speaking, lizards live upon live insects, and you may try them with any sorts that are handy. Write again with local names or descriptions.

Slow-worms.—In answer to "Snaky" (Harrow), I would remark that the Slow-worm, or Blind-worm, is not a snake, but a legless lizard. It can be kept in a fern-case, and should be fed with very small living insects and worms. The Green-fly, or plant-lice, that crowd round the young, juicy shoots of rose-trees, will be appreciated by it. Cut off an infested shoot and put it in with your Slow-worm, and you will see it lick off the green-fly with its cleft tongue. The Slow-worm is not particularly slow, it is by no means blind, and it is not a worm. If you have occasion to handle it, take hold just behind the head; to hold it by the tail will almost certainly cause that organ to be snapped off short.

Protection of Birds.—I am asked by H. R. James (Acock's Green) whether, in my opinion, the Wild Birds Protection Laws are satisfactory, and whether birds are increasing under them. I think the law is good so far as it goes,

but the protection only extends to the breeding season, except in special cases. The weak point is the local authorities, who have to carry out the law, but do not often do it. The common species are certainly increasing, but this is probably due to an enlightened public opinion more than to the law. Many rare species are getting exterminated by so-called sportsmen, rapacious collectors, and dealers. More local committees are wanted, formed for the purpose of prosecuting offenders. More local field naturalists' clubs are wanted in order to create public opinion and call in its aid in appealing to local authorities.

Dormice, etc.—E. M. Weatherell (East Bridgford) will find answer as to food in December "Naturalists' Corner." They always sleep during the day.

"Catacomb" must contrive somehow to wash, comb, and brush his cat's fur, or he will stand no chance in competition with others at the show. Write for entry forms to Secretary, National Cat Club, c/o Crystal Palace, Sydenham.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus —

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete, and in the event of their proving successful in competitions where cricket-bats, &c., are offered as prizes, will be allowed to select other articles of similar value.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by April 18th.

The Results will be published in June.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

No. 1.—**"British Battles."**—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is intended to describe a British battle fought on land or sea. Write the name of each battle under each picture, fill in your name, age, class, and address, tear the page out, and post to us. In the event of a number of competitors sending correct titles, the prizes will go to the senders of the most neatly written competitions. THREE of Messrs. H. Gradidge and Sons' cricket bats, value one guinea each, will be the Prizes.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 2.—**"Photographic Competition"**—Hand-camera work, any subject. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. PRIZES: 1st Class: £2 2s. Kodak; 2nd Class: 30s. Hobbie's Camera; 3rd Class: Four Houghton's 5s. "Scout" hand-cameras.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-three.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 3.—**"Missing Features."**—On one of our advertisement pages you will find a drawing of a set of animals with parts of their faces missing. Fill in these to the best of your ability, and post the result to us. Note that the faces are not intended to be comic. SIX of Messrs. Benetfink's cricket bats (two in each class), value half-a-guinea each, will be awarded as Prizes.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 4.—**"Essay on a British Battle."**—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words, on any *one* of the British Battles portrayed in Competition No. 1. Take care to state what caused the war during which the battle you describe was fought. THREE HALF-SOVEREIGNS will be the Prizes.

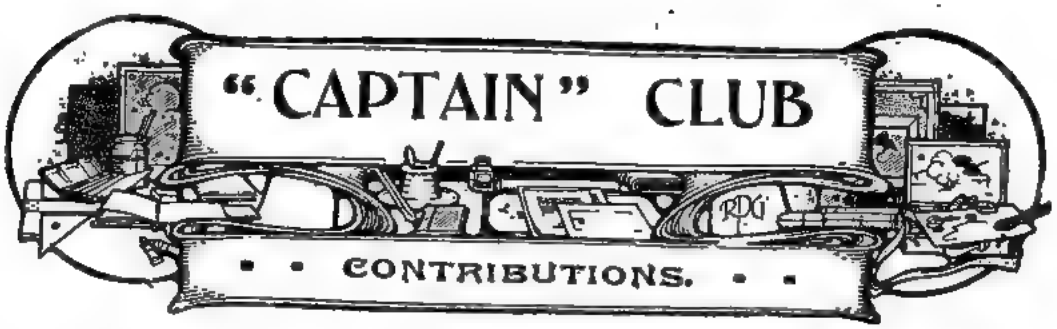
Class I ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 5.—**"Jumble Sentence."**—Compose a sentence on a post-card, not exceeding 30 words, from the *titles* of stories, articles, and CAPTAIN Club essays in the present number. For example: "*The Cub Hunter*, after hearing *Lower School Yarns*, went with *The Long 'Un* to *The Isle of Fortune*." THREE PRIZES: Goods selected from our advertisements to the value of 10s. 6d.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 6.—**"Pictorial Post card."**—Make a sketch in pen, pencil, or colours, of what you think would make a good CAPTAIN pictorial post-card. A good idea will be taken into consideration even if the competitor has not the ability to execute it in a high class manner. *Both sketch and idea must be original.* THREE FULL SETS of DRAWING MATERIALS will be the Prizes.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fourteen.

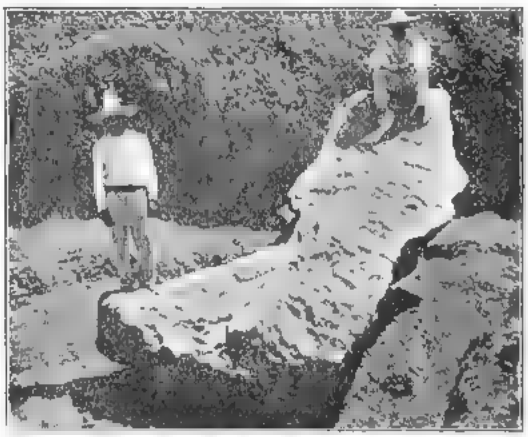


This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, etc, should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

I AM forwarding a six shilling book to H. C. Pearse ("Tryite") for his carefully-written paper on the Sheffield United F.C.

Rugby Football in Canada.

THERE are two championships competed for annually under the rules and regulations of the Canadian Rugby Union, the more important of the two being the Senior Championship, which is contested for by eight or ten clubs from all over the country. Prominent among these are the Britannias of Montreal, one of the oldest clubs in Canada, the Montreal City team, the Brockville City team, Ottawa College, Ottawa City, the Rough Riders of Toronto, and the Argonauts of the same city.



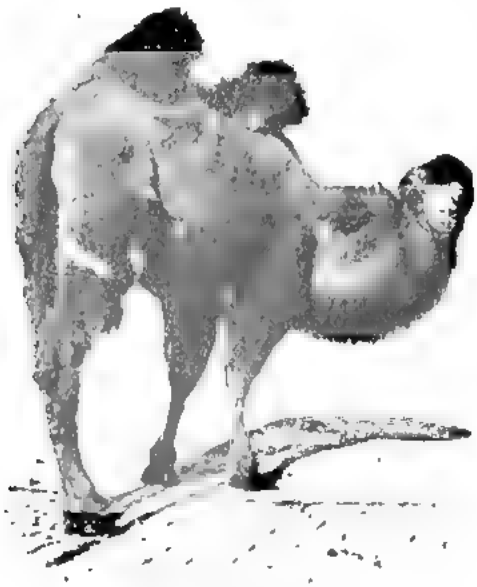
LARGEST METEORITE IN THE WORLD, RECENTLY UNEARTHED AT SINALOA, MEXICO. 13FT. LONG, 6FT. WIDE, AND 5FT. 4IN. THICK. WEIGHT, 50 TONS.
Sent by "American Boy."

The Intermediate League is composed of the second fifteens of the above clubs with the addition of Westmount and Quebec.

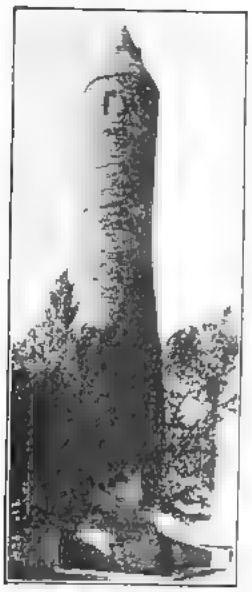
The Senior Champions of this year are Ottawa College, who have won by sheer weight and strength rather than by superior skill in the game.

There is also an Intercollegiate Championship, but this is not so hotly contested as either of the others, there being only four aspirants to the honour:—the Universities of McGill, Queens, Toronto, and Bishop's College. McGill is this year's Champion, having won one of the best played matches of the season.

Canadian Rugby does not differ much from



A BACTRIAN CAMEL IN THE ZOO AT DUBLIN.
Photo by H. O. Pearse.



IRISH ROUND TOWER AT RATHFARLHAN.
Photo by H. C. Pearse.

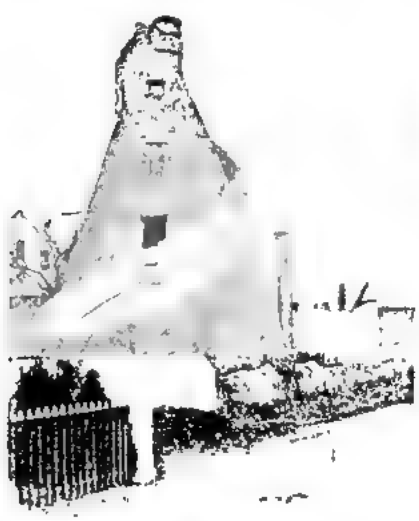
English Rugby except in the matter of dress. In this we follow our American cousins and play well-padded. The usual costume consists of a pair of heavily padded pants, coming below the knee, and a tight-fitting canvas jacket, laced up in front. The quarter-back generally wears a head guard to protect his ears.

CANUCK.

Ireland's Round Towers.

THE most notable objects that strike the visitor on his arrival in Ireland are the numerous round towers that abound in the country. Almost every county can boast of one of these imposing structures, and except for two similar ones in Scotland, probably erected by Irish settlers, nothing like them can be found in Christian Europe. They are round cylindrical edifices, usually tapering upwards and varying in height from about 120 to 150 feet. They are all of the same peculiar and striking form, and the method of their construction is remarkable. The largest stones are first placed upon each other, and then smaller stones are placed in the interstices until the whole presents an almost uninterrupted surface of stone. Ireland has long been famous for these towers, and they formerly existed in considerable numbers throughout the island, but the ravages of war, and the fury of the elements, have told their tale, with the result that only about 60 now remain, and only a quarter of this number are in perfect condition.

JOSEPH CARLEY.



IRISH ROUND TOWER AT CLONDALKIN, CO. DUBLIN.
Photo by H. C. Pearse.

Sheffield United Football Club.

YORKSHIREMEN have ever been noted for their love of sport, and all kinds of pastime. Small wonder then that the Association game should have obtained such a firm hold in Yorkshire.

Sheffield United is, perhaps, the most famous of all the Yorkshire Football Clubs. It is a comparatively youthful organisation, its existence only dating back to 1889. Mr. Charles Stokes, the present chairman of the United Club, took an active part in its promotion. They entered the Midland League, and eventually got a place in the Second Division of the League. In 1894, however, after a grand victory over Accrington in a test match, they were promoted to the First Division of the League, where they have remained ever since. In the season of 1897—98, they succeeded in winning the Championship, their victory being the result of a season's consistent work. The following year, they ran neck and neck with Aston Villa, but victory eventually rested with the renowned Birmingham combination.

THE NEW PAVILION AT ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL, LEATHERHEAD.

It was only in 1898 that Sheffield United began to win fame as cup-fighters, as prior to this they had done nothing out of the ordinary in the ties. In 1899, however, they brought the cup to

Sheffield, after contending with extraordinary difficulties, in that they had to meet Liverpool in the semi-final on four occasions before winning their way to the final. In 1900, they were beaten by Bury (the ultimate winners) in the 3rd round. 1901 saw them once more in the final, having got

THE REMAINS OF A ROMAN FOUNTAIN IN A COURTYARD AT POMPEII.
Snapshot by C. J. Lloyd.

there by defeating such doughty opponents as Sunderland, Everton, the "Wolves," and Aston Villa; but the Southern favourites, Tottenham Hotspur, beat them after a drawn game. Last year they were matched against the pride of the South, Southampton, but this time they succeeded in bringing the Cup "up North."

The United team contains some of the most brilliant exponents of the game now playing. Among these may be mentioned Ernest Needham, "a player," says G. O. Smith, "without a superior in England"; Foulke, the giant custodian; Thickett, the popular full-back; and Fred. Priest, a forward of striking excellence."

"TRYITE."

THE REMAINS OF AN ALTAR IN THE TEMPLE OF MERCURY, POMPEII.
Snapshot by C. J. Lloyd.

Life in the City.

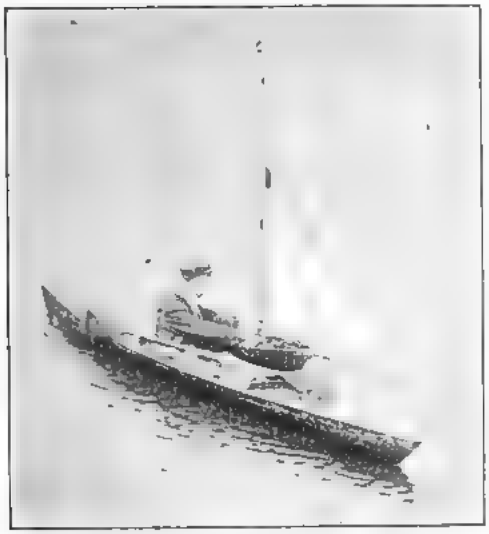
THERE is a fine passage in one of Stevenson's essays in which he declaims against the tyranny of offices; maintaining (in effect) how desirable a thing it is for a young man to cast quill-driving to the winds, sally forth with a knapsack on his back and nothing in his pockets, and spend the remainder of his days in glorious idleness. As a matter of fact, life in the city is not nearly so desperately glum as some people of restless temperament are disposed to think. Provided he is blessed with regular hours, there are a hundred compensating advantages in the clerk's sedentary vocation. To begin with, he can always cultivate a good hobby. No matter what his "peculiar whim" may be—so long as it is kept within reasonable bounds—he is in a position to indulge it. He can devote his Saturday afternoons to sport; and in his evenings he can study with the object of becoming an accomplished amateur musician, littérateur, or artist. Then again, there are his holidays. What a world of variety and adventure may be encompassed in that brief fortnight! In these times of fast and cheap travelling, he can visit almost any country in Europe; he can take

SUMMER SIGHTS AT OXFORD.
Sent by C. W. H.

his holidays by land or by sea, and contrive to break the monotony of things in a thousand ways. The thought of those who have risen on such stepping stones as the ledger and cash-box to higher things should prove a great stimulus to the clerk with aspirations. Sir Henry Irving, Mr. George Alexander and Mr. G. R. Sims are but a few among the many who have left the merchant's desk to become bright ornaments of more exalted callings.

J. H. C.

SCOUTING.
By T. V. Neligan.



A WONDERFUL AUTOMATIC SAILING YACHT. BY A CLOCKWORK ARRANGEMENT IT CAN BE MADE TO SAIL IN ALMOST ANY DIRECTION, AND GO THROUGH THE VARIOUS EVOLUTIONS OF TACKING, SAILING ON AND OFF THE WIND, ETC. Sent by H. J. S.

The Great Western Railway.

DURING the last few years the Great Western Railway Company have been bringing out some of the best locomotives in England.

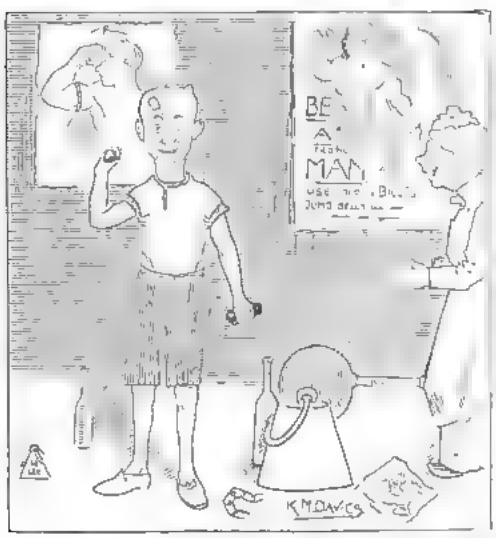
The famous "Atbaras" are a good example; they have four coupled 6ft. 8½in. driving wheels, and weigh 87tons 17cwt. They were designed by Mr. Dean, the late Locomotive Superintendent at Swindon Works. The following are some ordinary express runs made by the G.W.R. Co. without a stop :—

Between	miles	chains	rate per hour
London and Exeter	193	49	53.3 miles.
London and Worcester	120	40	53.1 miles.
London and Birmingham	129	25	54.2 miles.

The first is the longest run in England without a stop.

The latest locomotive of the G.W.R. Co. is "No. 100," which has six coupled 6ft. 8½in. drivers, and weighs 104tons 1cwt. with the tender. This is the heaviest engine in England. It is an express engine, and used for the South Devon and South Wales trains.

"ATBARA."



"BLESS ME, MARY, IF I GO ON MAKING MUSCLE LIKE THIS, SANDOW WON'T BE ABLE TO BE MENTIONED IN THE SAME DAY WITH ME." Drawn by K. M. Davies.

Throwing the Pancake at Westminster School.

THE photograph below is of F. Worlock, holding in his hand the largest piece of pancake obtained at the "Grenze" on Shrove Tuesday. He presented it to the Dean, and was rewarded with a guinea. On either side of Worlock stand the cook and verger.

This photo was handed in just as we go to press by J. P. Falconer, a well-known O. W.

"Captain" Club Criticisms.

(Literary.)

J. F. Hill (Leicester).—I fear I cannot make use of what you are pleased to call your playlet, entitled "Found Out." It is not quite the sort of

thing which appeals to our readers as a body. I do not wish to discourage you. Continue your writing by all means, and study the best models. The incident on which your playlet hinges lacks originality. Your spelling is weak.

Walter G. Howse (London).—Thanks for your vigorous efforts to obtain new readers for THE CAPTAIN. In some future issue I hope to use one or more of your verses entitled "The Flying Wheel." Your quantities are rather uncertain, and your rhyming might certainly be improved upon. In writing verses think of the music of words, and if you can combine sense with music you have gone a long way towards becoming a poet. Don't let your verses be "harsh and crabbed as some dull fools suppose, but soft and musical as is Apollo's lyre." You're not alone in your appreciation of "The Rising of the Red Man."

Jno. Leslie Thomson (Holloway).—See answer to W. G. Howse above. Your verses start off very well, and show a good choice of words, but by the time you reach your third stanza you tire and flag, and your rhymes go all awry, and you forget your quantities. "Master" and McAlister won't do at all as a rhyme. Still, peg away; success lies in "Line upon line, precept upon precept; here a little and there a little."

Thos. Pittaway (Old Hill, near Dudley).—I appreciate the compliment you pay me in dedicating verses to my travels, but I am sorry to say your lines lack cohesion. See answer to W. G. Howse above.

Herbert Barnes (Bath).—I am very pleased indeed with your "Ode to Fortune." It is a pretty conceit, and I hope to make use of it in a future issue. You manage to introduce the refrain very happily at the end of each stanza. I am sure my readers will be pleased with it. My difficulty is to find space. Pray continue on the same excellent lines, and you will have cause to be proud of your work.

C. J. A. Rose.—"Excelsior" parodies require to be very ably done to pass muster. I should like to make use of your effort, but limits of space forbid. Hammer away in the same direction, and let me see the results.

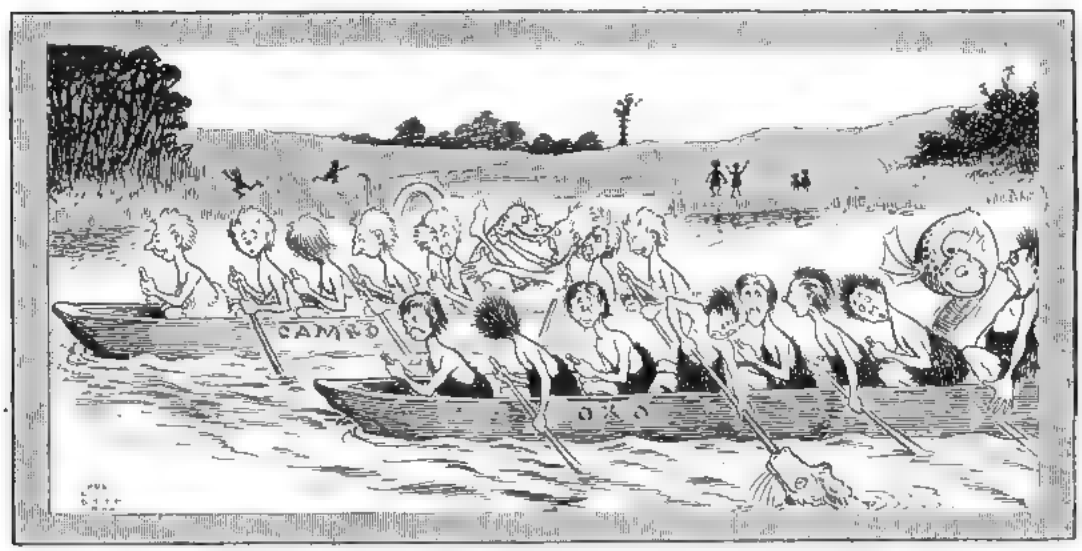
T. P. Bennett (Kilburn).—I was glad to have an opportunity of reading your description. Sorry cannot use it. Try and condense more. Build your description. Don't simply spread yourself unmethodically. He who would write effectively must learn his trade like any artisan. Robert Louis Stevenson worked unwearyingly to get the right word to express in the fullest sense what he meant to say.

"O. Migh" (Darlington).—Your description of the hirings is a little cameo. You catch the atmosphere around you as a spectator ought to do. You set down what you see and hear, and you don't attempt to dissect it. Pray continue in the same excellent courses. You have the saving grace of humour, which is almost everything nowadays.

R. C. Tharp.—Your effort is clever, but I do not print parodies on poems which are of a sacred or solemn character—such as, for example, your model, "The Burial of Sir John Moore."

Contributions have also been received from the following:—Cyril J. Faceby Lund (Brockley), E. Pearse Wheatley (Putney), R. F. Megginson (Eastbourne), Jno. Le Pavoux (Jersey), C. W. Kent, jun. (Hexham), F. F. (Nottingham).

A number of Contributions are held over.



SOME OF THE DIFFICULTIES THE EARLY BOAT RACE CREWS HAD TO CONTEND WITH.
Drawn from a reliably unauthentic source by Thos. C. Smith.

12, BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

"A Mere Girl" sends me the following charming letter with regard to the article entitled "Something about Boys," which appeared in THE CAPTAIN for October, 1902, and which was somewhat severely commented on by "Boy" in our issue for January of this year:—

DEAR OLD FAG,

Although a girl, I quite agree with "Boy's" sentiments, and think, with him, that the writer of the article seemed to be hopelessly ignorant of her subject. If she had no brothers, she is, perhaps, to be excused; but if she had these desirable (!) possessions, then all I can say is, that she must have written that article after a quarrel with one of them, presumably because he refused to be "a sort of general servant" to her! I don't propose to write an article on boys myself—it is quite too abstruse a subject for me to attempt—but I merely wanted to let you know that "Something about Boys" does *not* express the opinion of the majority of girls. "Boy's" letter delighted me, because, I confess, I like to see people deservedly "getting it hot." He is, perhaps, a little too severe on us, especially towards the end, but this I put down to the righteous indignation which is apparent all through his letter! I like his criticism of the words "coxy" and "muff," which are, in reality, mildness itself compared with most schoolboy epithets, such terms as "blithering idiot" and "blear-eyed cockatoo" being common, and *they* are considered mild! Before I close, just let me say again that your girl contributor's version of boy-life, and the attitude of boys toward their sisters, is very different to that expressed by *any* girl I know. It would have been nicer for both your correspondents to have approached the matter in a more generous spirit, and instead of searching out faults and gloating over them, to have given each other credit for any of the better characteristics they might possess. I do not like the idea of "warfare" (for want of a better name) which is suggested by those two contributions in THE CAPTAIN. Suppose they try to write something pleasant about each other, for a change!

I turn from this epistle to another straightforward (and—may I add!—also very charming) expression of opinion:—

DEAR OLD FAG,

I think that article on "What I think of Boys," by a Girl, perfect rot. I think that I ought to know something about boys, for I have four brothers, and have been educated at a boys' school. Certainly *I* have never found them "beasts," as the girl calls them. Certainly boys *have* their faults—I don't deny that—but so have girls. Mind, I don't look upon myself as "*only* a girl," as some of your female readers do; I look upon myself as "*a girl*," and I certainly have *never* wished to be a boy. I think that *every* girl can be brave and noble just as much as any boy. And I *do* think that a girl who *loves* her brother will be only too pleased to bowl for him at cricket, or play a game of tennis with him in the holidays. I hope you will print this letter to let the boys see that at least *one* of the opposite sex looks upon them as friends and *not* tyrants.

I remain,
Your *very* interested reader,
E. S. (A Girl.)

Now, if I were a young fellow I should like to have a girl like that for a chum, as she evidently appreciates the good points in the opposite sex and is willing to condone the faults to which "man, proud man" is very prone.

However, I have still another letter, in which the case is argued out impartially from a masculine point of view:—

DEAR OLD FAG,

I also should like to make a few remarks concerning both the article on "Boys," by a Girl, and the criticism on it by a "Boy." I agree with both in saying "many and various are the remarks made concerning the new boy," but it must be remembered that there are different types of schools, and though the rest of what "Boy" says may be quite true in reference to his own school, it need not be taken as a fact for all schools, so "Boy" has really no right to contradict what "Girl" says. For I, myself, belong to a public school where "manly, high-spirited boys, fond of cricket and footer, soon find a welcome, where many and various are the remarks made concerning the new boy, and

where the latter is let alone and not volleyed with questions."

But, on the other hand, I have also been at another school, a type of school at which the boy of whom your girl-contributor was thinking, may have been educated; where new boys are greeted with storms of questions and other things, and where the first few days of the term to an old boy are a source of endless amusement on this account. The school to which I refer is a Grammar School, established early in the seventeenth century.

I do not altogether agree with "Girl's" idea of the studious boy's treatment of the dunce. If he is really a hard-working boy, he takes no notice of the latter, and never chaffs him, whilst it is the average dunce who often chaffs and despises the clever and studious boy.

The words "coxy" and "muff" are not found in my experience of school life, but fighting *does* exist; besides, why should the average author of school stories bring fights into his narratives, if such things do not occur? If "Boy" were to go to the other kind of school that I mentioned before, and where "Girl's" brother (for I take it for granted that she has a brother), may have been educated, he would see a little more of real school life. This is typical of what I have seen:—A wash-house, a rectangular room with basins all round, leaving space for a door in the middle of one side, with fixed battles, umpires, and guards to keep "cave," and crowds of spectators, massed together round the windows, in addition to a limited and regulated audience inside; also two basins kept handy (and necessary, too), disfigured faces being the result—and all this, as I said before, a common spectacle. The public school to which I now go has also some measure of fighting, but it is not so well planned, nor are there so many casualties.

But to pass over this, "Boy" accuses "Girl" of writing on a subject of which she is more or less ignorant. Do you think it would do "Boy" any harm if he studied the subject more thoroughly, before he took on the part of critic, instead of taking the life at his school as the average of school life?

But why will "Boy" and "Girl" quarrel like this in a paper as though they were two opposing parties? And can you tell me why the average girl will always get it into her head that the average English boy greatly despises her sex?

I will conclude by enlarging on "Boy's" final remark:—Both boys and girls in their own respective sexes will find an unlimited scope for criticism, but I am not at all sure that they ought always to limit themselves to their own sex. What do you say?

Yours sincerely,

ANOTHER BOY

Well, there are three letters on the subject for you. I think it is always a healthy thing to allow space for the expression of opinions such as these. From the above communications my boy-readers may safely conclude that girls are willing to regard them as very pleasant and amiable beings; they are paid some very handsome compliments, and will, no doubt, have a better opinion of themselves than ever after this. The whole "Boy" and "Girl" question, it seems to me, depends upon the *kind* of boy and the *kind* of girl you have to deal with. Boys don't like girls to do *un*girlish things, undertake feats beyond their strength, or to be loud and slangy. Girls, on the other hand, like boys who possess really masculine attributes—who are plucky and manly, and at the same time thoughtful and unselfish. In a word, a girl likes a boy who, on all occasions, behaves as a gentleman should do. Apart from any sentimental silliness, such a boy will make a number of real girl-friends, and they will be the right sort of girl-friends, too.

As touching the school side of these letters "Another Boy" is right when he says that it is the dunce who often makes fun of the studious boy. But the latter can afford to let the dunce jeer all he likes. As regards fighting at schools, fights do, of course, occur, but not with such frequency as in the rough-and-ready days of yore. Most writers of school stories, it must be remembered, draw largely on their reminiscences of their own school days, and as such writers are not very young men, they naturally write of a time when fighting *did* take place—and they were fights! . . . but Mr. Printer is waiting, and I myself have no further space in which to "reminisce" of those heroic combats of long ago!

And yet I will snatch a few more lines of space to say this: there wouldn't be half so much ill-will between brothers and sisters if both bore in mind that true nobility of character is cultivated by exhibiting generosity of mind on all occasions. In little things men should give way to women: in great things, if they are sure they are in the right, they must stand firm, and women will respect and admire them for so doing. But at all times the temper must be kept in check. The wise man, you know, is he who governs himself. I have an old letter before me, written by a sweet and womanly woman, forty years ago, to her daughter of nineteen. "I pray," she says, "you may be led to see how necessary it is to exercise self-denial and restrain those impetuous feelings which, if indulged in, *ruin a girl.*"

Those are kindly, motherly, wise words, which should be taken to heart by boys and girls alike. A hotly-uttered sentence is soon repented of, but not so soon forgotten by him or her to whom it is addressed.

Mr. Harold Bindloss.—I am sure you will all be pleased to see a portrait of this author, several of whose tales we have already published, and whose "Cub-Hunter" appears in the present number. Mr. Bindloss is a fine writer, especially of yachting and colonial yarns. He seems to take you clean out to sea with him, and all his heroes are real tough fellows of the right kind. Mr. Bindloss, I may add, was born in 1866. He spent several years at sea and in various colonies, and returned to this country in 1896. Among his books are "In the Niger Country," "A Wide Dominion," "Ainslie's Ju-Ju," "A Sower of Wheat," and "The Concession Hunters." Most of them deal with colonial life. Mr. Bindloss lives at Garliestown, in Wigtownshire.

From a photograph.

An English Boy's Pluck.—I have cut the following paragraph from a February newspaper, as it is possible that a good many of our readers have not seen it:—

A plucky English schoolboy saved the life of a little Swiss girl, the daughter of a Lausanne lawyer, the other day. The child, who was in charge of a nurse, climbed the barrier on the quay, and, losing its balance, fell into the deep water of the lake. In a short time a crowd gathered, but nobody seemed inclined to plunge into the water, which is very cold at this season. The crowd contented itself by shouting directions to a boatman. An English schoolboy, who had just arrived on the scene, seeing the child in the water and evidently drowning, without hesitation plunged in and succeeded in rescuing the little one, whom he handed to the nurse. Taking no notice of the enthusiastic crowd, the boy went home without giving his name. The father of the child is searching for the brave lad.

It gives me great pleasure to place on record in THE CAPTAIN such a gallant deed as this. It rather appeals to our English ideas to know that the boy didn't give his name, evidently not wishing to be made a fuss of. Whoever he is, we of THE CAPTAIN are all very proud of him!

"J. O. Jones."—This story may now be had in book form at libraries, bookstalls, and book-shops, price 3s. 6d. Twelve of Mr. Gordon Browne's illustrations are reproduced, and the famous door at Greyhouse—described in the short Greyhouse tale which served as an "idea-germ" for the serial—is also represented. The cover is a neat combination of dark blue and red, with gold lettering; upon it appears "J. O." carrying Tom Adderman out of the Long Room. The publishers of the book are Messrs. Adam and Charles Black, Soho Square, London, W.

Our Library Corner.—In addition to the books mentioned on p. 81, I beg to acknowledge receipt of the following:—

Elijah: A Historical Poem. By the Rev. F. W. Parkes, M.A. (S. W. Partridge and Co.)

For a Boy. By B. M'Call Barbour. 1d.

The Wide World Magazine. Vol. X. 6s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Shirley Poppy (London).—I was delighted to get your letter, and to hear that you stuck up for THE CAPTAIN in spite of the geographical blunder. The only way to success is for our readers to stick to us through thick and thin on the principle of "my country right or wrong." With reference to your gardening queries, our Natural History Editor, Mr. Step, is a fellow of the Linnean Society, and will be most happy to answer any queries that you or any other readers care to submit. I am forwarding your letter to him, and asking him to tell you and others how to prune rose trees and grow mignonette in an ordinary garden. I quite agree with you that some attention ought to be given in the pages of THE CAPTAIN to gardening, and even to Field Naturalists, but there is always that fellow called "space" to be considered. We haven't got room for *everything*. I hope your fears were groundless respecting the January matric. Still, if you were "ploughed," you can take the June matric. under the new regulations, when you will be able to select your own subjects, excepting, of course, the English and maths. papers. Personally, I have every hope that under the revised regulations the London matric. exam. will prove much more valuable and useful, and be a much better test of a student's capacity than it was under the old system.

George West (London).—Many thanks for kind remarks about THE CAPTAIN. Our new story, "The Long 'Un," will, I hope, interest you as much as "J. O. Jones." You do not require a college training in order to become a landscape gardener. The best thing you can do is to get an appointment either with the head gardener at Windsor, or at Tring under Lord Rothschild, or at Chatsworth under the Duke of Devonshire, or on some other large estate. You might succeed in getting taken on at one of these places as an apprentice. Nowadays, with the very strong movement in favour of gardening, directed by the Garden City Association, and the strong tendency on the part of the

London County Council and other municipal bodies throughout the country, to do something for landscape gardening, there is plenty of opportunity to get an appointment at a small salary. If the bigger game fail, try the smaller fry.

Jimmy (York).—There is no doubt, according to the best medical opinion, that smoking, whether of cigarettes or pipes, has a tendency, particularly in the case of cigarettes, to rack the nerves and produce a consequent decay in the teeth. Opinion is much divided, and I do not like to commit myself too decidedly to any opinion in your special case. Personally, I have a very old-fashioned affection for a pipe, and should feel the loss of it very much—in fact, it has become almost a necessary of life with me. I do not know what your age may be, but, if you are not yet twenty-one, I should most strongly advise you to give up cigarette smoking, and more especially if you are of an athletic turn (and I sincerely hope you are), because you will find that it interferes largely with your "form" at either football or cricket. If you feel very much off-colour as the result of smoking cigarettes, try some of Mr. Fry's breathing exercises or some fairly continuous dumb-bell exercises.

The Russian Ice-Breaker "Ermack" was not built on the Neva, as stated in THE CAPTAIN for February, but by Messrs. Sir W. G. Armstrong and Co., at Walker-on-Tyne, and her engines by the Wallsend Slipway and Engineering Co. I am greatly indebted for this correction to the following correspondents:—C. R. Taylor, J. S. Newman, Eleanor V. Taylore, Alex. M Laing, Geo. F. Taylor, A. M. Meikle, and Wm B Hardwick, the last of whom tells me that the *Ermack* is indeed the strongest vessel ever built, for, if chains were secured round her bows and stern and she were hoisted into mid-air, her back would stand the strain. I am pleased to find that after all the *Ermack* is British built.

O. Friederici (Hanover).—It is very pleasing to find you taking such a practical view of things, and I wish you every success in your career. I would advise you, however, to pay particular attention to design in machinery, as it is in that branch of engineering that England is so far behind Germany and Switzerland. It has fallen to Cambridge in this country to take the lead in this direction. I spent some considerable time last summer in going through the engineering and electrical shops which have been established there, under the guidance of Professor J. J. Thomson, and felt what a radical reform it was in an old time university, and how wonderfully they have risen to the necessities of a democratic age.

Dart (Wood Green).—(1) The great naturalist Buffon used to fine himself 2s. 6d. every morning that he didn't succeed in getting out of bed at six o'clock. Perhaps you can't imitate his example, but you could fine yourself 6d. for some public charity every time you fail to rise early. Waking early is simply a habit, just as waking late is a habit, and habits become second nature. Of course you require a minimum of seven hours' sleep in order to keep healthy. (2) Absent minded people usually excuse themselves on the ground of heredity. One view of absent-mindedness is that it is merely a form of selfishness. That, of course, is a matter of opinion.

The Old Fossil (Clapham).—Sorry to hear you have been ill, but trust by the time you see this you will find yourself quite fit again. I am greatly interested in learning that, though "on the shady side of thirty," you are sufficiently boyish in your feelings to be able still to appreciate a boys' magazine. I am obliged by your offer to supply me with some of your snap-shots, and it may interest you to know that I hope to make the photographic articles more interesting than ever they have hitherto been. I am anxious to *develop* the photographic side of the magazine both literally and metaphorically.

L. A. H. A.—I much appreciate the kind and somewhat flattering remarks at the end of your letter. You are quite right in saying you are not ashamed to be a girl, but, on the other hand, rather proud of it. Mr. Fry and myself can both give you some inches in height, so you will have to grow a little more before you send in your challenge. As to your poem on the seasons, I am sorry to have to tell you that it was not considered good enough for honourable mention.

Dixie (Sheffield).—(1) Book-cover and poster-designing require ability quite different from illustrating for the press. (2) Yes, an artist can make a good living by drawing for the weekly and daily papers in pen-and-ink, but only a good and powerful draughtsman succeeds in this line, as he needs to be a rapid worker, and to be able to indicate a great deal in a few lines. I would rather not advise any boy to become a black-and-white artist unless he is exceptionally clever.

Harold L. Stuart (Rotherhithe), in correction of my reply to "Not Lob" in the Feb. number, informs me that the British and Foreign Bible Society do not issue prayer books, their publications being restricted to copies of the Scriptures in all languages. The best place to obtain a French edition of the Anglican Prayer Book is the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, Northumberland Avenue, W.C., where it is supplied at prices ranging from 10d. to 4s.

J. G. Princept (Leeds).—It is not often that on a steamer the man at the wheel is aft, as steam-steering gear is used (usually placed in the wheel-house under the bridge), and the sailor stands on the bridge, from which a small wheel communicates with the steam-steering gear, and this in turn works the iron rods which move the rudder. By this means even a boy could guide a liner.

F. T. R. (Brockley).—We have published several portraits of Mr. C. B. Fry, but the most recent will be found on the title-page to Vol. VIII., included in the March number. We interview him every month in the sense that he is open to answer questions put by our readers. If there's anything else you want to know, please ask him. A reader recently asked Mr. Fry where he bought his collars!

C. V. H. T. (Carrick-on-Shannon).—I sincerely hope you will keep as young as ever in your thoughts and feelings, and that we may always regard you as one of our old friends and old boys. I am sorry you don't find our Irishmen just the product of the country that they ought to be. Many thanks for newspaper cutting.

Carson M'Craig (Stranraer).—Clubbed. We shall be running "Tales of the Indian Mutiny" very shortly. Glad to know that you are holding out against the smoking habit. I have heard that in America quite a number of people have been sent to what they call "insane asylums," through excessive cigarette smoking.

J. O. (Temple).—The Public School Championships will take place at Stamford Bridge Grounds, Fulham Road, S.W., on April 25th, 1903. Full particulars may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary,

London Athletic Club, at above address. I understand the events will be the same as last year.

"The Treasure of the Garden" is the latest of a series of plays for the miniature stage written by Mr. Jack B. Yeats. It is published by Mr. Elkin Matthews, Vigo-street, W., at five shillings, and contains scenes and characters coloured by the author, and full directions for "mounting" and playing.

Morris B. Hynson (Blackheath).—It is difficult to give you any general hints. Choose simple subjects, express yourself in simple language, and adopt a simple metre Above everything, be *quite* original. Don't imitate anybody. If you can't get on without imitating somebody, you won't do much.

A Reader of "The Captain" (Ealing).—If you can get an opportunity, study the new naval scheme by Lord Selborne. I hope to answer fully next month for general readers under the scheme. See also our answer headed "Cadetships in the Royal Navy," in March number.

G. B. H. Diddams (Oxford).—(1) The duties of an official representative are to buck up THE CAPTAIN all he can by bringing it to the notice of those of his friends and acquaintances who do not take it in. (2) No.

Penitent (Bristol).—I am pleased to hear what good THE CAPTAIN has done for you, and to find you so earnest in your wish to help it to be of similar benefit to others.

Pharaoh (London).—Many thanks for your pretty remarks. Yes, I went to Egypt, but I am sorry to say my experiences in donkey riding were not so successful as yours.

Jack L. (Dundee).—Many thanks for your suggestion re puzzles. We are keeping it by us, and may possibly make use of it at a future date.

Cedric Caudle (London, N.E.).—Many thanks for suggestion. Am considering it, and hope to adopt it.

J. H. Jeffrey (Streatham Hill).—(1) You can dispose of your hand-camera by advertising it for sale in the *Bazaar, Exchange and Mart*. (2) Yes. (3) Clubbed.

P. Dacre (Balham).—Many thanks for postcard with stamps affixed. I always appreciate compliments of this sort.

K. T. Russell (Southport).—Shall be pleased to see the essay and photographs.

"Stewartville" (Demerara).—Pimples on the face are caused by eating too much nitrogenous matter and sugary stuffs. Washing the face with coal-tar soap is a good thing for removing them.

Sheffielder.—Membership of CAPTAIN Club not transferable. **W. S. Dawson** (Skipton).—I am obliged by your kind offer, and will keep it before me. **R. H. Bonny** (Glan Conway, North Wales).—Many thanks for your letter and legendary gossip. We are always open to correction. **W. H. C.** (Fulham).—You can obtain "The Dream of Eugene Aram" and other similar poems from Samuel French, Ltd., 89 Strand, W.C. **Annie Palmer** (Maidstone).—Clubbed. Send your album, enclosing return postage, and I shall be delighted to put my autograph in it. **Dit.**—The explanation is, that the name appended to the short story is a pseudonym sometimes used by the author of the book. **T. B. G.**—Send to *Notes and Queries*, or the *Literary World*. **W. E. Huntsman** (Nottingham).—Clubbed. Writing fair. **Daphne Kenyon-Stow** (Hanley Castle), **"Swotter"** (Dalston), **Frances Whittingham** (Bromley).—Clubbed. **Queer Face.**—Joke not quite up to CAPTAIN form.

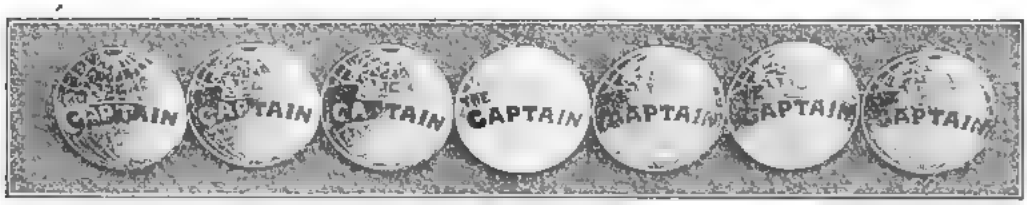
Letters, &c., have also been received from: C. J. Brewer (London), Curious (Kentish Town), Arthur O. Orrett (Chester), "Army Service" (will reply in May number).

Official Representative Appointed: Carson M'Craig (Stranraer).

THE OLD FAG.

"THE CAPTAIN" PICTURE POST-CARDS

are now ready, in packets of six different designs by Tom Browne, R.I., R.B.A., printed in colours. A single packet of these unique and humorous cards will be sent, post-free, to any address on receipt of 1½d. in stamps, 3 packets for 4d., post-free, one dozen for 1s. 2d., post-free. Address: "Post-Cards," The Publisher, George Newnes, Ltd., 7 to 12, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C. ORDER AT ONCE.



"CAPTAIN" CLUB AND "CAPTAIN" BADGE.

Readers of "The Captain" are invited to apply for membership of THE CAPTAIN CLUB, which was established with the object of supplying expert information on athletics, stamp-collecting, cycling, photography, natural history, &c. Applicants for membership must be regular purchasers of the magazine. "The Captain" Badge may be obtained from "The Captain" Office, price Sixpence. The Badge is made (1) with a pin attached, for wearing on hat or cap, or as a brooch; (2) with a stud, to be worn on the lapel of the coat; and (3) with a small ring, as a watch-chain pendant. When applying, please state which kind you require, and address all letters to Badge Department, "The Captain," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London. The Badge may also be had in silver for two shillings. There is no charge for postage.

Results of February Competitions.

No. I.—"Funny Expressions."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF SET OF BOXING-GLOVES: James H. Dowd, 11 Travis-place, Broomhall, Sheffield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. Crossley, H. C. James, Leonard J. Smith, James Todd, Sydney J. Bond, George A. Bell, W. J. Juleff, Florence E. Waide, W. A. Williams, A. Summers.

CLASS II. (Age limit, Sixteen.)

WINNER OF SET OF BOXING-GLOVES: Fred Wood, 242 St. Margaret's-road, Bradford, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. T. J. Warner, Alec. M. Johnston, Joseph Taylor, Harry Frith, H. M. Bateman, Clement Brears, Henry Carl Osborne, Charles Mackay, A. Bass, William K. Howard.

CLASS III. (Age limit Twelve.)

WINNER OF SET OF BOXING-GLOVES: Leo Tison Bates, 16 Coton-road, Nuneaton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. K. C. Hamilton, Leslie Baker, H. Smylie, Martin Dadkins, H. F. Towler, J. Miller, Victor Cole, S. Burdett, Godfrey Burke, C. Wall.

No. II.—"Pen Pictures."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty five.)

WINNER OF 7s.: E. R. Swallow, 248 St. Paul's-road, Highbury, N.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Ernest W. Kenyon, West Holme, Thornhill road, Huddersfield, and Lilian Sowyer, The Woodlands, Chelford, Cheshire.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Hedley V. Fielding, Rose A. Downer, Roy Carmichael, Frank H. Swallow, F. Sybil Danson, Dorothy Owen, May Berkeley, Fred. Lucas, Marian Hewitt, Evelyn Hewitt, Alex. Scott, A. L. Aldridge, C. H. Davis, Alex. McLaren, W. F. H. Clayton Smith, Sarah Toulmin, Constance A. Falconer, H. S. Petter.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNERS OF 7s.: Charles W. Jones, 50 Farm lane, Stockton-on-Tees, and Frances Whittingham, Kinberley, Kinnaird avenue, Bromley, Kent.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Mollie Siddons, Babies' Castle, Hawkhurst, Kent; J. H. Weeks, 61 Talbot-street, Whitchurch, Salop; Ida M. Churchward, Red House, Bore-street, Lichfield; and William Kentish, Moseley, Birmingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Reader Dullard, C. E. Sweney, Frida Phillips, Marjorie Pearson, G. A. Taylor, Horace Wright, Charles S. Birnie, Lionel H. Woods, P. E. Petter, Louis Piser, J. R. Atkinson, Clare Harris, W. J. Nettleton, Ursula Snowden, R. A. H. Goodyear, F. J. Cunynghame, P. Dacre, G. R. Benson, W. H. L. Gronow, R. J. Hawker, S. H. McGrady, A. G. Thornton.

No. III.—"Calendars."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNERS OF "CAPTAIN" POCKET-KNIVES: Hanson Tetley, 10 The Holt, Windhill, Shipley, Yorks, and Harry G. Spooner, 38 Grosvenor-road, Ilford, Essex.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: E. Cook, 58 Richmond road, Montpelier, Bristol.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Victor Towers, Comerford Watson, T. R. Davis, Leonard J. Smith, Edward N. Lee, Sibyl O'Neill, Arthur S. Atkinson, Charles Harris, James Bedford, David Pryde, Sydney J. Bond.

CLASS II. (Age limit, Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "CAPTAIN" POCKET KNIFE: Joseph Taylor, 40 Northgate, Baildon, Shipley, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: George A. Whitelaw, Fred Wood, Frank Coombes, Frida Phillips, Gilbert A. Evanson, Dorothy Wheatley, W. M. Marshall, J. S. Gilbett, C. Rayner, William John Allum, C. H. Boissier, Alec. M. Johnston, John Polson.

CLASS III. (Age limit Twelve.)

WINNER OF "CAPTAIN" POCKET-KNIFE: Amyas Phillips, High Elms, Hitchin, Herts.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. E. Osborne, M. Robertson, Hector Robertson, Arthur Betts, Dolly Riley, Armatrude Hobart.

No. IV.—"Spelling Mistakes."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty five.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: John B. Edgar, Ashton, Lockerbie, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ethel J. Shelton, H. J. Ingrey, Frederick Everson, W. E. New.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: Alfred J. Glass, 12 Somerville, Sanconbe, Cheshire.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Bertie C. H. Thompson, Cranalagh Lure, Edgeworthstown, co. Longford, Ireland, and Oswald C. Bush, 1 Clarence Villas, Perry Hill, Catford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. J. Hedley, Marjorie Goldsmith, Tom Harrison Morris, Herbert Lochore, James Douglas Stewart, B. Johnson, Frank Hyde, Hubert D. Kidd, James Beahan, W. E. Haughton, W. F. Scholfield, T. R. Davis.

CLASS III. (Age limit. Fourteen.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: Miller Watt, Viewfield-terrace, Dunfermline, N.B.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Muriel Spencer, 161 Lincoln-road, Peterborough.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Archie de Bear, P. Probyn, Tom Haslam, E. Wheeler, Humphrey Iverson, Mary Lewis, Charles Woolley, Ethel M. Taylor, Lucy Ehrmann.

No. V.—"A Comic Examination Paper."

CLASS I. (Age limit. Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 7s.: Albert E. Ernaut, Belleville, St. Saviour's, Jersey.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: E. Hartill, Manor House, Willenhall; and Hedley V. Fielding, Royal Hospital, Dublin.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. D. Ernaut, E. A. Taylor, R. A. H. Goodyear, J. Whitehead, Eleanor G. Kempster, G. B. East, May Berkeley, J. F. A. Barnard, Hilda Clayton, Grace Durand, James J. Nevin, Roy Carmichael.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 7s.: Herbert Rhodes, Woore, near Newcastle, Staffs.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: H. C. Keeble, 79 Ondine-road, East Dulwich, S.E.; and R. Dale, 13 Lansdowne road, Wimbledon, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: T. R. Davis, Wm. Bullough, C. O'Neill, Harold Scholfield, J. B. Edgar, Harold Boag, Marian Hewitt, Dora L. Ling, Jock Austin, John Leigh Turner, W. J. C. Nettleton, Ida Bethune Leggatt, Charles Jones.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: P. E. Petter, Abertawe, Barnstaple.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: R. Newsome, 10 Landrock-road, Stroud Green, N.; Frank A. Mackay, 8 Cardean street, Dundee, N.B.; and J. M. Owen, Fern Bank, Oswestry.

HONOURABLE MENTION: L. S. Parsons, Henry F. Barnett, James H. Skuse, Carlotta G. Nicholson, Stuart M. Robertson, S. M. Hills, Robert P. Boutland, N. W. Lylekker, Arthur King, K. H. Rintoff, Richard G. Gye.

No. VI.—"Foreign and Colonial Readers." (OCTOBER, 1902.)

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 5s.: Charles V. Hamilton, Cottesloe, Battery Point, Hobart, Tasmania.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gerald Allbusen (New Zealand).

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 5s.: Harold Ninnes, Waimea-street, Nelson, New Zealand.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. Alexander Main (New Zealand), A. S. Goodbrand (Natal), H. Goodbrand (Natal), Dallas F. Grahame (Canada).

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: Harold Birchal, c/o Messrs. Birchal and Co., Shanghai, China.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. Dowle (Canada), A. Logan Harris (Canada), Frank Brierley (Trinidad).

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," or one of the following books—"Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

COMMENTS ON THE FEBRUARY COMPETITIONS.

I.—This was closely contested.

II.—Excellent indeed were the Pen-Pictures, showing great talent for description, and much observation. The subjects chosen by the winners of the first prizes in Classes I. and II. respectively were "An Accident on the Line," "A Midnight Vigil in the Thirteenth Century," and "A Churchyard at Sunset." Two first prizes of 7s. each have been awarded in Class II., as both pen pictures were most artistic. Extra consolation prizes have also been given.

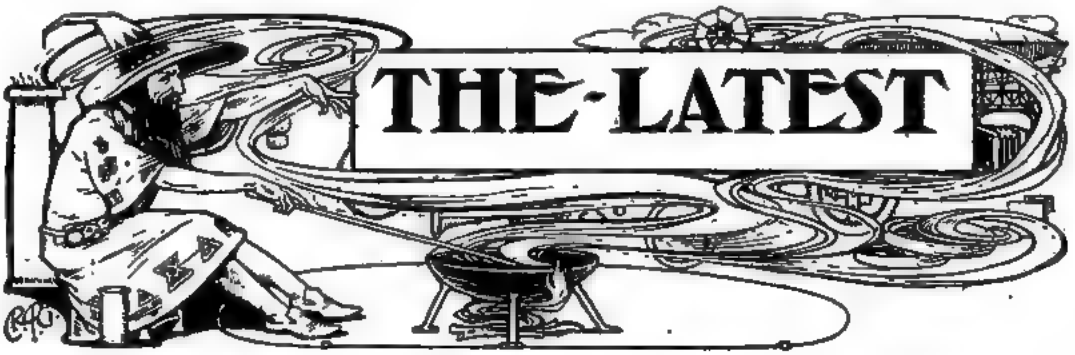
III.—Our artistic competitors took the greatest interest in sending along a large number of designs. The prizewinners in Class I. deserve the highest praise. E. Cook's Calendar was very pretty and carefully executed, and the competitors honourably mentioned above are in order of merit. In Class II. there were also many entries, the winner being far ahead of the others. The same also applies to Class III.

IV.—Considerable application and perseverance were shown in "spotting" the mistakes, of which there appear to have been a goodly number, the prizewinner in Class II. having made a list of 102! Printers' errors were, of course, included, though several competitors were a little doubtful on this point.

V.—This was a great success, and some exceedingly smart and clever nonsense questions were sent in. Of course, I recognised old friends in some of the lists. But, on the whole, the questions were most original.

VI.—Photographs won the prizes in Class I. and III., while an essay was successful in Class II.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

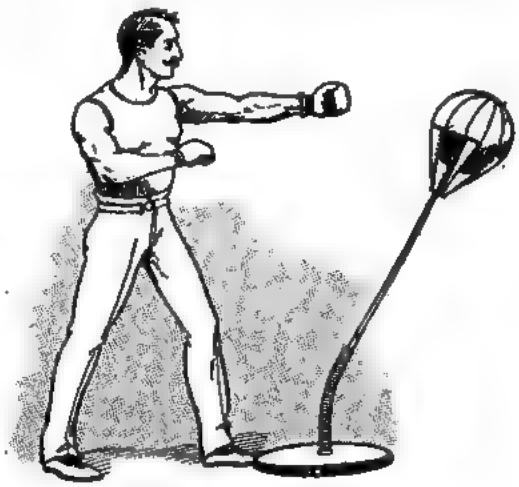


The Latest Type of Torpedo Boat.

The accompanying photograph illustrates one of the very latest type of 1st class torpedo boats of the British Navy, steaming along at a pace only attainable by a main line locomotive. This fine little sleuth hound is one of five built by Messrs. John I. Thornycroft and Co., Ltd., at Chiswick. Three of these have already been delivered to the Admiralty, but No. 113, the subject of the photograph, was not launched until the middle of February, and is only now ready for her official trial trip. Compared with some of our magnificent cruisers and battleships, these tiny vessels look more like toys than instruments of destruction, for they are no more than 115ft. long and 15ft. 6in. in beam, but the smaller they are the better it is for them, as they can the more easily elude the enemy's guns. What they lack in size, however, they make up for in speed, and when skimming over the water at 25 knots an hour, it would take a very skilful gunner, indeed, to make a hit. Although, of course, their principal duty is scouting and torpedoing any hostile ship approachable—and each boat is fitted with three torpedo tubes for this purpose—they are quite capable of taking care of themselves, for each carries three 6lb quick-firing guns, and a brilliant search light on the conning tower. It will be agreed, therefore, that they are very valuable and formidable craft, and we may be sure that no enemy will catch us napping if they are anywhere about.

A New Punching Ball.

One would have to seek far to find a boy who never has any desire to use the weapons nature has given him—his fists—and whether in the playground settling some imaginary affront or in the gymnasium with the gloves, he must have



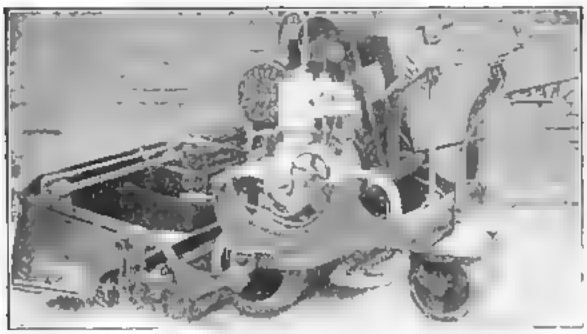
PUNCHING BALL PRACTICE.

THE LATEST TYPE OF FIRST-CLASS TORPEDO BOAT FOR THE BRITISH NAVY.

a good "set to" now and again. But it is not always an easy matter to find a chum to "put the gloves on" with, especially if one is not a very good boxer, so, unless a suitable substitute can be found, the gloves must be put away and one's pugilistic feelings with them, for knocking the wall or a stuffed pillow about is extremely poor sport. Being left in such a position will lead you to sympathise with the boxer in our picture, who is having half-an-hour's enjoyable exercise at nobody's expense but his own. Don't think he is having it all his own way though, because he is hitting something which cannot defend itself. On the contrary, if he does not keep well on his guard, the leather bag will fly back and give him such a blow as will send him head-over-heels backwards. As will be seen from our sketch, this formidable customer consists of a leather bag fixed to the end of a long iron rod, which in turn is fastened to a strong steel spring, the whole being mounted on a heavy iron base. When the bag is struck, it goes back and down just the same as a living boxer, and then lunges forward in a very antagonistic manner, affording excellent exercise for the mind and eye, as well as for the muscles of the body. It is known as the Portable Striking Bag, and is sold in this country by The American Importing Company, 3 Long-lane, Aldersgate-street, E.C.

Motor Lawn-Mowers.

The motor is now rapidly displacing horses, and



A MOTOR LAWN-MOWER.

it is, therefore, interesting to note that Messrs. Ransomes, Sims and Jeffries, Ltd., of the Orwell Works, Ipswich, who are the oldest manufacturers of lawn-mowers in the kingdom, have succeeded in producing a simple, compact and dependable motor lawn-mower. The original machine was made 42 in. wide, and was severely tested in everyday use during the past season with such success that Messrs. Ransomes have been induced to make other sizes to meet various requirements. The standard motor machine, as shown in the accompanying photograph, is fitted with a 6 h.p. motor, and provided with a seat for the driver. In addition to being used for cutting grass, it can also be employed as a roller, extra weights being easily added for that purpose. For golf links a specially powerful machine, 36in. wide, has been designed. This machine has no drivers' seat, but is fitted with handles for steering, whilst a smaller machine, 24in. wide, of similar construction, has been found very useful for ordinary garden work, where there is much grass to be cut. These machines are finished in the highest possible manner, the materials being of first-class quality, and I have no doubt there is a brilliant future for the motor lawn-mower.

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A Marvellous Monkey.

"Esau," as he is called, is the "the very latest" in monkey-marvels. He is said to be able to manipulate a typewriter, but we have not yet had the pleasure of seeing a specimen of his skill.

J. A. K.

Correct solution of "Funny Expressions" Competition from the February "Captain," 1903.

See Competition Results on page 96.

"MISSING FEATURES" COMPETITION.

The competitor has to fill in the parts of these animals' heads, &c., where now left blank. See "Captain" Competitions for April on page 85.

It's better *to spend* half-a-guinea *well than* half-a-crown *on* an experiment.

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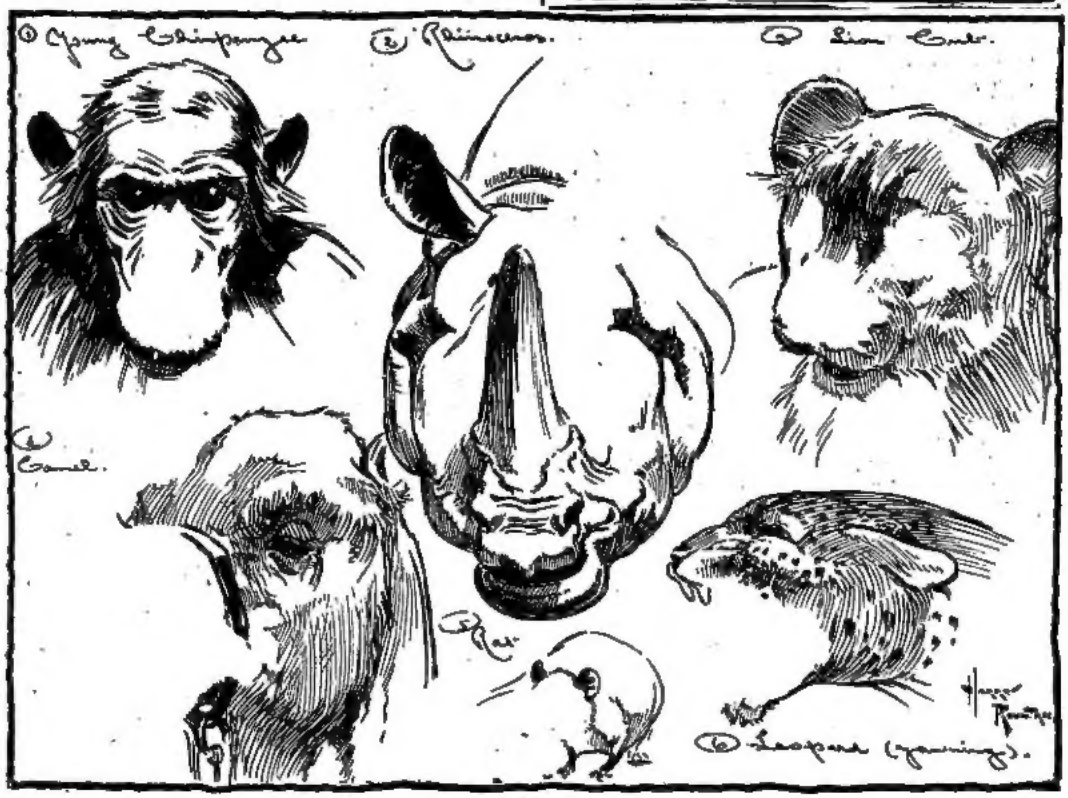

Name..... Address .....

Age ..... Class..... .....

(To Face Matter.

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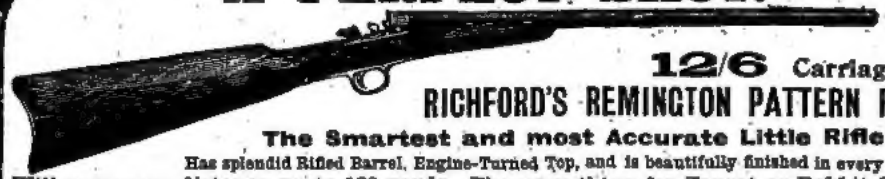
A PERFECT SHOT.



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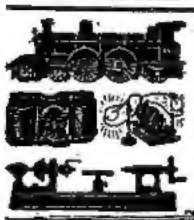

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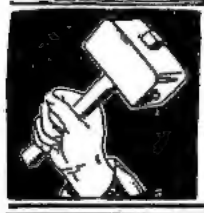

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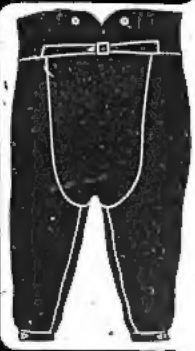

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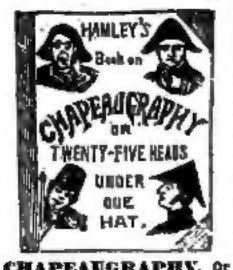

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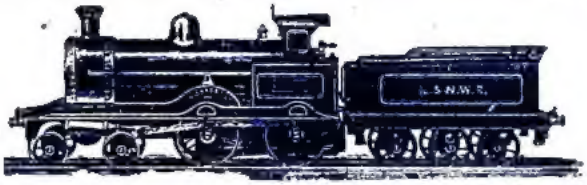

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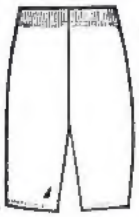

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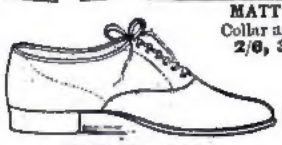

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